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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

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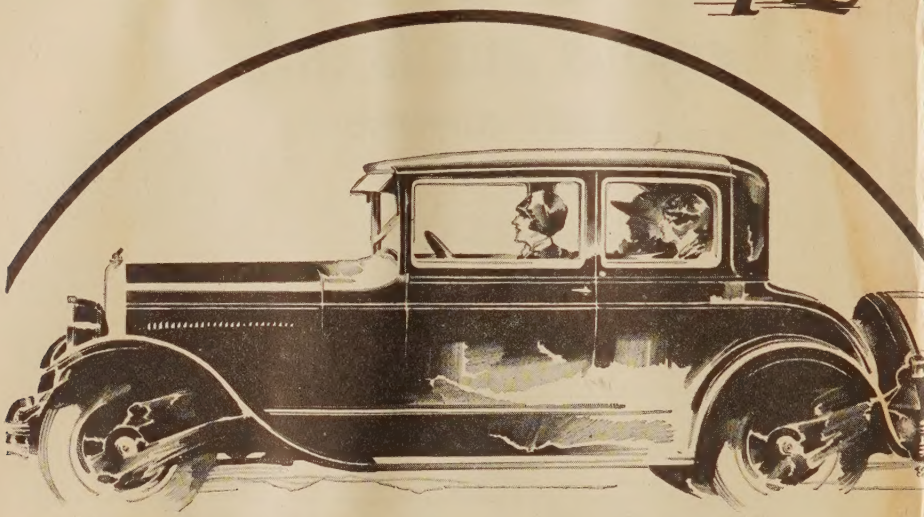
CHRYSLER 72



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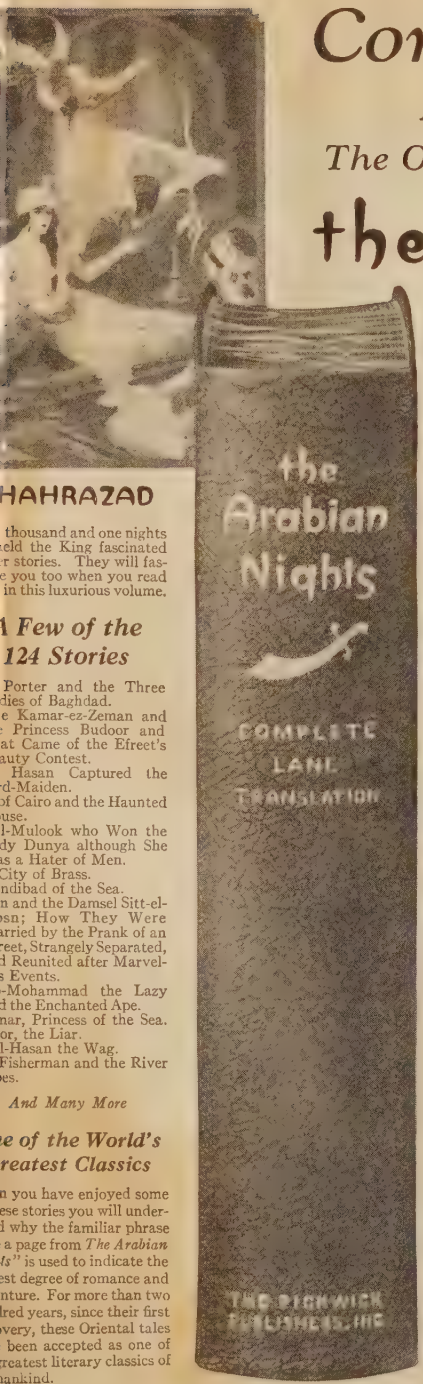

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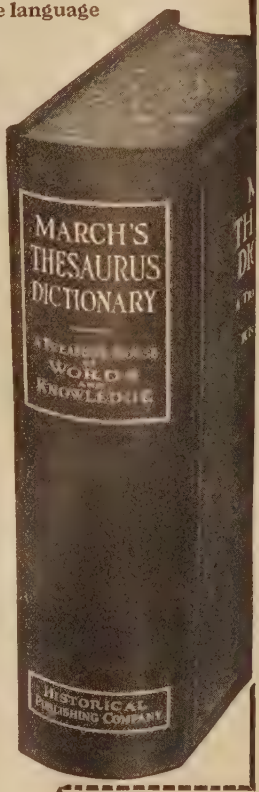

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CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

THE SCIENCES

THE CASE FOR AND AGAINST PSYCHICAL BELIEF.
Edited by Carl Murchison. *The Clark University Press*
$3.75 9 x 6; 365 pp. *Worcester, Mass.*

The case here presented is mainly for the spooks. Six of the contributors to the volume, led by Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, are psychical researchers of the first frenzy, four more go two-thirds of the way, and two have their legs over the fence. This leaves but two genuine skeptics, Dr. Joseph Jastrow, the psychologist, and the late Harry Houdini. But these skeptics are both very formidable antagonists. Houdini's exposure of the frauds practised by mediums and of the imbecility of their dupes, however eminent, is devastating and immensely amusing, and Dr. Jastrow shows clearly how the thirst for communion with the spirits is but a survival of that anthropocentric delusion which arose during the infancy of the human race. The book began as a series of lectures at Clark University, but has been reinforced with various other material. The contributors include, beside those mentioned, Mary Austin, Margaret Deland, Prof. Hans Driesch, Prof. William McDougall, late of Harvard and now of Duke University—who hints that he believes in actual ghosts!—Dr. F. C. S. Schiller, Dr. W. F. Prince, and Dr. Gardner Murphy. Dr. Carl Murchison, the editor, is head of the department of psychology at Clark.

THE CARE OF THE FACE.
By Oscar L. Levin. *Greenberg*
$2 7⅜ x 5; 225 pp. *New York*

The title of this book is rather too narrow. Dr. Levin does not confine his exposition to the face, but covers the whole field of dermatology. He writes clearly and with authority, and is especially lucid and convincing in his denunciation of the quack aids to beauty that now burden every druggist's shelves. He is chief of the dermatological clinic at the Cornell Medical College.

RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN THE SOCIAL SCIENCES.
By Charles A. Ellwood, Clark Wissler, Robert H. Gault, John M. Clark, Charles E. Merriam, Harry E. Barnes, and Carl O. Sauer. *The J. B. Lippincott Company*
$3.50 7½ x 4⅞; 427 pp. *Philadelphia*

All these gentlemen are Ph.D's, and even Litt. D's and LL.D's in their respective fields of sociology, anthropology, psychology, economics, political science, history, and cultural geography. So wh they have to say about the newest developments those fields is authoritative and instructive. T volume, which appears in the Lippincott Series Sociology edited by Edward Cary Hayes, professor sociology at the University of Illinois, is both rea able and learned. It has an index, and numerous no and bibliographies.

THE NEW MEDICAL FOLLIES.
By Morris Fishbein. *Boni & Liveri*
$2 7½ x 5⅛; 235 pp. *New Y*

Dr. Fishbein is editor of the *Journal of the Americ Medical Association;* the first volume of his "Medi Follies" was published in 1925. In the present volu he discusses psychoanalysis, eclecticism, gland th apy, anti-obesity nostrums, and the cult of beau His essays on eclecticism and on beauty doctors w first printed in THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

THE SEVEN SEALS OF SCIENCE.
By Joseph Mayer. *The Century Compa*
$3.50 8¼ x 5¼; 444 pp. *New Y*

Dr. Mayer, who is professor of economics a sociology in Tufts College, has succeeded in prese ing, popularly and yet accurately, the essential featu in the advance of the seven sciences—mathemati astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, geology a psychology. Particularly valuable are the chapters "The Establishment of Astronomy and the Brea down of Authority," "Eighteenth-Century Scien The Rise of Chemistry," "Modern Physical Science and "Social Science in the Making." An informati book. It has an excellent index and is profus illustrated.

A MANUAL OF INDIVIDUAL MENTAL TES AND TESTING.
By Augusta F. Bronner and others.
Little, Brown & Compa
$3.50 8 x 5¼; 287 pp. *Bos*

Here all the intelligence tests in common use assembled in one volume, with directions for scori and statements of the normal results at different ag The compilation is exhaustive, and represents enormous amount of labor by Miss Bronner and associates. At the end there is a lengthy bibliograph

STUDIES IN OPTICS.
By A. A. Michelson. *The University of Chicago Pr*
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 176 pp. *Chic*

Dr. Michelson is here chiefly concerned with t

Continued on page xxii

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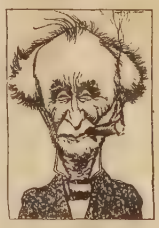

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xx

work of the interferometer, and with the researches by which he found confirmation for the Einstein theory. He expresses the hope that readers of only modest equipment will find his discourse comprehensible, but it seems probable that he is somewhat too optimistic. His book bristles with mathematical formulæ.

PLANT HUNTING.
By Ernest H. Wilson. *The Stratford Company*
$15 9½ x 6½; 248 + 276 pp. (2 vols.) *Boston*

Mr. Wilson is keeper of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard, and a floral explorer of wide reputation. These two volumes are a collection of stray observations on trees, shrubs and plants noted by him in all parts of the globe. There are numerous reproductions of photographs.

THE HUMAN BODY IN PICTURES.
By Jacob Sarnoff.
The Physicians and Surgeons Book Company
$2 8½ x 5½; 120 pp. *Brooklyn, N. Y.*

The text in this book is apparently intended for the use of high-school students and college freshmen, and should prove of value if used in conjunction with motion pictures, some specimens of which are printed here. The reproductions themselves, however, are quite worthless: they are too small, and highly confusing.

EVOLUTION OF PREVENTIVE MEDICINE.
By Arthur Newsholme.
The Williams & Wilkins Company
$3 7¼ x 4⅞; 226 pp. *Baltimore*

A brief but comprehensive history of public hygiene by the former Principal Medical Officer to the Local Government Board of England.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

AMERICAN COMMUNISM. *A Critical Analysis of Its Origins, Development and Programmes.*
By James Oneal. *The Rand Book Store*
$1.50 7½ x 5; 256 pp. *New York*

This little book is a valuable contribution to American political history. As an active Socialist Mr. Oneal has seen the radical movement from within, and here he describes its rise and decay in detail, and with heavy documentation. The battle against Communism in the United States still provides good jobs for countless executive secretaries, Kiwanis orators and other frauds, but, as Mr. Oneal shows clearly, the movement is really in a very f ineffective state. Even in the needle trades it its old vigor.

WHERE FREEDOM FALTERS.
By the author of "The Pomp of Power."
Charles Scribner'
$4 9 x 5⅞; 391 pp. *Ne*

The place where freedom falters, it appears, United States. The author is considerably less mistic than most Englishmen who write abo He sees that liberty is now little more than a in the Republic, but believes that it may one da on actuality. He hints that another Civil Wa be necessary to put down the Kelloggs, Way Wheelers, Dr. Hiram Evanses, Judge Webster Th and other such puissant enemies of the Bill of R His preface is taken up with a long reply to c criticisms of his previous book, "The Pomp of Po

MOTHER INDIA.
By Katherine Mayo. *Harcourt, Brace & Co*
$3.75 9 x 6; 440 pp. *Ne*

The author's account of the filth and unhy conditions, the religious practices and prejudice all-too-young marriages, and the altogethe believable sex degeneracy prevalent in the cour thoroughly appalling. If one believes only h what Miss Mayo reports about India, one wil in the suggestion of an international sanitary whom she quotes as saying: "When India's rea dition becomes known, all the civilized countr the world will turn to the League of Nation demand protection against her." The book is cop illustrated.

THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL CONSPIRACY, 1914.
By Robert L. Owens. *Albert & Charle*
$2 7⅜ x 4⅞; 212 pp. *Ne*

Mr. Owens, who is a former Senator from homa, argues that "the theory that the E Allies fought the war to defend themselves ar United States from the criminal design of Willi to dominate the world by military force is false that "a few leaders" of the Allies actually "inst and launched the war inspired by the mixed m of imperialistic ambitions, greed for commercia political power, future security, revenge, hate love of secret diplomacy and intrigue, believin the war would be quickly ended, that the would be great, and the future enjoyment of illicit gains well protected." A bibliograp appended to his book, but there is no index.

Continued on page xxiv

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—PERCY HUTCHISON in the *New York Times*.

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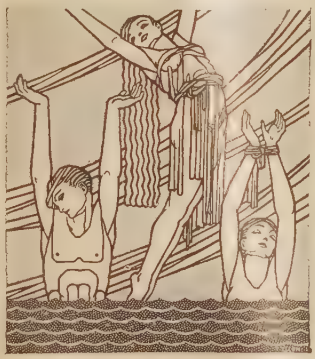

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxii

KRIEG DEM KRIEGE (*War Against War*).
By Ernst Friedrich. *Der Freie Jugend Verlag*
M. 5 9 x 6; 248 pp. *Berlin*

Here a German communist adopts a suggestion made by Dr. George W. Crile in "A Mechanistic View of War and Peace" in 1916. That is to say, he puts his argument against war in the form of a series of horrible photographs, made on the battlefield and in military hospitals. They are shocking, indeed, and the general circulation of the collection would probably do more to arouse anti-militarist sentiment than the moaning of ten thousand pacifists, clerical and lay. The text is in German, English, French and Polish.

STATESMANSHIP OR WAR.
By John McAuley Palmer. *Doubleday, Page & Company*
$2.50 *Garden City, L. I.*
8¼ x 5½; 232 pp.

General Palmer was assistant chief of staff of the A. E. F., and represents a considerable body of American military opinion. He favors the limitation of standing armies "to the numbers strictly required for internal police," and the adoption of the Swiss system as the main line of national defence. "Whether recruitment for and service in the citizen army is to be voluntary or compulsory," he says, "should be left to the discretion of each individual nation." There is an introduction by ex-Senator James W. Wadsworth, Jr., of New York, formerly chairman of the Senate committee on military affairs.

THE EVIL RELIGION DOES.
By Morrison I. Swift. *The Liberty Press*
$2 8 x 5½; 111 pp. *Boston*

Mr. Swift is a frequent contributor to the celebrated Boston *Herald*, and thus held in high respect by the remnants of the old Brahmins. Next to that distinguished scientist, Dr. Lothrop Stoddard, and that profound theological thinker, the Rev. Dr. George A. Gordon, he is doing the most valiant service for the preservation of the Puritan culture. In this remarkable book he presents the conclusions of a life-time of thinking on the drift of American civilization. He starts out with the theme that love has been the supreme architect of human life, but only when directed by intelligence. Then, in a few pages of metaphysics worthy of Kant himself, he proves that the religion of Jesus is a menace to civilization, since it is completely devoid of intelligence. This, he points out, is plainly due to the fact that Jesus was a Jew, and Jews have always been "the instinctive enemies of intelligence." The trouble with this country, continues, is the "Jerusalemizing of the American mind." As "antidotes for Jewism" he suggests the following: (1) "The Jews should be given a birth quota to limit their intemperate reproduction. . . . Disregard of this birth quota should be followed by sterilization;" (2) "Jewish immigration to the United States from any country should be entirely barred, not merely reduced;" (3) "All Jewish children, born already or hereafter in this country, should be excluded from citizenship;" (4) "All business and professional Jews, large or small, should be required to publish on their signs, stationery, advertisements, etc., a word indicating their Jewishness."

MIRRORS OF THE YEAR. *A National Review of Outstanding Figures, Trends and Events of 1926–7. Edited by Grant Overton.*
The Frederick A. Stokes Company
$4 9⅜ x 6; 336 pp. *New York*

This is less a complete review of the year than a series of independent essays, some of them adequate but others extremely superficial. Such subjects as journalism, sport, the theatre, finance, politics and fashion are covered, and the authors represented include Mark Sullivan, Herbert Asbury, Grantland Rice, Vilhjalmur Stefansson, Clarence Darrow, Hamilton Hansen, Kathleen Norris and Homer Croy. Cartoons from the newspapers and comic weeklies are used as illustrations. There are notes upon the contributors at the end, but there is no index—an omission that greatly lessens the usefulness of the book.

A FRENCHMAN LOOKS AT THE PEACE.
By Alcide Ébray. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$4 9½ x 6¼; 267 pp. *New York*

M. Ébray, a French journalist formerly in the diplomatic service, here examines at length the causes of the World War and the contents and effects of the Treaty of Versailles. His conclusions are substantially identical with those reached by Dr. Fay, Dr. Harry E. Barnes and the other American revisionists. He believes that the official theory as to the origins of the war held in the Allied countries is false, and that the Germans were induced to sign the peace treaty by fraud.

HISTORY

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.
By Julius Goebel, Jr. *The Yale University Press*
$5 9¾ x 6; 482 pp. *New Haven, Conn.*

The Falkland Islands were the last of the great discoveries in America by Europeans, and to this day

Continued on page xxvi

Troupers!—Rag-tag and bob-tail of the small time—tinsel gods of the three-a-day—racked by tourist sleepers in midnight jumps, sweating in unholy dressing rooms, crowded into tenth-rate hotels redolent of stale beer! In this backwater of stagedom a decade ago, Zelda Marsh had her start. Here was her soul forged and tried. She learned to love its happy, careless crew; one above the rest, George Selby, she loved . . .

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Continued from page xxiv

they have been a center of legal and diplomatic c troversy. From the middle of the Eighteenth Cent until long after 1833, when Great Britain seized th and thus established possession of them, Spain ne relinquished her claim on them. One of the causes of this ancient dispute was the fact that th was so much conflicting evidence as to what natio was the first to set foot on the land. Dr. Goebel made a thorough examination of all the avai source material, and comes to the conclusion that British right to the islands is highly dubious.

PIONEER MEDICINE IN WESTERN PEN SYLVANIA.

By Theodore Diller. *Paul B. Ho*

$3 8⅜ x 5⅛; 230 pp. *New Y*

This history stops with the opening of the pres century. It is made up in the main of brief biograph of the more important physicians of those times, is thus chiefly of local interest and of little gen value.

THE SPIRIT OF '76 *and Other Essays.*

By Carl Becker, J. M. Clark and William E. Dodd.

The Robert Brookings Graduate School of nomics and Governm

7½ x 5⅛; 135 pp. *Washin*

Three interesting and informative essays. The f "Jeremiah Wynkoop," describes the reactions c distinguished citizen but a suspected Tory during Revolution; the second discusses Adam Smi economic theories in relation to the Spirit of '76; third describes Virginia's debated entrance into Revolution. All three of them throw light upon befuddled political and patriotic questions of period.

ROOSEVELT AND THE CARIBBEAN.

By Howard C. Hill. *The University of Chicago*

$2.50 9 x 6; 233 pp.

Dr. Hill's study of this highly important era in history of the United States is heavily documen but by no means as thorough as it ought to be. T and again he is inclined to take Roosevelt at his c words. His conclusion is that, though Roosevelt undoubtedly moved in his Caribbean policy by nomic influences, there is "no evidence . . . that ei his measures or his actions were determined by were the result of, economic considerations pre upon him by American financiers." He thinks t with Roosevelt our policy of isolation passed fore

ROME.

By M. Rostovtzeff. *The Oxford University P*

$5 10 x 6¾; 387 pp. *New Y*

This is the second volume in Dr. Rostovtz

Continued on page xxviii

The HARPER Prize Novel

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series, "A History of the Ancient World." As in t
first volume, which was concerned in the main wi
Greece, he deals almost exclusively with the politic
and sociological aspects of the land, and gives t
little space to its culture. The Augustan Age, f
example, is discussed very briefly, and such men
Martial, Seneca, Lucretius and Catullus are me
tioned only in passing.

THE FINE ARTS

THE SECOND BOOK OF NEGRO SPIRITUALS.
By James Weldon Johnson and J. Rosamond Johnson.
The Viking Pr
$3.50 10 x 7¼; 189 pp. *New Y*

This second volume of spirituals, collected by t
well-known Negro poet, James Weldon Johnson, a
capitally arranged by his brother, J. Rosamo
Johnson, is fully as interesting and charming as t
first, which had a great success. Mr. Rosamo
Johnson's arrangements are always competent and
good taste, and here he has tried to make them simp
than those in the first volume. The collection, wh
runs to sixty-one songs, includes such superb pie
as "Walk Together, Children!", "My Soul's Be
Anchored in de Lord," "Death's Gwineter Lay I
Cold Icy Hands On Me" and "Sinner, Please Do
Let Dis Harves' Pass." The editor hints that furth
volumes may be forthcoming.

NEW BACKGROUNDS FOR A NEW AGE.
By Edwin Avery Park. *Harcourt, Brace & Comp*
$5 9¼ x 6¼; 225 pp. *New Y*

Mr. Park, who is an assistant professor at Yale
an enthusiastic partisan of what is called Moderni
in architecture and decoration, and believes that i
destined to make great headway. Here he sets fo
the principles underlying it, and shows by illustra
examples what it seeks to do. Two chapters
Americans decorators and craftsmen are especia
useful: they constitute a sort of shopping guide
the reader who contemplates embellishing his ho
in the Modernist manner.

STUDIES IN RECENT ÆSTHETIC.
By Katharine Gilbert.
The University of North Carolina P
$1.50 7½ x 5; 178 pp. *Chapel Hill, N.*

A survey of contemporary theories of æstheti
including the doctrines of Bosanquet, Bergson, San
yana, Croce and Lalo, together with some rema
on the ugly. Mrs. Gilbert's criticism is clear a
penetrating; she confesses that the substance of
thinking "has been considerably molded by Bos

Continued on page xxx

At 72 he was peddling kitchenware at back doors in Johannesburg

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T seems almost too incredible to be true—that a South rican Trader, down on his k, should become the most ked-of author in the country!

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. . . The story of how Mrs. wis, sensing some extraor- nary things in Mr. Horn's st life and his way of telling m, finally induced him to ite his story.

How Trader Horn wrote his book

, sitting in a cheap doss house (a home for indigent n) surrounded by filth and poverty, Trader Horn uld write a chapter, and bring it each week to rs. Lewis for correction and revision.

But there were no corrections and revisions to be ade. The story (despite the errors in spelling and ndiose Victorian style) was so utterly marvelous, at Mrs. Lewis wisely refused to alter a word or a mma.

TRADER HORN

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ALFRED ALOYSIUS HORN
an "Old Visiter" . . . the words written by himself at the age of 73 and the life, with such of his philosophy as is the gift of age and experience, taken down here and edited by Ethelreda Lewis

John Galsworthy *says of* "Trader Horn"

"I never prophesy, but I would wager that this book will be read by countless readers with gusto as great as I felt myself.

"And to those who, in these days of fakes, might be doubtful whether it's not all too good to be true, let me say that in February, 1927, I had the pleasure of meeting the 'Old Visiter' and his editress, in Johannesburg; and that he is in very truth the character herein disclosed."

Wm. McFee *says in the N. Y. Herald-Tribune*

"Mr. Galsworthy claims that it will rickle the appetite of the most jaded. He understates the facts. After no fewer than four excited perusals of this astounding narrative I am purposing to go back to it again. I have read nearly half of it aloud to people who interrupted me with cries of wonder, and who have reached out to take the book themselves."

Horn talks informally

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

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quet," whom she regards as "one of the best mode guides for a person feeling his way in any kind philosophical speculation," but whatever her de to him, she has achieved a large degree of originali The book has a bibliography and an index.

CRITICISM

SELECTIONS FROM ROBERT LANDOR.
Edited by Eric Partridge. *The Fanfrolico P*
7s. 6d. 9 x 5½; 176 pp. *Lon*

ROBERT EYRES LANDOR. *A Biographical Critical Sketch.*
By Eric Partridge. *The Fanfrolico P*
10s. 6d. 9 x 5½; 108 pp. *Lon*

Robert Eyres Landor was the brother of the m famous Walter Savage Landor. He wrote a great dea highly competent verse and prose, but died in obsc ity, from which he has not emerged to this day. T present two books are the first large-scale attempt bring him to the notice of the English-speak world. The study by Mr. Partridge is mainly b graphical, but on the few occasions he ventures i criticism he is very temperate in his praise. The bo of selections is somewhat sketchy, but the edi promises a complete edition of Robert Landor's wo in the near future.

THE MODERNITY OF MILTON.
By Martin A. Larson.
The University of Chicago P
$2.75 8 x 5¼; 277 pp. *Chi*

Unlike such poets as Keats, Shelley or Swir contends Dr. Larson, who is assistant profe English at the University of Idaho, Milton chiefly with ideas, and not with fancies, and ap mainly to the intellect. And his ideas were modern: he was an anti-Puritan in religion, a in ethics, and a left-wing Liberal in politics.

BIOGRAPHY

BALZAC.
By René Benjamin. *Alfred A K*
$5 9⅞ x 5½; 352 pp. *New*

M. Benjamin has achieved a thoroughly interes and highly colorful portrait of the massive and traordinarily prolific Frenchman, whom Sainte-Be sneered at but could not dispose of. There is noth new as fact in it, but the man emerges from it a and amazing person. The translation is by Ja Fr. Scanlan.

Continued on page xxxii

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Continued from page xxx

CARLYLE AT HIS ZENITH. 1848–1853.
By David Alec Wilson. *E. P. Dutton & Compa*
$5 9 x 5; 507 pp. *New Y*

This is the fourth volume in a projected six volu life of Carlyle. Like its predecessors it is heav documented and full of letters, reports of conver tions and other material never before published.

THE GENTLEMAN FROM THE 22ND.
By Benjamin Antin. *Boni & Liveri*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5½; 301 pp. *New Y*

Mr. Antin here tells the story of his childhood Russia, his early years in New York City, and later legislative experience as a State Senator Albany, chiefly interested in child welfare legislati The story in interesting enough, but he damages greatly by telling it in a staccato, melodramatic st evidently imitated from Fannie Hurst. The bo sadly lacks an index.

DARWIN.
By Gamaliel Bradford. *The Houghton Mifflin Compa*
$3.50 8¾ x 5½; 315 pp. *Bos*

This is one of the best of Mr. Bradford's "psych graphs." Darwin, intrinsically, was an immens interesting man, and the discussion of him in his o time was very bitter, and unearthed a great deal material relating to him. That material Mr. Bradfo here digests and summarizes in his precise, cauti and highly intelligent way. The result is probab the most accurate picture of the man ever got up paper. There is a full index.

STRUGGLES AND TRIUMPHS, *or, The Life of P. Barnum, Written by Himself.*
Edited by George S. Bryan. *Alfred A. Kn*
$10 9½ x 6¼; 2 vols.; 879 pp. *New Y*

BARNUM'S OWN STORY.
Edited by Waldo R. Browne. *The Viking Pr*
$3 8⅛ x 5⅜; 452 pp. *New Y*

Barnum's autobiography was first published 1855, and had a large sale immediately. The pr notices, however, were not all favorable. The c boy had been a shade too frank in it; some of his co fessions of fraud shocked the tender-minded. So t plates were destroyed, and in 1869 Barnum broug out a more seemly account of himself. This seco autobiography, in successive revisions, sold stead for years; the last edition of it did not appear un 1889. But now all the editions are out of print, a some of them are almost unprocurable. Mr. Brown condensation of them is based upon the 1855 versio with additions for the years following from all t

Continued on page xxxiv

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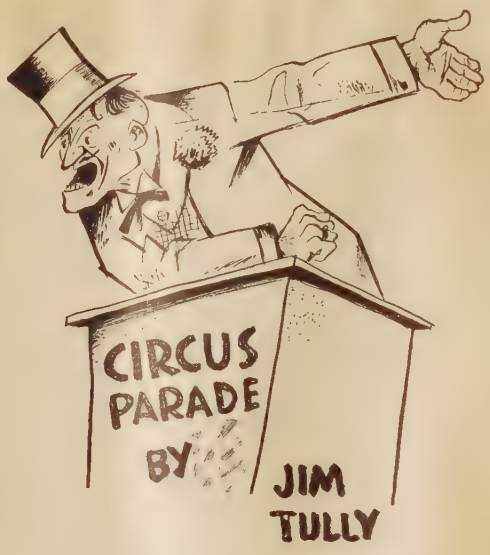

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subsequent versions. Mr. Bryan's is based up 1855 version and two of the most expansiv reliable of the later versions—those of 1869 an Both compilations are illustrated with contem prints and other such things. Mr. Browne gi of them, and Mr. Bryan fifty-one.

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By Carl Christian Jensen. *Little, Brown & C*
$2.50 8⅛ x 5¼; 219 pp.

Mr. Jensen writes with a certain charm adventurous career—his early life in Denma love of the sea and his escape to it while he w a boy, his subsequent struggles in New Yo career as a laborer, a longshoreman, a teach a psychologist, his first love and marriage—bu how he fails to make even such moving even dramatic or inevitable; he is forever projectin ments into the picture. However, the book moments, and is well enough written.

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By Lewis Piaget Shanks. *The Johns Hopki*
$2.25 7½ x 5; 250 pp. *B*

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WE ROB A BANK

BY ERNEST BOOTH

[T was midnight when Dan and I left Red and Johnny in the latter's apartment. Dan was about thirty-eight, onservatively dressed, and carried himlf with an erect, military stride. A prison rm had taught him, among other things, avoid any mannerisms that might betray im. . . . Red, an enormous, taciturn Irishan, possessed, despite his comparative outh, an unusual ability to control peole. I had known him to bring to a comlete halt the actions of fifteen people attered over the floor of a bank, and to do with a single, harsh command. . . . ohnny was small in stature, hesitant in acon when not engaged in a robbery, and cently addicted to the use of morphine. is light blue eyes under pale brows gave im an apologetic appearance; frequently e had been mistaken for an eighteen-yearld boy. Johnny, Red, and I were all about venty-five.

Dan and I gained the street, and butoned our coats against the chill, damp an Francisco fog. We boarded a street-car nd rode on separate seats to the ferry uilding. Keeping him in sight, I followed im on to the boat and to the deck reserved r smokers. As the boat throbbed and nurned its way over the water I reflected n the lay-out of a robbery that would artle the entire Pacific Coast.

Dan and I had met by common agreement, discussed the plan, and decided that its main feature would be that we would capture the first employé as he entered the bank in the morning. Then we would take charge of the others as they came, and when the cashier arrived we would force him to open the vault. Thus we would be in possession of the place and have the vault cleaned out an hour or more before the bank would, ordinarily, open its doors to the public. Johnny and Red were to join us early in the morning at a certain street corner with an automobile they had stolen. I was going to spend the night with Dan and his girl in their apartment.

But really there had not been much actual planning, I realized. It seemed childish to scheme and talk. We knew what to do: there was a bank on the other side of the bay which we could rob of perhaps a hundred thousand dollars: would we rob it together? That was the extent of our reasoning. Nothing of right or wrong entered into our calculations. Any aversion I might have entertained, in the dim, remote past, to such proceedings had been sublimated and found its outlet in past justifications of similar actions.

A robbery that would startle the whole Coast—had I thought it that? No; I was wrong. There had been a time when it would have made a sensation, but not now. Should a murder occur during its consum-

mation, it might live in public interest for a week. Otherwise, it would be only a one-day flash. The public would read of it idly. One man might remark to another that bandits stole fifty thousand dollars yesterday, but he would employ the same tone as that in which he mentioned a severe rainstorm—then sigh and think of the instalments due on his radio. Others would merely glance over the headlines, mentally commenting, "Another robbery," —and then turn to the comic strips.

But to me, running over the details and possibilities, it was all very real and very important. Vividly real. So concentrated on it was I, indeed, that when a man walked in front of me I started, imagining that the thoughts of tomorrow were showing on my face. I looked about at the passengers scattered over the boat. None of them were paying me any attention.

But I tossed and turned on the davenport all that night. I executed the robbery a score of times—always with variations. I was standing near the entrance, watching the first clerk approach. Straining to move, I felt a terrifying, encroaching paralysis. Rooted to the sidewalk, I could not budge . . . . Then, waking in the semi-darkness, I would shiver off the nightmare.

Again, torrential rain descended in front of the bank. A blue-uniformed figure appeared, and I tugged at my reluctant gun. The blinding dazzlement of worlds exploding filled my eyes, their detonations blasting my eardrums. Then a lull—and a muddy, hatless, blue form lay in the gutter. Red blood gushed from a gap in what a moment before had been a living forehead. It mingled with the swirling, dirty water to half-conceal the blue in a crimson shroud. Horror jerked me up through layers of unreality to the consciousness of my warm bed and coverings. Nausea gripped me suddenly. Again I lay quiet, and the tiny noises—the felt disturbances —assailed me. If I opened my eyes they fled, like fish frightened away from a sudden light. With my eyes closed they came from their scattered retreats and renewed their torments. If only these thing were tangible, I thought, if only I coul fight them! If I could come to grips wit them! If I could only banish them!

"I can't stand this much longer" flashe before me, as though captioned on a scree It was effaced a bit later by the though that I *was* superior to these delusions.

Then I laughed, softly, quietly, tryin to reassure myself as men have always do in the darkness of their bedchambers an caves. But the very intensity I used in figh ing against the spectres inverted itsel combined with them, returning enleague to mock me. Then time collapsed into on dimension and I slid down into tumu tuous blackness, pregnant with monstros ties of rapine, robbery, and murder.

II

Dan, dressed, called me at six-thirty in th morning. It was unnecessary to awake me. He sat near while I pulled on m clothes. Mae appeared for a brief momen holding a wrapper about her as she passe through the room to the kitchenette.

"Hell of a note!" she tossed over he shoulder, "this gettin' me up in the middl of the night. . . . But it's worth it, guess."

"I don't like this having someone els know my business," I whispered to Da and nodded toward the kitchen.

He grinned. "If half the guys on ou racket were as close-mouthed as Ma there'd be less use for jails. Of course, it a cinch she knows you're a hook, or yo wouldn't be with me. What's the odds It'll be all right. Anyway, she's going t drive the Ford coupé to meet us for switch of machines after we work."

This last, coming as it did on the ta of my restless night, dragged in anothe uneasiness. A girl participating in a rob bery to which I was a party was a nev consideration. But I knew it was becomin prevalent in the fraternity, so rather tha risk being classified as old-fashioned I sai nothing more about it.

After breakfast we left the apartment, d with Mae driving, arrived at Sixteenth d Lindol streets about seven-thirty. The nk was ten or twelve blocks distant. e corner was deserted; Johnny and Red d not arrived. Restlessly, we drove a few cks toward the heart of town; returng, we found the corner yet unoccupied. Dan looked at his watch. "Christ alghty! Twenty to eight now!" Angrily pushed his foot against the rifles and otgun on the floor. Crowded together the small compartment we were uncomrtable, and Mae snarled at him to "take easy!" He turned his head to look back the cross streets, and his movement essed my revolver into my ribs. "Sit ll!" I growled. My developing nervousss was irritating me. "Looking around at way will mark us," I said.

"Don't be telling me what to do!" His ice was bitter, acrid. His eyes were puffy, d the lids heavy for want of sleep. Realng suddenly that he, too, was under same strain and pressure, I remained ent. Again he twisted about. "What s those guys? Here it is time to be getg down to the spot, and——"

It occurred to me that they might have ne to the bank to look it over before ning to the appointed corner. When communicated this thought to Dan, directed Mae to "make it snappy and down there." It was as though we she and I—were to blame for the nonpearance of Johnny and Red. He remonated with Mae, and she evinced her asperation by jerking the wheel for an rupt turn and jamming the throttle.

I took a last look at the corner. "There's Cad parking there now. It may be nny," I offered. My words went unded. The three of us were possessed by ugly mood. I was disgusted. Not with thought of the robbery, but with the y it was going. Snarling and growling, itated and angry, it would not have reired much more friction to cause us to gin fighting among ourselves. The ought of the revolvers we carried; the other guns on the floor, and the risk we incurred in driving about with them; and the meager chance we would have of avoiding arrest, except by shooting our way clear if an officer interposed,—all these things combined to make the little, enclosed cab hot and stuffy with a penetrating heat. I lowered a side window as we paused in the heavier traffic of Twelfth street, and was surprised to find sweat on my face and hands.

Mae speeded the car up between crossings, and once in Seventh street guided the wheels in the street-car tracks as she drove past the bank. It was in the middle of the block.

"See," said Dan, as we approached it, "the curtains are up and no one can see in from the street. Ain't it a gift?" He smiled with his eyes for a fleeting instant, then the look of anxiety returned. We scanned the street but saw none who even resembled Johnny or Red. Several Cadillacs passed, but they were not carrying the men we sought. I was trying to watch both sides of the street simultaneously, and for the moment I failed to notice the look Dan was giving me. I turned suddenly to meet a glare of scorn and disgust. He showed me the face of his watch—it was ten minutes to eight o'clock.

"A *fine* pair of suckers they are!" His words were mordant. "If I had another heap here I'd go up against it this way—just the two of us. . . . What say? Shall we give it a whirl? Maybe we can clout a heap and get back in time. Dash up by the high-school in Twelfth street, Mae! We might connect there. . . . It's getting late—hurry up! Step on it! Step on it! Christ, this is business!"

"Business?" said Mae, with heavy sarcasm, "business—sure it is! You're like a couple of brats going out for the first time —no organization—nothing!"

I have never had much difficulty in stealing an automobile. Usually the high-priced, closed cars are left unlocked and are easy to steal. The smaller cars receive more careful attention, probably because

they represent more to their owners. Near the school was an assortment of Fords and Dodges, and a sprinkling of Buicks, Hudsons, and Studebakers. But there were people entering or leaving the cars, for this was a favorite place for business employés to park. So there was too much chance of detection—and there were chains, or wheel-spikes, on most of the cars.

"Nothing here," I said. "Follow that car. Perhaps it will park—the driver seems to be hunting a place now." I indicated an expensive, eight-cylinder machine.

The driver pushed it through the traffic past the City Hall. Dan and I had our handkerchiefs out, and were industriously wiping our noses for the time it took to travel the block. The danger of recognition was great here, and I shivered, visualizing the slaughter which would result if some officer saw us and decided to investigate our machine. Dan was cursing heatedly through his handkerchief.

"Get out of here—let the machine go to hell! Get off this street. I'm getting crazy to let myself be bummin' around like this. What the hell did you want to come up here for, Mae? You know I'm hot, here in town—and we're right in front of the police station."

The accomplished Mae realized the seriousness of our position, and refrained from comment. Deftly she extricated the car from a threatening box in traffic, and turned toward Sixteenth street at the first chance. I breathed easier then. That the robbery was not to be done that morning was evident, and by unvoiced consent we rode several blocks in silence. Approaching Lindol street I saw Johnny and a girl seated in a car, looking anxiously about the street. We drew alongside them.

"Where you been?" demanded Dan.

"Right here." Johnny was hollow-eyed. "I left over there about four o'clock and drove around the bay and up here as soon as possible. It ain't too late now. Let's get started. Where's Red?"

Dan's face was livid. Leaning across me, he said in a hoarse whisper, "Red! He was supposed to come with you! Hell, y —of course it's too late! And we ca stop here. You, Billie," addressing the g with Johnny, "get in here with Mae. Co on, Ernie, we'll change over so we c talk." The transfer was made. "Tail about half a block behind," Dan structed Mae, and we drove off.

There followed a general discussion all our faults. Johnny and Dan stormed each other. Occasionally I cut in, attem ing to stem the useless upbraiding. I w soundly cursed, and retaliated.

The nervous energy generated to carry through the robbery was being expend in venting our spleen on each other. T hatred and meanness that should have go into the actual operation of the busin was being wasted. I felt as if I has just covered from a protracted drunk, and head ached painfully. For a while we ro in a sort of armed truce. The remarks had made there would, under normal c cumstances, have caused a fight or at le an exchange of blows; but they did actually register within our consciousne They constituted a sort of release of t emotional heightening the restless nig had instilled, and were accepted as an tegral part of our association. Chagrin a disappointment, and a curious relief, w mingled in my own reaction, and I wo dered if Dan and Johnny were experienci the same sensations. Evidently not, for D turned to where I was seated and sa "There's another jug I know of—out San Pablo avenue—smaller, only a branc Want to take a gander at it? We're h now—we might as well get somethin God damn that red-head! Why in h didn't he show up?"

The question was purely academ neither of us offered an immediate answ But I awoke with renewed interest. D has discarded his anger.

"Suits me," I replied at length. "Ho about you, John?" It was a compromi this taking a smaller place, but I need the money, and with Johnny's affirmati nod the car started out the avenue.

III

ıe branch bank occupied a corner. Large ate-glass windows gave an almost un-ostructed view of its interior from the reet. A bad feature: a traffic officer was cated in the middle of the cross-streets a ant fifty feet away. There were lights ithin, and several clerks moving about. ıt it was not yet nine o'clock, so the ors were not open to the public. I left e machine and waited until the girls me up. I gave them instructions, and ey parked about half a block further up enue. Sauntering casually to the en-ance, I paused a moment to survey the unters and open vault. Its shiny steel outh yawned wide. I watched a clerk me out with a large, locked tray which took to his cage and opened. Busily en-ged in sorting bills into their respective ctions of an open drawer, he paid no at-ntion to me. Affecting an indifferent titude I turned my back to the bank, and a cigarette, puffed on it for a minute or , and then turned about again and saw other clerk engaged upon a similar task. My heart was beating rapidly, and I was ving difficulty inhaling the smoke from y cigarette. The roof of my mouth was ddenly hot and dry. My eyes watered, d my throat tingled. A man and woman nding nearby—apparently waiting for a r—looked at me; hastily I applied a ndkerchief to my face, and coughed. I s trying to forestall their seeing my face, later recall it after they had read of the bbery. I turned from them and continued wn the street.

At a drug-store on the next corner I nk a soft drink, and took a grip on my-f. I was feeling an approaching loneli-ss. With Dan and Johnny I had fine con-ence, but standing by myself, at that stant I knew the sensation of being alone a crowd. There was considerable bustle d activity on the corner. Several street-rs passed. I returned to the bank, secure the belief that the couple I had observed ould be gone.

I paused to glance over the furnishings of the bank once more. A man brushed against me, and instinctively my left arm contracted on the revolver slung up under it. He excused himself, and as he looked into my face his eyes seemed to open a trifle with surprise. At once I felt a shock at having betrayed my thoughts! Although I tried to restrain myself, I peered over my shoulder after he had taken several steps, and was alarmed when he, too, turned to look directly at me. Little incidents: the couple, this man; but they were magnified out of all proportion. I walked to the other window of the bank and stood between an elderly woman and a man reading a paper. From time to time the man glanced up at passing cars. The old lady was indifferently-clad, and fidgeted about. I ventured a side glance at her, and discovered that she was covertly watching me. She stirred, and I noticed that a pompon on her breast trembled. The nervous movement transferred itself, and I leaned hard against the glass to repress a quick shiver. She spoke to me—some question about the time. I started, then made an elaborate movement to extract my watch. . . . She thanked me, it seemed, in a queer manner.

I essayed a yawn to cover my growing confusion, but it died at birth as I looked to the middle of the street. The traffic officer, with one hand raised, was obviously staring at me. I was but one of a group of several, and it is highly improbable that he was aware of my existence, but at that moment I stood alone, naked.

Pivoting on my heel, I walked swiftly down the avenue. Two blocks away, I joined Dan and Johnny at the car. "How's she look?" queried Dan.

"All right, far as I can see." I gave the answer expected, but I wanted to say I thought we would be crazy to go any further with it. Something restrained me; for in the brief interval of my walk some of my confidence had returned. It was as though I, a solitary Assassin, returned to the citadel of Hassan and a fanatical devotion flowed out and inspired me.

"Stick with Johnny a moment—I'll take a flash myself." Dan left us. Johnny was leaning back in the seat, but there was a strained attempt to counterfeit ease in his attitude. I recognized it and felt easier in my own mind. The cheer of misery, I guess.

The motor was running, quietly, smoothly, with the gear-shift-lever enmeshed; he held the clutch out with one foot, ready for an instantaneous start. Johnny observed my interest in the arrangement and forced a grin. "Have to be set to go any second in a hot heap. Can't tell who might show up. These cruising-bulls in cars sneak up on you if you give them half a chance. It wasn't so bad when they was all in uniform, but they dress like business men now, an' you got to watch."

I lit another cigarette and began to watch each passing machine, imagining that the next one would be filled with cruising-bulls. None came, however, and I was glad when Dan returned.

"It's all right," he said after he had entered the machine, and we were out in the noise of the traffic. "That counter ends at the avenue window, and there's a small swinging gate there. You [to me] can step over it easy. That will bring all the clerks at the money-drawers in line with you. Cover them with your rod and hold it close to you, so it can't be seen from the street. Just motion 'em back—give 'em their orders, and don't worry about 'em doing anything. Just keep 'em away from the alarms. If they hit one and start the big buzzer over the door going, there'll be a lot of battle for us. So be sure an' keep 'em away. Clean the drawers as you come to each cage. Just throw the dough onto the counter and then brush it all off into the bag in one sweep. That'll be best, 'cause if you try to put in each grab as you get it you'll be there all morning."

I listened attentively. Socrates expounding to his pupils in the Forum had never a more fascinated hearer.

"You take the other end, Johnny. Come in at that other door, and vault through the second paying window. Kick the big fat geezer there in the face if you have to but he'll take his orders same as anyone else. Just one flash of the rod, and the come over and swamp him. Surprise 'em That's the stuff that builds fortunes—surprise. We're in, and over, and on 'em fore they get a chance to squawk."

"How much do you think she'll go for Johnny was ahead of Dan in his planni

"Can't tell. There's a big spike on vault. Them iron gates are hell—but might catch it open. It oughta give twenty—maybe thirty grand." Dan flected a moment before adding, "but it be Summer dough, anyway. I wanta away from this coast."

"You want me to go in first and wait you—is that right?" I asked. "I take the big bag and wait at one of the check-wing counters until you and Johnny are in

"Bag—hell!" Dan snorted. "That's worst rank in the world nowadays. If started into a jug with a leather that you'd get shot before you got to the counter. There's a couple of canvas sacks in the car with the broads. Jesus Christ forgot about them. Turn this heap around and we'll office them to follow us aga We gotta get the long rods from that ca

Dan jerked his head to the girls as passed, and Mae steered out from the c and followed us. We drove out toward foothills, and in a thinly-built-up distr the transfer of weapons was effected. girls were instructed to go to a certain ner about fifteen blocks from the bank, wait for us. It was a few minutes past o'clock when we parted.

A hundred yards from the bank, John slowed down. Some last minute deta "Just walk down there and stall a minute Dan said. "I'll get out right after you follow. Soon's you get the heap park Johnny,—come right in. Then we're set. I'll watch the doors from the insi As long as no one gets out on us, we all right. I'll keep the customers in. make it snappy. Speed! That's the m idea. This is a fast clout. You ain't more than a minute after you start, and y

ɔt to make every second count. If only ıat bull don't rank us!"

"If he does—it's just too bad for him," id Johnny.

The canvas sack—a two-foot-square af- ir—made a slight bulge. It made me ɔpear like a woman enceinte.

The noise of the traffic; the harsh growl a machine getting under way; the form a scantily-clad girl as she minced by me, r thighs showing full against her dress each step; a child tugging at a long chain tached to a bulldog; the acrid smell of ırnt gasoline; hurrying figures in bright dark colors; a shaft of sunlight slashing ross the sidewalk just at the bank en- ance;—all these intermingled, and I felt though I were a stranger from another anet. They seemed, to my heightened ıagination at that time, foreign, utterly ɔart. They bore no relation to me or my rand.

Before entering the bank I recalled the recautions I had intended to take toward ssening the chance of later identification. n infinitesimal instant I hesitated; but I ıd drifted so far that retreat was impos- ble. The force of my present position illed my fears, and I crossed the Rubi- n.

IV

he floor seemed suddenly softened, as ough I were treading on a billowy sub- ance. I endeavored to make my feet take normal stride, and they mocked me by ting themselves as though inflated. With effort I gained the side counter. With a mporary gratitude, like that of a saved nner, I placed my hand firmly on the cold ass top. I had not yet ventured a glance the cages or clients of the bank. I had en fully occupied in reaching this haven. A stout woman at my elbow was scratch- g a pen across a check. She raised large, hy eyes to me, and for a fleeting second aught my own reflection in them. Sharply tlined by the strong light from the win- ɔw at my back, I saw my head and shoul- rs in silhouette. Suspicion written plainly on her face, she dropped her eyes to the task before her, and edged slightly away from me. I reached for a blank check, and pretended to write, watching from the tail of my eye for Johnny or Dan. The small swinging gate through which I was to pass was but a step from where I stood.

The band of my hat grew suddenly tight. It seemed to restrict the flow of blood, congesting it at my temples. I raised a hand to touch my cheekbone, and my fingers came away as though burned by the contact. I tried to swallow, and my tongue clove to my palate. I coughed nervously, and the woman beside me started as though I had stabbed her with a pin. My cheeks felt hot, and I knew they were livid. . . . The constriction about my forehead increased. All this occurred in less than sixty seconds. The check before me was hopelessly blotched —ink stained my fingertips. I crumpled it.

Then, fearing that some of the writing might be decipherable, I shoved the paper into my pocket.

The woman turned to the paying cage nearest me. The teller looked past her in my direction, and I clinched my teeth to strangle another cough.

"Stand fast everybody! Don't move!" Sharp and ominous the command cut through my consciousness. They were in the bank—and I had missed them! I scanned the row of startled clerks, to see Johnny behind the counter. Dan was near the main door, a vicious black gun in his hand. I took a step and almost fell. My foot had gone to sleep while I had stood at the counter! Limping to the swinging door, I entered. Again that sensation of walking on billows of fluff. "Stand back!" I ordered the teller who was about to cash the fat woman's check. I caught a quick, alarmed look from him as he stepped back from the counter. The woman peered intently through the wicket, then slid from my sight. "Lay down—don't touch anything," I said in what I intended to be a harsh voice.

Two other clerks, and one woman employée, further along the counter, acted as though operated by a mechanism. They

were prone on the tiles before I had extracted half the contents of the small compartments of the first drawer. Nervousness —the suspense—left me. A soothing calm followed. It seemed logical and natural to be lifting currency from a drawer. That this was the peak of a bank robbery never entered my mind. I was simply transferring bills from one position to another while a dozen people stood across the counter from me. I didn't actually look at them, but the impression I got was of a group on a motion-picture screen, suddenly frozen into unusual and awkward poses.

Through this, I was propelled by a will greater than my own. There was nothing of conscious volition in my actions, and I knew a curious division of myself. It seemed that I stood at one side and watched, dispassionately, while a chap who resembled a business-college student engaged himself in a practical study of banking. It was all impersonal, as if I witnessed it enacted upon a stage. I was an observing spectator —but with no greatly-absorbing interest. The action was flat, commonplace; there was nothing dramatic about it. It seemed to me that everyone connected with it was unnecessarily serious and concerned. They appeared to attach an importance to it beyond its worth. There came to me for one brief moment a hint of perverse amusement: if they—those grotesquely-frozen figures—could have known the turmoil raging within me a few seconds ago!

My gun was still in its holster. In my haste to get started, I had neglected to draw it out. But it was not needed. The clerks had seen the other two. The manner in which Johnny displayed his gave it a commanding personality. With both hands free I soon had one drawer emptied, and moved rapidly to the next. There the bills were stacked higher, and the jumble of yellow and green currency piled up steadily into a long, uneven mound on the polished black wood of the counter. Working with all the possible speed and precision I could command at the moment, I heard Dan growl, "Don't move or I'll blow your guts out! Do as you're told—you'll be all right."

Then I was aware that we had bee working in a silence almost heavy. seemed to press down on me. The nois from the street came as from another world One of the men on the floor stirred. Johnn flashed a glance and covered him with h gun. I had my sack out now, and was stu fing bills into it in a glorious fan of colo Johnny held his sack in his left hand, an was sweeping the money from the counte with his gun and right hand.

From the door came Dan's cadence voice. "Make it snappy. Make it snapp No rank yet. Everything's going fine. Don miss anything." Then suddenly he snarle "Come on in!" and I saw him capture citizen who had started to enter the banl and, seeing the situation, had attempte to escape. "Come in, you—!" Dan w almost touching him when the man obeye "Stand over there and be quiet!"

"All set, Bill," I called to Dan. I w finished, and started for the end of th counter.

"She's still quiet," said Dan tersely, e deavoring to keep an eye on the center the cross-streets and watch both doors the same time. "Try that chip. See if it sloughed. Make it snappy! Christ! the goes that bastard!" A man had dashed o the door furtherest from Dan. "Out! Out Dan cried. It was an unnecessary order. leaped to the counter and eased out throug the wicket. Narrowly I avoided steppi on the face of the fat woman who ha dropped from my sight. She lay in a fai near the baseboard.

At the door I slung the sack under m coat and pulled my gun out, ready f action. A squat, duck-like man with a re bulging neck was entering. I poked th steel barrel into his belly and he stepp aside. His mouth dropped open.

"Take it on the natural," came fro Dan. He was still covering the people the bank. "Don't run, and rank yourself the fuzz don't know what's doin' yet."

Crossing the sidewalk, I was surpris to find Johnny at the wheel of our car. H

ad made more speed than I had thought vas possible. On the floor in the rear of the ar his bag lay gaping, money spilled from it. flung down my bag beside it and looked or the traffic officer. He was still directing affic. A gathering circle of people were bout a prostrate man near the other door f the bank. Some idea of the rapidity with vhich all this occurred is shown in this ncident: the man had left the bank, crossed o the curb and stumbled, yet before he ould regain his feet we had left the counter nd were in the machine.

With a jerk the car lunged forward. Dan vas standing on the running-board. We assed within ten feet of the policeman. Our guns were ready, but he paid us no eed. The dash to the next intersection was ade in a few seconds. "We're ranked," Dan said, and bent to lift a rifle in prearation for the chase that was forming.

I looked back and saw a bluecoat on the de of a car coming rapidly after us. ohnny steered through a stream of cross-affic just then, and I lost sight of the purauing car for the interval of half a block's avel. Then it shot out of the current and aced along over the intervening distance. Our car was picking up, and from the exted actions on the part of those in the achines we passed I could sense the narow escapes from clashes that Johnny was uiding us through.

The machine following us seemed to ain slightly on us in the third block, and hen—without a word of warning—Johnny kidded our car, which was then traveling early fifty miles an hour. For several yards ve broadsided to the corner. He pressed own on the throttle, the reserve power icked us out of the skid, and he made a erfect turn down a side street. Then he aced the car until we seemed to be flying.

A swift thrill and exhilaration entered ny blood. I wanted to cry out with some nsane frenzy that flowed through me. A ragment of Shelley came to my mind,—"The joy, the gladness, the boundless, ursting, overflowing madness,—the vaorous exaltation not to be confined. . . ." It coursed from my head to my feet, and I knew a tingling that purged me of all the restraints the morning's preparation had imposed. The following car could not make the sharp turn, and I did not see it again. Still driving with reckless speed, Johnny brought us to where the girls awaited us.

We changed cars. Dan and I crammed the spilled money back into the sacks, and with the guns held under our coats we all crowded into the coupé. Wedged against each other, my head bobbed on the roof. Dan laughed when Mae asked, "Clean? No battle?"

"Sure! Everybody was on their good behavior," he chuckled.

"Too bad that guy got out," Johnny spoke from the depths of the car. "Couldn't you have stopped him?"

"Had to throw a slug or let him out," Dan explained, "and we was too near through to start blasting."

V

Once in the apartment, the money was dumped on the bed, and Dan, Johnny, and I began sorting it into bills of the same denomination. The burnt money—bills that had been defaced or pasted together—was thrown upon the floor. The girls got those bills. Later, they would pass them one at a time. The danger of marked money was too great for a known thief to hazard carrying it about.

There was a changed attitude in that apartment, then. The bitterness and irritation that filled it in the morning, to follow us on our trip to the first bank, was gone. There had come instead a jovial good-fellowship. Dan smiled pleasantly, and with his eyes lighted from the emotions of the robbery and the swift dash, he was handsome.

Johnny worked methodically; commenting on the actions of various clerks and customers. "What a kick!" he said to me. "That fat broad that keeled over when you captured the first guy! She'll have something to tell her Tuesday sewing-circle

about. The bold, bad bandits!" He tossed a package of bills over to the larger denominations.

"Hey, Mae, don't be snatching that dough—it's not spoiled! You twist, lay off this dough on the bed!" Mae had been fingering the various piles of money and surreptitiously slipping bills to the floor to mingle with the burnt money.

Soon we had it counted into three piles. There it was on the white spread. We had divided it evenly. For an instant a revulsion swept over me: the sight of the money seemed vulgar! I was not entertaining any aversion to accepting my portion, but as it lay there heaped up, it seemed to have lost some of its dignity: it didn't represent anything. At least, nothing of the value which I felt I had, somewhere, inadvertently lost. I was descending from the heights of a trancendental emotional orgy—and I was becoming a philosopher! . . . Some latent germ of a youthfully-implanted Puritanism struggled to the surface, bleared my vision, and made the jumbled currency appear immoral. I wiped the traitorous bacilli from my eyes, strangled it, and called up visions of voluptuous delights.

"Take any bunch that suits you," Dan said. Johnny scooped together one pile. I took another, and straightened it out into a package that I could wrap with paper and carry under my arm. "Nineteen grand—eight hundred," Dan announced. "That makes—let me see—well, it's over six and a half each. Not so bad."

"Not so bad," conceded Johnny, "but if you hadn't let that guy get away, we could have weeded the chip and got over worth while." He was yet regretting the escape of the customer, which had prevented us from rifling the vault.

"What the hell's the difference?" snorted Dan, good-naturedly. "You'll never make six grand any easier." Then turning to me, "Leaving?"

"Yes, I'm going to get out of town before it gets too hot."

"Going to stay on the Coast? No? Well, listen. If you leave, show up around Murphy's—the Irish-Jew's—in St. Paul in about six weeks, and we can join up with an outfit that's going down-State to root Just drop in there—it's a jewelry store—and tell him you're a friend of mine. He'll send you out to us. Mae and I are going to do a bit of simple life at the Lakes."

With arrangements concluded for taking part in another robbery, two-thirds of the way across the continent, and with the proceeds from the one just accomplished safely wrapped in a package under my arm I left the apartment and boarded an electric train which connected with the ferries. An hour later, as I left the boat on the opposite shore, I purchased a newspaper. In the seclusion of my apartment, I read the report of the robbery.

One paragraph arrested my attention. . . . "The robbery was evidently well-planned for the bandits worked with speed and seemed familiar with the interior of the bank. One of the clerks is certain that he has seen the tallest of the trio loitering about the bank several times during the past week. . . . Chief of Police Dolan has put every available man on the case, and the capture of the bandits is hourly expected. All avenues of escape are closely guarded, and all rooming-houses and hotels are being combed."

VI

Two years later, Dan and I walked wearily from the rock-quarry to the upper yard of the prison. He had arrived the preceding day; I had been there six months. He was directly in front of me as we climbed the long stairs in line with several hundred other convicts. The heat from the granite slabs arose and scorched our faces. The large and grotesquely-shaped "mule breakfasts" covering our heads gave no protection from the forge heat welling up about us as we ascended the inferno of those stairs. The usual order was reversed: Dante descended—we climbed—into Hell. For within the close, hot, narrow confinement of our vermin-infested cell the temperature

as several degrees hotter than in the ards. This because the massive stone block bsorbed and held the terrific rays of the n. The interior of the whitewashed cell as as a steam-room of a Turkish bath.

Dispiritedly, we stripped to our waists, iscarded shoes, and dropped on our re-pective bunks—listless and too exhausted even wash our faces or wet our lips with e tepid water from a bucket near the ack, narrow door.

Dan spoke gaspingly, "Get hotter 'n is?"

"I guess so. Summer's just starting." I as lying on my back, my eyes half-closed, rotesqueries of the super-heated air danc-g between me and the low ceiling.

"Christ," Dan breathed—it was almost a pplication. "Red's lucky—missin' this."

"Uh, huh," I agreed, and closed my es tight to keep out the stinging seepage perspiration from my forehead.

"Yeah," continued Dan, "he's better ad."

"Dead!" I sat up and faced him. "How ? I didn't know that!"

"You should've—aw, I forgot you don't t the scandal sheets. He tried to take hnny from the bulls while they was inging him back from bein' sentenced r killing that flatfoot. In the battle he t slugged—twice. He died last week—st look at what he's missin'."—Dan ised himself on one elbow and attempted roll a cigarette. His moist hands spoiled e paper, and he twisted it a bit, letting e flakes of tobacco filter through his gers and drift to the floor.—A man's life uffed out—a few bits of tobacco descend-g to mingle with the dirt on the sack-g. . . . He brushed the remainder from the lm of his hand.

"I knew Johnny was up here in the con-mned cells, but that's news about Red—."

topped as a long, drawn-out, insane cry attered the sultry stillness of the cor-lor.

Our eyes met. Again and again the cry uddered through the air. It rose into a nzied screaming. We stared deeply into each other's eyes, unable to avert our gaze; held fascinated by the significance of those piercing screams: a soul in anguish, protesting against the encroaching and inevitable doom.

"That's Johnny," Dan said, a note of awe in his voice. "It's got him—he's blowed his top."

Two months later I called at the hospital to complain of recurrent pain in my lungs. The doctor looked sharply at me, listened through a stethoscope he held to my chest.

"How long are you doing?" he asked.

"Life."

"Murder?"

"No. Robbery and prior conviction."

"Well,"—he paused and seemed to be considering some problem, "well,—you've got T. B. I'll have you transferred to the other prison, where the climate is less severe. But—" he busied himself with the next patient.

That BUT!

In the open-air court atop the hospital building of the other prison, I was seated in a canvas steamer-chair with a book lying open before me. A small, dwarfed thief, whom I have known for years, hobbled up to me—a visit pass in one hand. Looking cautiously about, he whispered,

"Say, Dan an' another guy beat the joint up above, yesterday."

Dan free! Good old Dan! Better to be dead than live in that heat, he had said. And he had escaped it! . . .Johnny hanged, Red shot to death, myself doing life as an habitual criminal,—but Dan—free!

With his words I knew a sudden thrill. At least all four of us had not lost!

The next evening, at count-time, the guard passed down by the row of beds and paused at the foot of mine. Removing a cigar from his lips, he looked at me.

"They got your pal Dan," he said.

"*No!*" I almost shouted it.

"Yes," he said, "found him stiff about twenty miles from the prison—died of exposure."

He flicked the ash from his cigar and continued on down the ward.

PITTSBURGH PLUS

BY W. M. WALKER

It was on a morning in 1872 that Colonel James R. Powell, the Duke of Birmingham, attired in the borrowed uniform of a knight commander of the Knights of Pythias, rode down the dusty Main Street of what is now the Magic City of the South on an iron-gray stallion. The gaping blackamoors, but recently liberated and enfranchised, mistook him for General Grant, and so followed him unanimously to the polls. There they cast the votes that removed the county seat of Jefferson county from Elyton to Birmingham. Thus launched in fraud, a great metropolis was born.

Colonel Powell, who had originated in Virginia and was, like all Virginians, of noble blood, was sitting in the lobby of the clapboarded St. Nicholas Hotel, idly swatting flies, when he had his vision. He had just dropped the remark that the hotels of Birmingham, like the roads of Arkansas, were of such character that whichever one you took you wish to hell you had taken another. But the colonel was not merely a destructive critic; he also had his talent for constructive thinking, and out of his meditations that day there arose the dream city of the present glorious era, with its 250,000 inhabitants, its belching chimneys, its forward-looking politicians, and its optimistic and indomitable Rotarians.

He saw it peopled with proud and progressive Nordic supermen, its rough labor resigned to sweating black giants, nude to the waist. He saw skyscrapers rising from the marshes of the river valley, and the mountain sides blazing with coke furnaces. He saw railroads running north, east, west and south. He saw banks bulging with money, and Kiwanians blowing confident spitballs. He saw great newspapers, long lines of factories, huge temples of learning and worship. He saw himself a Crœsus of coal and iron; maybe he even saw himself as Vulcan. For in that moment, shortly after he had slain a large horse-fly, Colonel Powell was very close to God.

More, his vision was sound. There the city stands today, just as he conceived it. Its broad streets, planned to accommodate the traffic of millions, are lined with skyscrapers and more are going up every month. Its coal, iron and other mineral deposits are estimated to be sufficient to operate its industries for 200 years. Its hotels and public buildings are as numerous and magnificent as those of any Eastern city of twice its population, and its gorgeous cafeterias, cinema cathedrals and speakeasies are famous throughout the Southland. Its Chamber of Commerce rope in new industries with such rapidity that it is now possible for a Birminghammer to speak without envy and even with some condescension of Atlanta. High-powered salesmanship rules the city's life by day and at night the Jones Valley is lit by the flares of furnaces and smelters that are producing more goods to be sold on the morrow.

To attain his ideal Colonel Powell invented all the methods that Florida and California realtors have since appropriated, to the gain and edification of humanity. Birmingham, which had been chartered in December, 1871, was only eighteen months old when he executed his first

aster stroke. On June 17, 1873, he put n a mammoth sale of lots at auction and oldly invited the New York Press Asso- iation to meet in Birmingham. The press ssociation did not come, but a number of orrespondents were sent down to see hat was afoot, and, appropriately enter- ined by Colonel Powell, they were pres- ntly sending back glowing accounts of he adjacent coal and iron deposits. The olonel himself, in a signed article in one f the great New York journals, thus ooted the tuba of Progress:

> While other sections of the State, and of almost the entire South, have been oppressed by calami- ties, political and financial, consequent upon the war, our section, its healthful climate cheering the invalid, its fertile valleys tempting the agri- culturist, and its pregnant mountains groaning to be delivered of their wealth, our favored sec- tion, the Eldorado of the ironmasters, soon to be penetrated by railroads from every point of the compass, invites with open arms and with full capacity to entertain as congenial spirits, skilled labor, capital and intelligence from every portion of the globe, affording opportunities and facilities to all to exercise their functions and endowments in their most agreeable vocations.

This outburst of rhetoric did not deflate he Duke of Birmingham. He had only ruck the opening bar; he had but laid an xperimental lip to the horn. Neither the holera epidemic nor the Jay Cooke panic f 1873 blasted his optimism. When these tastrophes passed he was found to be ill playing like a bugler in the rain. He ad achieved the removal of the county ourthouse to the new city by his patriotic ractical joke upon the black freedman, nd he had had himself elected mayor. He ad formed the Elyton Land Company, the undation of many of the great Birming- am fortunes of today, and hence of the own's *noblesse*. He had introduced the ience of street-paving, and had seen the se of stately churches, banks, stores, very stables and saloons. He had helped o bring the railroads in. He had watched he multiplication of chimneys and fur- aces upon the circumambient hills.

Thus Colonel Powell served Birming- am, and thus he piled up that burden of gratitude which is the reward of all great pioneers. The Birminghammers, growing rich, began to be ashamed of him, and finally deposed him. A railroad engineer was elected mayor. The colonel, broken-hearted, silently departed. In 1883 he was done to death in a tavern brawl near Yazoo, Miss.

II

Iron ore from the Birmingham district, which is richer in the metal than any other in the country, stiffened the backbone of Secession, and an important Confederate arsenal was located nearby, at Selma, Ala. After General Henry Wilson laid waste the whole section the iron industry naturally declined; in fact, it remained dormant for several years. Its renaissance came in 1876, when pig iron came to be profitably produced. This, however, was done by a charcoal process, and when charcoal prices soared the iron trade declined again. Then, in 1883, a method of producing coke from coal was discovered and again Birmingham began to flourish. A great boom accompanied this revival, and with the influx of the boomers the city earned the title of Bad Birmingham.

Two other mileposts mark the growth of the city, first, the discovery in 1899 that, despite much expert opinion to the contrary, steel could be made of Alabama ore in Birmingham; and, second, the acquisition in 1907, of the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company by the Steel Trust in the notorious deal that Mr. Roosevelt sanctioned at the insistence of the pious Judge Elbert H. Gary and Henry C. Frick, the elder J. P. Morgan's emissaries. There is not and has never been in Birmingham any great concern as to whether Mr. Morgan euchered John W. Gates and his associates out of the TCI. The Birminghammers are quite content that the company and its colossal resources, which are the mainstay of all the city's industries, fell into the hands of men who were able to exploit them. This was never true of the previous managements.

Thus the United States Steel Corporation is mentioned with reverence in Birmingham, which is a strictly organization town, developed by and devoted to Big Business. Judge Gary is held in such high esteem by the citizenry that when he is ill he prefers, of all places, to be ill in Birmingham. During his stay there honors were heaped upon him, and his visit took on the aspect of a continuous American Iron and Steel Institute dinner. Indeed, so complete is the amity between this branch of the Steel Corporation and Birmingham that George Gordon Crawford, president of the TCI, was lately moved to tell a group of Northern investment bankers: "Our company has been here eighteen years, and during that time we have had no just cause to complain of the treatment which we have received from any State, county or city administration."

Birmingham lies in Jones Valley, surrounded by Shade and Red Mountains and innumerable foothills. The approach to the city by any of the nine trunk lines entering it constitutes a sort of tour of its industries. The train clicks over rails and switches that were rolled in the factories alongside the tracks, and the black laborers who made them grin from the windows of the stationary box cars in which they live, and wave a greeting to the élite mulattos of the dining-car. The yards seem interminable, for a vast system of trackage is necessary to handle the output of the city's industries, whose value is $650,000,000 per annum and whose tonnage is greater than that of the cotton crop of the entire South. More freight cars, it is said, move through Birmingham each year than through the whole Empire State of Georgia.

The air is redolent of smoke and furnace gas, guano and cottonseed oil, creosote and fresh-cut lumber. There are overtones of tar and insecticide, gasoline and illuminating gas, cooped chickens and discontented cows, but the overwhelming theme of this olfactory symphony is the peculiarly acrid, impenetrable and sulphurous smoke that drifts from a thousand stacks. It is a by-product of Birmingham progress that no man has yet been ingenious enough to utilize or dissipate. This stench, however, annoys only the Nordic 55% of the population. Of the remainder, 40% are Negroes and 5% foreigners. The 10,000 or more in this last division are so widely scattered among the Italian, German, Russian and Polish nationalities that they have little distinct racial existence.

That is, all save the Jews, who, as is usual in the South, conduct a large portion of the city's mercantile business and maintain their customary tribal integrity. They suffer relatively little from the ravages of the Ku Kluxers, and, although barred from the best apartments and country clubs, wield a powerful influence in the city's affairs. For the most part they are referred to patronizingly by the preponderant Nordics as "pretty clever Jews." So far no one has elicited the opinion of these shrewd department-store owners on the subject of the 111,500 industrial workers, Nordic and Negro, who throng their aisles on Saturdays and pile up their wealth.

The 111,500 wage earners, or approximately one-half of the population of the city, are employed principally in the production of coal, iron, steel and its by-products, nearly always in non-union plants. Rather more than half of them are Negroes recruited from the farms, public works and chain-gangs of the whole South. They have been attracted to the Magic City by its high wages, and by the benevolent paternalism of the TCI and other large corporations, whose slogan is, "a bathroom for every black." Indeed, in Westfield, the model Negro community of the TCI, the black laborers have homes similar in most details to those of their white co-workers in Fairfield. It was the directing genius of the TCI who discovered the scarcely suspected appeal of a bathtub to the Negro laborer, and thus corralled thousands of them in Westfield, where social workers from Chicago now poke into their affairs. But despite this new acquaintance with

rcelain, the Birmingham blacks give le cause for Nordic apprehension. There never been a lynching in Birmingham, ugh an uncommonly large number of darkies have been found dead.

Equally submissive and amenable to in-trialization are the Nordic laborers, the r white peasants who come to Bir-gham from the farms and small towns the Alabama hills and prairies. Others ve been imported from Ohio and Penn-vania, but these are in the main workers ert in the manufacture of iron and steel ducts. It is said that only 30% of the in body of labor is composed of native bamians, but these figures are perhaps ccurate. Those fortunate enough to rk for the TCI live in Fairfield, the del white community, with a plaza, a c center, a municipal building, schools, blic library, a Y.M.C.A. and recreation unds laid out by the company for its ployés. Here flourish community sings, d concerts, free movies, civic, canning garden clubs—all under the super-on of TCI agents—and even an occa-nal pageant, sometimes entitled "Ser-" and dealing with the work of the at and good Tennessee Coal, Iron and lroad Company.

he architecture of Fairfield is not rly as bad as one might expect. The me scheme, or firing order, of the dardized houses is ingeniously varied. instance, one block may be filled as ows: Home Types 1, 4, 3 and 2; and in next block, there may be Home Types , 3 and 1. One never knows what to ect, for the idea has been to defeat and le monotony.

he city at large is more methodically culated. From the date of Colonel vell's first auction sale, its progress has owed a definite plan. It is a vast checker-rd of wide avenues paralleling the ey, and broad streets surmounting its s. Trees are everywhere, for in the id Alabama Summer there is need of the shade possible. The architecture is he main very decent, and has earned for Birmingham the reputation of being a city of beautiful homes. There is a notable lack of the jig-saw atrocities so common to the American cities built in the '80's and '90's, and liberal use has been made of the ample supply of good Alabama brick. Frame houses, except in the mill districts, are fewer in number and in better taste than in most young cities of the South and West, and many of the homes of the middle class have a dignity inherited from an earlier period of Southern construction. From the summit of Highland avenue, where the cream of Birmingham's citizenry resides, the city presents a not unpleasing picture of order and regularity, a geometrical pattern of square brick buildings, with some rising to the estate of skyscrapers. Here and there are scattered thirty ample but undeveloped parks, and a graceful spire rises from a copy of an English church.

Surrounding the city are the minarets of the coke ovens—by night a scene for the Sandburg that Birmingham is presently to breed—and long rows of closely spaced smoke-stacks.

III

The Birminghammers are great joiners, and carry the flag for everything from the Elks to the Ku Klux, and from Kiwanis to Oscar Underwood. All the usual luncheon clubs flourish stupendously, and in addition there are active organizations devoted to boys' work, tax reduction, cancer control, Americanization, the care of indigent mothers, the building of public playgrounds, the propagation of the Wilson idealism, and all other such good causes. The first Civitan Club was founded in Birmingham, thus opening an avenue of Service to plumbers, preachers and pants-pressers barred out of Rotary, Kiwanis and the Lions. On Sunday, the town's leading journal records solemnly that members of the Kamram Grotto will parade in red pantaloons on Friday. Naturally enough, the Chamber of Commerce is always hard at it, bringing in new factories, advocating

vast public improvements, and thumping the tub generally. It goes beyond the usual sordid concerns, as witness this from a late bulletin:

> One of the most beautiful drives in the South is out over the paved Montgomery highway, which offers a variety of woodland scenery. This highway has become famous for its speeding bootleggers, who bring their corn into Birmingham from neighboring counties.

And this:

> Then there is the Chicken Run (also known as the Race-track). If a flapper desires to meet her boy friend, all that is necessary is for her to get on the block and walk around until she meets him. There is also what is known as Crooks Corner, where 15-minute parking laws have been invoked by the police because of the prevalence of mashers.

The visiting masher, in fact, will find Slagtown rather exhilarating. The gals have an amply provisioned look that betrays their bucolic childhood, although this is often lost after they have been in town for a while, for industrial Birmingham does not feed well. There is no distinctive Southern cooking in all the 444 restaurants and hotels that the Chamber of Commerce lists. The Chinese restaurants are among the best the city affords, but lately the Ku Klux was trying to close them. The cost of staples is relatively high, for the farmers and truck growers of the adjacent region have not kept pace with Slagtown's appetite.

Desperate efforts are being made to meet the town's yearning for cultural and recreational delicatessen. The municipality has just opened a new public golf course, a $500,000 stadium will be ready for the football season this Fall, a $1,000,000 amusement park is being completed, as is a movie house of the same cost, and the Chicago Opera Company will harass husbands again next March. The fine arts are not neglected, and the ninety-one women's clubs, sixty-seven of which are avowedly of literary intent, not to speak of the League of Penwomen, the Cadmean Circle and the Allied Arts Club, constitute a formidable array of intellectuals.

Perhaps the most eminent of Birmingham hammers is Octavus Roy Cohen, the popular writer of Negro stories for the *Saturday Evening Post*. True, his Florian Slappey is confection and only his Eighteenth stre is real, but his "Bummingham" type Senegambian has pleased the public a carried the fame of Slagtown afar. M Cohen has stimulated dozens of other a bitious young writers and donated tons free advice to them. He is the Colo Powell of Birmingham's æsthetic res gence, of which great things may yet co for after almost seventy years of desuetu in the arts a considerable number of the l Confederates are now turning to literatu

But only the feeblest signs of intellect activity are visible in the two great edu tional institutions of the city, How College, of, by and for the Baptists, Birmingham Southern, the bulwark of Methodist *Kultur* in Alabama. These t Christian rolling-mills grind out gr numbers of preachers, business men, far ers, salesmen and teachers, but the spi of their scholars is really aroused o when their football teams meet.

The hand of the more civilized Birmi hammers is seen in the handsome n $750,000 municipal library, perhaps finest in the South. Here is a library, own by the city and operated under munici control, that is liberal in its policies a suffers but little from the censorship co mon to such institutions. It is as magn cent as Roxy's Theatre and fully as capa managed. Most of its customers seem to reading fairly good books, or at least th recommended by the literary supplem of the New York *Times*. The percentage the population thus addicted to the of literature is, however, somewhat sm The native Birminghammer is at hear 100% American, and hence somewhat s picious of books.

It was unfortunate that in one of its p odical retchings of civic virtue the mun pality had already disgorged the d denizens of its red-light upon its hom apartments and hotels before the R George R. Stuart, D.D., arrived in

ngham in 1914. The liquor traffic, too, sumptively had been legislated out of istence, and the city had almost outlived old nickname of Bad Birmingham. Yet thout the scarlet serpent of prostitution scotch or the demon rum to annihilate, embattled parson of the First Methodist urch nevertheless managed to make nself felt.

IV

r twelve years, until his death, Dr. art was the theological czar of Slagvn, and the flashing Excalibur of that thurian circle of grail-chasers known as Pastor's Union. He was a great organr and a masterly pulpiteer. A tall, gaunt n from the remote hills of Holy Tenssee, he had the burning eye of a mountn exhorter and the straggling mustache a Western sheriff. A pupil and a rival of sainted revivalist, Sam Jones, he ached with the vehemence of an Irish tion boss addressing a gang of Negro orers. He was a plain talker and sent ny a Birmingham youngster looking ler *b* for a word beginning with *w*. This h horseman of the apocalypse descended on Birmingham in the same year as the eat War. His church, which operates in uge, sandstone edifice downtown, has a mbership of 5,000, and is reputed to be largest in all Methodism. With the ent of Dr. Stuart there began a new era Birmingham.

The learned doctor was welcomed into the luncheon clubs, among them being Civic Association, a seceding branch the Chamber of Commerce, composed of se who were weary of corporation rule. was the custom of the members, after shing luncheon, to dance for a while h their women guests before returning heir labors for the afternoon. Dr. Stuart ended one such affair. He then resigned in tter full of fire. Dancing, he declared, was progenitor of all lust, the secret of every uction, and the roller-coaster of Hell. Having thus set out to abolish dancing Birmingham, the Rev. Dr. Stuart pursued it relentlessly, with frequent excursions against gambling, the blind tiger and the public woman. His crusades must have found favor with his Master, for the august bench of bishops of the Southern Methodist Conference was beseeched to waive the four-year rule in order to permit him to continue his work among the unsaved in Birmingham. This was unprecedented, but so great was the demand for the man that the bishops capitulated. Dr. Stuart was not able to best the devil of dancing in his first bout, and in consequence several girls in the city went astray during the World War. However, shortly after the war ended he observed that the city owned a pediculous place called East Lake Park, in which the only profitable concession was the dancehall, grandiosely named Pershing Pier. He went straight to the city commission with a demand that it forever abolish by ordinance dancing on any municipally owned property. This was immediately done. The new law also barred public dancehalls, but exempted hotels, restaurants and supper clubs. In them the mysteries of the Black Bottom are still nightly unfolded.

Unrepentant, the members of the Civic Association fought the law, and finally invoked the referendum and recall act against it, and an election was held upon the question of dancing, yes or no. Dr. Stuart summoned his cohorts for the battle —the Pastor's Union, the more moral business men, and the sanctified women of the community. He popped the blacksnake whip of his eloquence over their heads and they cringed. He flung an exclamatory arm toward the west, where the coke ovens belched tall flames, and pictured the Christian delights of Hell. The measure to restore dancing was beaten by approximately 16 to 1, and the resultant hosannahs disturbed hundreds of couples parked along the wooded slopes of Shade Mountain. But the dance devil is a cagey fellow. He proceeded to remove his emporiums of terpsichore and turpitude from the hallowed precincts of Dr. Stuart's sandstone temple to the more hospitable groves of the nearby

hills, beyond the city limits. There dancing still flourishes amid the mountain greenery. Having dealt this blow at the forces of evil, the Rev. Dr. Stuart laid on Sunday movies and baseball, both of which are now extinct in Birmingham. During his reign the town took on a perfect statutory morality. Theoretically, there is now no sin in the Magic City.

Another eminent Birmingham divine was the Rev. Edwin R. Stephenson. The Rev. Mr. Stephenson was an ordained Methodist minister who picked up a living by standing at the exit from the judge of probate's office and uniting in marriage those licensed couples possessed of his fee, $5. So busy was he at this trade that he neglected his own daughter Ruth, a personable young woman, who in time came to keep company with an unbeliever, one Pedro Gussman, a Porto Rican and a Catholic. One day Ruth and Pedro went to the courthouse, obtained a license, and after eluding Ruth's sainted papa, repaired to the rectory of St. Paul's Catholic Church, where Father James E. Coyle made them one.

When the Rev. Mr. Stephenson heard of this atrocity he seized his revolver, rushed to the rectory and shot Father Coyle dead. In due time, Justice functioned and he was brought to trial. He offered as his defense the allegation that Pedro was not 100% Nordic, and that, knowing this, Father Coyle had nevertheless willfully performed the marriage. He was acquitted on one ballot and within three minutes. Indeed, it appeared for a time as if he might be awarded a decoration, but this movement waned. Early in the present year a legislative committee appointed to investigate certain irregularities in Jefferson county came upon the rev. gentleman standing outside the judge of probate's office looking very seedy.

"Who is this uncouth creature?" the committeemen asked.

"That's the fellow who killed Father Coyle," someone whispered.

"Throw him into jail. We can't have preachers hanging around the courthou like this."

So the slayer of Father Coyle languish behind the bars on a charge of vagranc Eventually he was turned loose.

V

The recording of such ironical events h been left largely to the enterprising *Post*, t Scripps-Howard representative in the B mingham field, for the *Age-Herald* and t *News* confine themselves mainly to mo seemly things. The *Post*, under Jack Bethe publishes everything that he conside fit to print, without regard for the loc sacred cows, and rapid progress has be its reward. Since its establishment in 19 it has grown to be the second largest new paper in Alabama—and this despite t fact that it is the only aggressively w journal in Birmingham and wages incessa war on the Ku Klux Klan.

The *Age-Herald* for a time, under t management of Frederick I. Thompso drew its sword against the Klan, and a against the powerful railroad interests, a all corruption in the city, county and St governments. But this proved unprofitat and Mr. Thompson has retired from jo nalism in the Magic City. His paper h been taken over by the Hon. Victor Her Hanson, LL.D., D. Litt., D. H. L. (B mingham Southern College, 1925), who also the owner and publisher of t "South's greatest newspaper," the B mingham *News*. After the old owners the *Age-Herald* had learned the folly of ti ing at the Alabama windmills, a gent man by the name of DeWitt from N York, a former associate of the immor Frank A. Munsey, stepped in and boug the paper. It was not generally known that time that Mr. DeWitt was acting a large newspaper brokerage house wh was in turn acting for the Hon. Mr. Ha son. This became known later, when t *Age-Herald* was absorbed and became t morning edition of the *News*.

Dr. Hanson, whose Christian name a

rs in "Who's Who in America," not as tor but as Victory, is a past president he Southern Newspaper Publishers Asiation, a director of the First National ık of Birmingham, a director of both Protective Life Insurance Company and Birmingham Fire Insurance Company, rustee of the Alabama Polytechnic Inute, a director of the Birmingham M.C.A., a Mason, a Shriner, a Rotarian, ember of Omicron Delta Kappa, and a sbyterian. He was born in Pike county, orgia, and had rather meagre begings, having been a $10 a week advertis- solicitor on the Montgomery *Advertiser* nis early days. His genius for selling n carried him to the front, and he be- e advertising manager of that paper hin twelve years. In 1909 he went to Birmingham *News* as vice-president general manager, and by the year 1920 was full owner of the paper, which had nwhile absorbed the Birmingham *Led*- a weak afternoon competitor. Three 's later the excellent Montgomery *Adser*, now very ably edited by Grover Hall, also came under his control.

he *Advertiser*, the *News* and the *Agerald*, and especially the *Advertiser*, ved leading parts in the recent war inst Ku Klux floggings in Alabama, have been publicly praised by Julian is, the leader of the advanced wing outhern editors.

oday Dr. Hanson sits in a three-room office suite that cost $50,000. He is a Success, and there are few Southern publishers who would not trade lots with him as he glances over his representatives' reports of the new advertising lineage records established monthly by the *News* and the *Advertiser*. Occasionally the lively fellows who have helped to make this greatness possible come in for inspirational conference with him. They find him seated in his Tudor chamber on the top of the four-story *News* building. The series of windows are of stained glass, and in them are traced, by the hands of Italian craftsmen, the intricate processes by which a great newspaper is made ready for its public. The doors are hand-carved; the hinges, knobs and other fitments are of the finest bronze; the rug on the floor is a year from the life of a Spanish weaver. Contrivances of gold and glass hold the editor's mail, pens, blotters and blue pencil. By the side of these is a copy of "The Americanization of Edward Bok."

Doctor Hanson looks out over the smoky city—the city whose spirit he has so perfectly caught and so aptly exemplifies—to the southward, where his handsome residence adorns a mountaintop. He turns slowly to the group of solicitors, waiting in a semi-circle around his desk. There is almost a smile at the corner of his lips but he speaks gravely.

"Boys," says he at last, "get the mazuma!"

TO YOUNGSTERS OF EASY MEANS

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

When I was a boy the American millionaire and his impulsive prodigality were already good stage-properties; his generosity towards everything he believed in was as great, as easily touched, and often as spectacular as it is now. Nor was he behindhand in patronizing the fine arts, at least for the embellishment of his own surroundings. He built elaborate houses, some of which it is safe to say were in certain respects truly remarkable, and he ornamented them with pictures bought at inflated prices which he paid without wincing—and concerning a good many of these, too, it is becoming to speak with like indefiniteness and reserve. These ventures often, perhaps, reflected the easy indulgence of feminine fancies and foibles which early became proverbial of him, but in many cases—I believe in most—they came out of the more admirable sentiment that while pretty much anything would do first-rate for him, nothing could be too good for the folks; and the thicker the folks chose to lay it on, the grimmer his satisfaction in seeing them do it. This satisfaction was sometimes about all the poor man got; he was often oppressed by his surroundings, and found it hard to expand his simpler tastes to meet their demands. Mr. Howells sketched his type well in "The Rise of Silas Lapham," and in an earlier day Mr. Curtis also sketched it well in "The Potiphar Papers."

The primeval millionaire's interest in the arts, however, reached no further than this. He would do anything in reason or out of reason by way of providing gimcrackery to satisfy the notions of his wife and daughters, but he did not regard art in itself as something incumbent on him reverence and to promote. *L'art pour l'* was distinctly out of his line. Perhaps arts were all very well for women, w were strange creatures anyway, and hard to be understood. In his practical view women (he being a Victorian of deep dye) some were superhuman, others su human, but none human. Yet even for w men, devotion to the arts could be ov done, and the effect sometimes was make things devilishly uncomfortab Like Silas Lapham, he remembered earlier surroundings, the rag carpets t his mother made, the bric-à-brac chromos, the stout rush-bottomed cha and so on, and he thought a little reb liously of how much easier they all were get along with. For one thing, then, perhaps primarily, the promotion of arts meant pushing all the real comforts personal environment into yet more ho less inaccessibility, and he instinctively sented the idea. One can criticise this se ment in the abstract, probably, but things considered, it is not easy to disp age those who had it. In them, on contrary, considering all their circu stances, it seemed pretty sound and natu and its conservatism savored of a whol some simplicity. After all, the arts w exotic to America, and these men beha extremely well towards a rather busy importunate obtrusion of them upon th intimate life. If unselfishness be the instinct of a gentleman, probably the pretentious figures of Mr. Potiphar Silas Lapham will stand pretty well up the category with Roland's and Sir Ph Sidney's.

)ur typical rich man regarded the arts, reover, as essentially European, and a ·otion to them as not only negatively American, but as a positive and cul-)le hankering after the insignia of an :n civilization. This was not the worst; regarded this civilization as effete, de- lent, effeminate. Even that was not the rst. Aside from the nationalist view, istic pursuits and interests related them- ves directly in his mind with a distinct sibility of personal peril and humili- on. Too deep a feeling for the arts might ily open the way for the fetid fasci- ions of European social life to assert mselves upon his wife and children. His ys might suffer undermining of their rdy American morale. Most undesirable all, his girls might find a bond of senti- ntal communion with some utterly im- ıcticable and objectionable foreign man of le, eager to feather his nest. The Marquis Vautrien, the Duca del Scioccone and Viscount Dedbroke stood continually ore his mind's eye as sinister figures, ave, ingratiating, impecunious, immoral, ceitful and desperately wicked. When he ought of the arts, he thought of them; d when he thought of them, he ground teeth, and expressed his emotions of the ment in a flow of spirited profanity.

Perhaps it was the Marquis, the Duca, Viscount and the deportmental exac- ns of the new house that carried the rich n of my boyhood a little beyond his decessors in an impatient wariness of arts. The prosperous American of ear- r days, especially in New England, had little different attitude towards art, at st when art assailed him in the guise of domestic issue. Once in a generation or one of the God-fearing, whale-catch- g, rum-distilling, close-fisted Puritan nilies of the New England coast would oduce a black sheep who did not want to to sea, and cared nothing for rum and ales, but instead had a passion for beauty d harmony. He wanted to paint pictures sing, learn the violin, study architec- e or write books. It was a fearful blow to the family's pride. The neighbors, hearing of this appalling calamity, would look at one another with blank faces, and say "Isn't it awful?" But the stricken family would swallow the disgrace, and if they found their erring son actually obdurate and beyond entreaty, they would grimly and prayerfully stake him. They would send him to Europe to study, devoutly hoping he might soon get it all out of his system, come home, and go before the mast in the honorable tradition of his ancestors. Thus it happened that in those days America showed some well-developed ability and talent; not much, perhaps, but more than one would expect, I think, considering the circumstances of the country.

II

But in my childhood, there was nothing like this in the life of the fine old buccaneering type of millionaire who went mostly in his shirt-sleeves in the Summertime, and worked fourteen hours every day until Satan foreclosed on his flagitious enterprise of cabbaging everything that was not spiked down. He distinctly did not regard subsidizing a promising youth, whether his own or somebody else's, to learn to paint pictures or play the fiddle, as a good investment. Propose it to him, and before you got the words out of your mouth he would be jumping three feet high. I speak with authority, for I knew several very rich men of this type. My father was a clergyman who had a parish for twelve years in a virgin lumber-country, and his congregation comprised a dozen such, maybe more. I studied their ways with immense amusement and considerable admiration. They were the only very rich men I ever knew, and I rather regret the disappearance of their type. Perhaps our modern man of wealth has as vivid, distinct and forceful a personality as theirs, but I doubt it. Looking over the contemporary rich man at long range, I question whether Satan would think him much of an acquisition, or be in any particular hurry to

gather him in. There was no discount on those earlier brethren, however. They were lurid personages, who could be counted on to make their surroundings extremely lively wherever they found themselves, and each one who dropped off was just so much clear gain to the social life of the lower regions.

So, if it were a question of setting up an art-gallery, endowing a conservatory of music, boosting the theatre or opera, doing a good turn for literature, or staking individual talent on its way to an exiguous self-support, the millionaire of my early days would count himself out with emphasis. But curiously, at this same period a great deal was being done with the arts in an amateur way. In the town that I have been speaking of, for instance, where my father's parish was, there was a most extraordinary development of amateur music. In particular, I have never since then seen the coincidence of so many really fine male voices in a town of its size, and all with fine amateur cultivation. There were many good woman singers too, and one woman, I remember rather vividly, the wife of a local shoe-dealer, got marvellous and beautiful effects out of whistling. We were a lake town, sixty miles from a railway, and when an old-fashioned Michigan Winter closed down on us, we were completely isolated, and thrown on our own resources for entertainment, for a good long six months. All these people worked hard at music then, individually and in a sort of loosely organized choral society, and they did some excellent things with it.

The country was at this time, moreover, just on the fag-end of the period when young men at large were rather gingerly encouraged to have an "accomplishment," and well-to-do young women had one or more as matter-of-course. There was a good deal about this that was afflictive, and a later generation recalls it with merited raillery. Mark Twain speaks of the beribboned guitar standing in a corner of the Southern parlor—a guitar capable, he says, of playing the Spanish Fandango by itself, if you gave it a start. As I remember, however, most of the acute distress caused me by the amateur musicians of that day was due to the répertoires. Young ladies who played the piano were likely to spread themselves on a considerable line of "descriptive music," like "The Battle of Prague," or to exude sentiment over the ilk of Leybach's Fifth Nocturne. The vocalist's range of choice was even more poverty-stricken, being ninety-eight per cent bilgewater English ballads, and the remaining two per cent Scotch and Irish, with an occasional variant of early American, such as "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Swanee River." I have heard many glorious voices and many very decent musical instincts wasted evening after evening on things like "In the Gloaming," "The Blue Alsatian Mountains," "O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove," and "Alice, Where Art Thou?"

As much can be said of the common run of china-painting, work in crayon, charcoal, oil and water-color, leather-burning, hammering metals, and so on, that prevailed in that period. I am quite of my younger contemporaries' mind in deriding the puniness of artistic aspiration represented by all this. I know more about it than they do, indeed, for I have suffered under it, and they have not. Poetry, too—amateur poetry—I have fit, bled and died over reams of lushy poetry. So I am not dwelling regretfully upon the disappearance of that epoch, nor do I seriously wish it back again. Far from it. I am merely remarking the fact that in a day when it was impossible to get money to promote the practice of the arts in a competent way, and to make sound taste prevail, a great many people were actually practicing them as best they could in a misdirected and hamstrung way, and employing sometimes a very fine talent to make bad taste prevail.

At the present time, I seem to see an interesting reversal of this state of things. My observations may be superficial and inaccurate, for I have been for years entirely

out of any kind of social life in America, and all manner of things that I know nothing about may be going on here. Quite obviously, however, the arts are lavishly patronized—patronized, I mean in the sense of direct subsidy. Every few days, it seems, one hears of some great gift or endowment to promote them. Sir Thomas Beecham was lately quoted as saying that one American friend of his spent as much money annually to keep up an orchestra in his town as all England put together raised for like purposes. I do not doubt it. When one reads publications devoted to the various arts, as curiosity has led me to do for some time as regularly as I could get my hands on them, one is impressed by the enormous amount of money laid out in these ways.

III

I should say, too, that there would be relatively little difficulty in finding subsidies to almost any extent for promising individuals, although it is true, I think, that our rich men do not as yet go in as much for this form of patronage, which is the oldest, and still seems to get the best results, as they do for the institutional form. For my part I wish they would do more with it. I fully agree with Miss Suzanne La Follette's excellent idea, which she expressed so cogently in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for June, 1925, that they would find it the most satisfactory disposition of their money they could make. I know that if I were a rich man, I would do precious little with endowing institutions, and content myself with nosing out individuals of the right sort, and endowing them. But aside from method, in so far as national progress in the arts can be measured by the gross of money given to promote it, America is stepping faster than any country on earth has ever stepped.

At the same time, I notice that relatively much less amateur work is being done in any of the arts except one—literature—than was done under the old régime when I was a boy. The arts have come to be a matter concerning two classes only: a professional class and a non-participating public. Most of the immense amount of writing that is being done has a professional or semi-professional turn, being done in some kind of forlorn hope of some day making money by it. The amateur "accomplishment" in the arts has largely disappeared, except in dancing. Nearly all young Americans dance, and most of them extremely well. The youngster of my day, especially the young woman, had, as a rule, a preposterously imperfect idea of what an accomplishment was, and what it was for; but their successors, instead of retaining and valuing the accomplishment, straightening out its theory and improving its practice, have tended rather, I think, to drop it altogether.

Thus it is that while people today know far more about really good music, good pictures, good sculpture, than the people of my time, and are possibly more interested in them, their knowledge and interest are pretty strictly of a non-participating kind. They themselves do not sing, play, daub or gouge. They patronize staunchly, look and listen attentively, applaud enthusiastically. All credit to them for this. But a non-participating interest can never quite attain to the quality of a participating interest, and is almost always something quite different and much less satisfying. No amount of time spent in sitting on the grand-stand will get one into the innards of a ball-game, and give one the gratifying feel of the skill involved in certain plays, like a little practical apprenticeship out on the sand-lots in Mr. Briggs's "days of real sport." I played ball for eleven years myself, and speak whereof I know.

Similarly, no one gets the instinctive appraisal, the true and exhilarating *feel* of fine points in tone-production and in breath-control, in line and color, like him who has ever so little perhaps, but with love and intelligence, done his bit at warbling and smearing. No listener can appreciate the "inside play" in a suite of Bach, like one who had tried to drum it out

himself. Therefore it follows, I think, that the general climate of opinion and feeling which prevails in a participating public is higher in quality, and much more conducive to the true and effective promotion of art, than that which prevails in a non-participating public. It stands to reason that the real status of musical art in a community is to be estimated by the number of people who practice it, and not by the box-office returns from concerts and the opera; just as the status of cleanliness is not estimated by the amount of plumbing sold, but by the number of people who wash.

IV

But whether so or not, there can be no doubt that participation is more fun, and this is the only point that I mean to dwell on. I have no thought of making a plea for the future of the arts in America. What really started me out on writing this article was the news lately conveyed to me in a private letter, that in one of our Western cities several business men, well along in years and of large wealth, have secretly, clandestinely, surreptitiously and insidiously banded themselves together to study drawing and painting—practically, I mean, by doggedly plugging away with brush and pencil, under a teacher. Here, I thought at once, is the real thing! Here is America in earnest! It is commendable to have learned how to give money prodigally for the support of the arts, but the genuine fun begins when the same people who give the money make up their minds to jump in themselves, tackle the actual practice of some art, and make what they can of it strictly "on the side." Incidentally, it is good for art; it is the one thing needful, really, because, as I said, it helps most to engender a congenial atmosphere, and it also puts into effect the best insurance against waste of money.

This handful of Western business men are really in the best way to protect their investments. When some one tells them cock-and-bull stories about the colossal innovations of Schmierpinsel in Vienna, and the revolutionary ideas of Barbenfeu in Paris, and how these have completely effaced all traditions, and sent Rembrandt and Frans Hals back to the woodpile, they will be in a position to look the matter over intelligently for themselves—an advantage which some of our contemporary private collectors appear to have missed most lamentably. But apart from this, they are laying up a resource of incalculable delight for themselves, and that is the great thing.

In the new social order, the leisured class—those, that is, who can command leisure if they wish it—stand towards art in somewhat the relation of the old aristocracy; and in Europe one sees the extraordinary leavening power of the talents which were cultivated by such of the aristocracy as had them. As talents, they may have been unpretentious, rather pleasant than robust, but they tended powerfully towards the diffusion of an agreeable and amiable life; and because they did this, one cannot help thinking that they made life amiable primarily for those who exercised them. The poetry of the Grand Duke Constantine connotes a more agreeable life than that which (without pretending to know) one instinctively associates with the thought of Judge Gary, for example. Seeing in Brussels the beautiful paintings and sculpture done by the Count de Lalaing—not great, I think, but very lovely—one thinks of him as a happy man, and one would like to have known him. *Noblesse oblige*—men like these seem really to have made something of their position and opportunities *all around*, and there is no happiness to match what one gets out of doing that.

There is much room in America for the exercise of a merely *pleasant* talent, if it be exercised in true taste and for no motive but the love of it, for money and leisure are so abundant—one has to be in Europe to realize how relatively abundant they are, and to understand how much happiness a little intelligent self-direction could produce from them. I know a solicitor in

London, as pure a type as the one that Gilbert and Sullivan put on the stage in "Patience," who plays Bach for an hour every evening when he comes home from his office. In talking about Flemish folk-ways lately with a Belgian engineer, a man busy with his profession from dawn to dark, mention was made of a couple of interesting old Flemish songs. He sat down at the piano, rattled off a rather intricate accompaniment, and sang them for me most agreeably, and with the unmistakeable taste of the cultivated amateur. The Royal Opera would never put him on for his singing, or the Conservatory for his playing, and he would not have the least wish to go on for either. He simply had the view of the arts, so general in Europe, so uncommon in America, as something for any one to take a hand in, naturally and easily, because one loves them, because they are familiar and domestic assets for making life agreeable and amiable for oneself—with no thought of using them on the chance of money or fame, or for any one's pleasure but one's own, and least of all with any repulsive delirium of vanity about "self-expression."

Americans are inclined to be a little impatient of a critic who does not offer what they call "practical proposals"; one, that is, who does not pretend to do all their thinking for them, furnish all their initiative, and diagram all their actions, thus imposing on them no harder task than the rather mechanical one of putting one foot before the other. For certain reasons hardly worth recounting here, I have always been a little diffident about making practical proposals. Still, if it helps to show that one is in earnest, one might perhaps venture a little way with them. To the men who now give money so liberally to promote the arts, the men who might be thought, perhaps, to be looking at the arts a little wistfully—men like the late Mr. Munsey, for example—I would say, If you wish really to promote the arts, keep on with the money, but also sell one of your motor-cars, buy a second-hand piano or some paint or crayons or modelling-clay, and get somebody to show you what to do with it.

You will have a great deal of fun, more fun than ever you had in your life, and you may incidentally turn up some aptitude inside yourself that you never suspected of lurking there.

V

But there is another class of candidates for my magisterial attentions, and with them I shall be even more specific. These are the young men and women who are not doing much at the moment but amuse themselves, who feel some faint stirrings of a desire to do something a little more important, who think they may possibly have some small ability in some department of art, and who also have enough money—or may have it for the asking—to see them through pretty much anything that they wish to attempt. America is full of just such youngsters. Their surroundings are rather against their doing more with themselves than they are doing, yet a good many of them are vaguely dissatisfied and would like a job, if they could find one that they felt really counted. Naturally, they do not want something that keeps them merely marking time, or that will show no particular achievement when it is done, but they are ready to look disinterestedly at something that is an actual challenge, and if they liked it, they would be willing to put their backs into tackling it.

Well, the fields of art are full of jobs—great jobs—that ought to be done, that would bring endless satisfaction to those who did them, but that can never be done except by people who can afford to do them, because there is no money in them and never will be. Here, it has always seemed to me, is the leisured young American's chance, and I cannot understand how he has managed to miss it for so long. In the sciences, I notice, he has long ago caught on in precisely the same adventurous way he might catch on in the arts. He

is in the laboratories, he is on all sorts of scientific expeditions, toiling away at his own expense in enterprises that he knows will never bring him the worth of a copper cent in anything but the exhilarating sense of a great job greatly done. Exactly the same chance is waiting for him in the arts.

Take it in the one department of art with which I am, perhaps, a little acquainted. There is not a publisher in America worth his salt who does not know of at least a dozen great and distinguished pieces of literary work waiting to be done, which can never be done until some one comes along who can afford to do them. I could myself name offhand a dozen such. In my casual talks with publishers about various pieces of work that needed doing, the first question has always been, Who can do it? and the next one was, How will he keep himself going meanwhile? My conviction is that the only procedure that will get this kind of work satisfactorily produced is the one that produced the great Flemish pictures, or the one that now gets analogous results in science, *i.e.*, training people to produce it; and because there is no money in such work when it is produced, the only people eligible to be trained are the ones I am addressing.

This procedure is as follows—and here I hope I shall be specific enough to meet fully the American yearning for practical proposals. Suppose these paragraphs that I am writing fall into the hands of a young man or woman, such as I have described, who takes stock of himself and decides he wishes to try his edge on a real job in literature. Let him go to some publisher with this magazine in his hand, and say, "You see what this article says. Well, now, my general training is so-and-so; my leanings, as far as I can make them out, are so-and-so; and I have so-many dollars a year to live on while I am on one of these jobs that this magazine-article says are going begging. What about it?"

Then the publisher, if, as I say, he be worth his salt, as none too many of them are—tell it not in Gath!—will bring forth a line of subjects that will make the young person's mouth water. They will agree on one, and the publisher will say, "Now, the thing to do is for you to go to So-and so, just as Rubens went in his youth to van Noort and van Veen. He is quite a fellow in that line, so go to him and stand him up on the carpet, get him to talk it over with you, put an eye on your work once in a while, stiffen up your backbone, and in a general way hold the bull-whip over you until you get your gait."

The other arts hold as many and as great possibilities, and they are to be developed by the same line of procedure. I myself happen to know of one most spicy adventure in the line of the graphic arts, which calls for just the resourcefulness and quickness of mind that Americans are supposed to have. It might turn out to be a dud, but how many exploratory and experimental scientific undertakings turn out that way! Any really competent expert in that line knows of others; any really competent musician knows of a dozen lying here and there in the theory, history or practice of music; and so on. The thing is to get these experts to stand and deliver, as they will do if they are put under reasonable conviction of the young person's seriousness of purpose, and to convince them of this is a good preliminary test of the enthusiasm and pertinacity of American youth.

MAD MOVIE MONEY

BY WELFORD BEATON

They selected "The Man Who Fights Alone" as the story that was going to bring Bill Farnum back to the screen. In it he becomes a physical wreck, given to hallucinations. He believes that his wife (Lois Wilson) is carrying on with his best friend (Edward Everett Horton). One of the things that he imagines is that Lois and Edward are indulging in the hazardous delight of embracing each other in a canoe, with weeping willows giving an artistic fling to the hallucination.

The motion-picture camera being able to photograph thoughts as readily as it can photograph things more material, it was easy to record Bill's imaginings. All that was necessary was to dissolve from his wrinkled eyebrows to the placid bosom of a lake, upon which a canoe with its amorous cargo teetered beneath the trembling tendrils of a weeping willow. There is a lake in the center of a park which is in the center of Los Angeles, the most photographed lake in the world and famous for the number of film policemen who have fallen into it. There is another lake, equally famous and equally unknown, in the Busch gardens in Pasadena, which enjoys adhesive relations with Los Angeles. Either of these lakes can be reached in half an hour from the Lasky studio in Hollywood.

But neither of these lakes would do. Some brilliant genius in the Lasky organization decreed that Huntington Lake, 7,000 feet toward the skies in the High Sierras, must be the scene of the weeping willow episode. Some sixty people and several tons of equipment were loaded on a special train, which travelled all night and in the morning transferred its load to another train, which climbed the mountains over a railroad apparently laid out by the engineer who designed the pretzel. And so Huntington Lake was reached.

Here a slight difficulty presented itself. There was no water in the lake. There hadn't been any in it for three years. So the company hung around for three days to give the still photographers an opportunity to record upon their plates the arid conditions of the lake that leaked, in order that Mr. Lasky would not have to rely upon the unsupported testimony of sixty people. Then the train lowered itself to the valley and climbed more mountains to Lake Tahoe. Here there was water, water everywhere, but not a bite to eat. Lake Tahoe is long on resorts, but short on season, and the party arrived a month ahead of the tourists. Finally, a boat with some pre-season energy in it was found and a cruise of the lake begun, the purpose of the exploration being the location of something edible. It was successful. A resort owner was discovered, and he was persuaded to open his place and take the company in. Then the weeping willow episode was shot. It could have been shot just as effectively within half an hour of Hollywood.

Now let us consider an incident of a brighter nature. I will tell you how Warner Brothers saved twenty dollars. They wanted a cavalry charge in "Across the Pacific," a picture which, when released subsequently, became one of the dreadful occurrences of the screen. Two hundred and fifty men and as many horses were hired, and the services of a man with technical knowledge sought. Even such a

small troop must be handled expertly for two reasons: it must show military smartness on the screen, and it must finish the job and get off the pay-roll as promptly as possible. The technical man, a former cavalry officer, wanted twenty-five dollars for putting the men and horses through their paces. Preposterous! said the Warner Brothers. They discovered that they had a man already working on the picture who said he knew something about cavalry evolutions. They offered him five dollars extra to handle the charge of the Klieg light brigade.

One day mess equipment, rations for men and horses, and tents were transported in trucks forty miles to the scene of action. Next day the 250 men and the 250 horses also were loaded on trucks and taken the forty miles. The horses were unloaded along the road and the men were scattered all over the place. No one with the military training necessary to snap them into shape was present: the five-dollar-extra man was helpless. All day he tried to make a convincing charge, but not a camera shot was fired. At night the men and horses were brought back to Hollywood, and next day the mess equipment followed. It cost Warner Brothers $5,000, and they got nothing for the picture. But they saved the twenty dollars!

But let us get away for a moment from the organized follies of Hollywood and consider the case of an individual. Eric von Stroheim one day told Pat Powers that for $300,000 a good picture could be made from the story, "The Wedding March." Eric proposed that he direct it, and appear in the leading rôle. It was to take four months to make the picture. Pat told Eric to shoot. Eric did. He began on June 2, 1926, and by the first of September had shot away $680,000 of Pat's perfectly good money—and as closely as he and Pat could figure the thing out, the picture was about half done. After two weeks of sad contemplation they took a hitch in their breeches and went at it again. By January 30, 1927, von Stroheim had slaughtered enough more dollars to bring the total casualties up to a million. "The Wedding March" is to be released in eight or nine reels. Von Stroheim's first cutting reveals the interesting fact that he has sixty reels of action—and there are still a few more sequences that he would like to take! My personal opinion is that the only way he can get money for more shooting is by killing Pat and taking up the matter with the executor of the will.

On the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot they naturally do things on a big scale. One day they decided that they were going to do Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island" on the screen. Elaborate preparations were made. It was to be shot in technicolor, the most nearly perfect color photography yet developed; it was to have elaborate sets and a superb cast. Of course, it was also to have a story, but that was a small matter. Some of the writers on the lot expressed the opinion that it would be a difficult matter to convert the yarn into screen material, but they were mere writers, not mental giants like Louis B. Mayer, Irving Thalberg and their associates. Well, when more than half a million dollars had been spent on "The Mysterious Island" the discovery was made that after all there was no story, and the whole thing was abandoned. Some superb reels in color were put on the shelf in the morgue, to be joined shortly by eight or ten reels of "Bellamy, the Magnificent," which as a blunder was rather trivial, for it wasted less than a quarter of a million dollars.

II

But you cannot blame all this grotesque and incredible waste in the studios on the inefficiency of the executives. Sometimes they watch things pretty closely. Take Julius Bernheim, for instance. He was in charge of production out at Universal when they made "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Irving Thalberg, the industry's most expensive luxury, for he combines with an extraordinary picture

mind a total inability to apply it with economic wisdom, was general manager of the place. He thought the story would be ready for shooting at a certain time and hired Lon Chaney to go to work at that time. Irving's thought cost Carl Laemmle $27,000, the amount that Lon drew as salary while waiting for the story to be prepared.

Julius, as production manager, had to watch expenses. He had nothing to do with that preliminary loss of $27,000, but it was up to him to see if it could be made up by saving in some other quarter. Wallace Worsley, the director, was to shoot a tremendous night scene. He called for 2400 men and women and enough lights to flood the great square in front of the cathedral, one of the finest sets, by the way, ever built for a motion-picture. Julius had no quarrel with the number of people—but why the devil did Wallace need so many lights? So Julius went into conference with himself. Universal had the lights all right, but it meant a man to each light, perhaps sixty electricians in all,—and just think of the juice! Directors are known to be extravagant people, with no regard for the worries of production managers. But this director was not going to put anything over on this production manager. Accordingly, Julius cut Wallace's light order in two. That is, he sent to the set half the lights asked for, thereby saving the wages of thirty men and perhaps twenty or thirty dollars' worth of electric current.

Worsley had planned everything on the assumption that he would use his 2400 people only one night, for with five dollars as the cheapest rate of pay, and salaries running from that, up to one-seventh of the $2,200 which Lon Chaney drew each week (it's four thousand now) the expense of the set plainly would be enormous. Thus when the huge crowd was assembled, and the director arrived, he asked with frigid politeness what the Hell was the matter with the lights. He soon found out. It took two nights to shoot that one-night job. Figure it out for yourself. Counting the studio staff there were more than 2,500 people, and their pay averaged more than six dollars each a night, not to mention the cost of midnight suppers, transportation, electric current, and overhead. The total cost of one night was a dead loss by virtue of two nights being necessary. Against this we have Bernheim's saving of the pay of thirty men the first night, as well as the juice that would have been used. He didn't make a similar saving the second night, for on that occasion Wallace got all his lights!

It seems strange to be sitting in Hollywood writing thus for world-wide circulation on topics that are not sufficiently interesting at their source to stimulate a dying conversation into renewed animation. We talk motion pictures in Hollywood; we discuss them from every angle, and our interest in them is great, but when I encountered on the boulevard the other day a man who had been growing a moustache for "Anna Karenina" and was told by him that the production was stopped after two weeks of shooting, I was not interested sufficiently to ask him the reason. No doubt Metro discovered that it had no story, making the discovery after it had spent perhaps two hundred thousand dollars on the belief that it had, but we yawn at that out here. We know that pictures are sound, that they are greater than anyone connected with them, and we are content with such consoling thoughts. The caustic remarks uttered about them by Eastern writers leave us undisturbed, for we know what they overlook: that any art inherently sound will some day achieve its destiny.

The motion-picture industry has plenty of brains, but it does not carry them in the place that is best adapted to promote their efficiency: in its head. They are scattered throughout its system, which reduces their power to function. The business of making pictures is conducted with such amazing inefficiency simply because all its losses are absorbed by the docile public. All that you pay in excess of twenty-five cents to

see any picture you may regard as a sacrifice to the gross extravagance that entered into its making. De Mille presents "The King of Kings" as a two-million-dollar picture. It really did cost that much, but what you see on the screen did not cost more than a quarter of the sum; the remainder is on the cutting-room floor.

Let us turn to a smaller and less important picture. It will illustrate two things: the extravagant manner in which most pictures are made, and the fact that even the biggest men in the industry are not big enough to wipe out its wastefulness. Joseph M. Schenck, the greatest individual figure in pictures, produced "Dulcy," in which Constance Talmadge was starred. Schenck is a dynamic individual with many interests, and owns or controls a vast amount of money. He believes that he knows good screen values from bad, a point upon which he is surer than I am, but when it comes to producing a picture he must content himself with selecting the story, leaving its production to the highest priced talent that he can procure—theoretically a sound enough procedure, for when we pay high prices we presume that we are getting skilled workmanship.

To write the screen version of "Dulcy" Schenck secured the services of Anita Loos and John Emerson, a team of very skilled workers. But they turned in a very ineffective treatment of the play, and so the producer asked Frances Marion and C. Gardner Sullivan to try their hand at it. At that time Miss Marion was the most dazzling light in the literary department of the pictures, and it took a check for at least twenty thousand dollars to get her even started on the preparation of a story. Sullivan was some guns also. I don't know of anything notable he has ever done, but he has been persistent, and when Schenck hired him to work with Miss Marion it made the strongest team that could have been selected in Hollywood at that time. In short, Schenck called in specialists. For what it was costing him he had a right to receive the finest work.

The Marion-Sullivan combination presently turned in a shooting script, and Sidney Franklin, a director who has given us some fine pictures, among them Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through," was given the script and went to work. "Dulcy" was to be released in seven reels. There was the line-up: Schenck, the best business brain in pictures; John W. Considine, Jr., his really capable production manager; Franklin, one of the big directors; Miss Marion and Sullivan. And yet none of them knew that the script from which the seven-reel picture was to be made contained twenty reels of action!

Franklin shot the picture for perhaps a couple of months, and then one evening surprised his company by announcing that he would not shoot another damned foot. Five sets were erected and never used. Two expensive location trips yielded possibly one hundred feet of film that reached the screen. Franklin's first cut reduced the film to sixteen reels. He struggled with it some more and got it down to twelve reels. Then he wiped the perspiration off his forehead and went in and told Joe Schenck that he was through.

The funniest thing about this quite typical performance was that Sullivan was called in to revive the patient after Franklin had pronounced it hopeless, and managed to piece together an indifferent picture by constructing a new story out of some of the pieces of his original one. He was later hailed as a remarkable chap for thus snatching poor "Dulcy" from the brink of the grave. No one seemed to remember that he and Miss Marion had dug that grave when they wrote twenty reels of action for what was to be a seven-reel picture.

III

As I have intimated, there is really nothing extraordinary about any of the illustrations I have here used to show the deplorable inefficiency of the staffs of the big motion picture studios. I have a film publication in Hollywood, but I would not

print such an article as this one in it, for film people would find it deadly dull. If they ever read it, I would expect to receive a letter from each of them beginning, "Now let me tell one."

You may protest that your interest in pictures lies only in their ability to entertain you, and that you don't care a continental how much money is wasted in their production. To an extent, true enough, the rape of the treasuries is a question solely between the heads of the companies and their stockholders, but you have a greater interest in it than you imagine. The system which robs the stockholders of money that should go to them in dividends is responsible for the fact that not more than one out of every fifty pictures made is worth seeing. The screen can not achieve its ultimate status as an art until it achieves its ultimate status as an industry. Not until pictures are made economically can they be made artistically.

The trouble is that present producers of pictures have no idea what a motion-picture is. They cannot be made to believe that it simply is a story told in pictures instead of in words. When you tell them that it is quite as possible to put a perfect picture on paper as it is to put a perfect novel in manuscript form, they will point out to you sadly that a novelist is not confined as to space, that he can end his story anywhere within three or four hundred pages, whereas a producer of a picture has an arbitrary limit of from six to eight reels. They do not realize that the latitude is precisely the same in both instances. When a novelist sets out to write a 350-page novel he does not write 600 pages and then eliminate material until his manuscript is reduced to the desired length. But when a producer sets out to make a seven-reel motion-picture he is delighted if his first cut brings it down to twelve reels, which is precisely the same ratio of useless material as the novelist would have if he wrote his novel 600 pages long.

The fourteen-reel "King of Kings" is a very poor picture because its fourteen reels are hacked out of sixty-four reels that were shot. If De Mille had worked on his script until it contained only fourteen reels of action he would have given us a much better picture and he would have saved a million dollars. But tell that to De Mille and he will laugh at you. He will tell you that a motion-picture cannot be made as any other manufactured article is made. A motion-picture is a work of art, he will say, and you cannot curb an artist and expect to get good work. Well, he was not curbed when he made "The King of Kings," and look at the result. Paramount was not curbed when it made "Old Ironsides" and "The Rough Riders," and both are sorry exhibitions of screen art. But when Rembrandt painted "The Night Watch" he was curbed by the limits of his canvas, and yet it is quite a satisfactory picture. All art is curbed. The greatest artist is he who can tell most within the limits of his mode of expression. The screen is the only art that has no definite frame. When it begins to work within one it will begin to gain recognition as an art.

The future of the screen? Great! Don't let anyone plant any other thought in your mind. There is a street in New York that controls the destiny of this greatest art of all—the greatest because it brings all other arts to life and carries them to every hole and corner in the world—a street as devoid of art itself as an ulcer; a mean, rapacious, soul-destroying thoroughfare of ignoble sentiments and heartless deeds—Wall Street.

The motion picture industry still is a charlatan, but its mere bulk has already gained it financial recognition. It has become a borrower. I believe it is the only industry that has bankers completely buffaloed. If a building contractor intended to erect a seven-story building, he would not be advanced enough money to construct twelve stories and then pare them down to seven. His banker would think he was crazy if he made any such suggestion. But that is what the picture producer does, and the banker doesn't know it. He

is satisfied because his loan is repaid, and the producer is satisfied because his extravagantly made picture still yields a profit.

But you can't fool dollars permanently. Some day Wall Street is going to get wise to the appalling inefficiency of the organizations headed by Adolph Zukor, Jesse Lasky, Marcus Loew, Louis B. Mayer, William Fox, Joseph M. Schenck, Richard Rowland, Cecil de Mille and the Warner Brothers. It is going to ask what happens to the money the big companies borrow. It is going to find that it is lending two dollars to do the work that one should do. It is going to figure that the market price of movie shares is conditioned by the inefficiency behind them, and that if efficiency stepped in they would double in value. It is going to learn that no reform can be accomplished as long as the present personnel controls the industry, and it is going to lock its strong boxes until there is a clean sweep.

This raid of Wall Street on the pictures will be, like all other Wall Street raids, purely predatory, but it will be so salubrious that it will shake off the shackles of ignorance and stupidity that now make the screen a stuttering art instead of one capable of expressing itself. Those who control the money will insist that it be spent wisely.

IV

Because the men I have mentioned above are apprehensive of this inevitable Wall Street protest—or perhaps as a reform gesture prompted by a protest already registered—a salary cut comedy was staged in Hollywood in June. It really was quite entertaining. It seems to have been born in the Paramount Building in New York, and it died all over Hollywood. Its lamentable life proves how inefficient are the captains of the motion picture industry when they essay to cure their own inefficiency.

Jesse L. Lasky, one of the few producers who do not carry press agents with them when they cross the continent, arrived in Hollywood from New York and announced that the cost of production was too high, and that in an effort to bring it down all salaries were to be cut. He and Adolph Zukor were to be the first to feel the pinch, he said, and all others were to join in the sacrifice. Other producers seemed to think it was a good idea. They compose the Hays organization, which met and passed a resolution making the Lasky plan cover the whole industry. Then they settled down again to the serious consideration of their golf scores.

To enjoy the rest of the performance you must understand something about the mental equipment of motion picture producers. As executives they are the most incompetent business men in the world; as individuals they are the most egotistical. Each regards himself as the king of his company, and his employés as subjects grovellingly grateful for any act that records a royal knowledge of their existence. That the poor fish who serve them would object to the cut in salaries was beyond belief. The matter was closed. The decree was issued, and the golf games resumed.

At first Hollywood blinked its eyes. Then it began to think. Production costs were too high, all right, but why? Salaries? They are twenty per cent. of the cost of making a picture. A ten per cent. cut in salaries would mean only a two per cent. reduction in production cost, a cost which is about fifty per cent. more than it should be. That the waste of the other forty-eight per cent. was due to the brainlessness of their bosses was the conclusion of the poor fish, who began to ask one another why their two per cent. was not the last thing cut off instead of the first, especially as the forty-eight per cent. was total loss, which salaries were not.

Then the storm broke. For the first time in their lives producers were no-ed instead of yessed. They were told that it was their inefficiency, not salaries, that was responsible for the ills they were endeavoring to

ure. Actors, directors and writers raised heir voices so high that the producers were fraid Wall Street would hear them. They were afraid the world would find out how very inefficient they are, and that would never do! They lowered their colors and retreated with dignity manufactured by their press agents. Jesse Lasky retreated grumblingly. The best that his employés could get out of him was that the royal decree was suspended pending the inauguration of reforms that might effect the necessary economies. They won't, for Jesse has headed his production department ever since it was organized, and if he knew how to reform it it would not be in such dire need of reform.

And they do say that Jesse is very, very sore at the other producers for deserting him and making him appear more or less like an ass. But we must give him credit for being the last producer to stick to his guns. And he doesn't travel with a press agent.

EDITORIAL

These are palmy days for the authors of the Republic. There was never a time when they had wider or more eager markets, or got larger honoraria. Nor was there ever a time when the reading public demanded an ampler range of goods. The writer of fiction used to have a sort of monopoly: he was the only American author treated politely by bankers, lawyers, bishops and other such clients of the Golden Calf. But now there is a steady and immense sale for so-called serious books, and some of the fattest fortunes made in the scrivening trade of late have been made by historians, psychologists, biologists, and even philosophers. A new book of metaphysics, catching the public fancy, is apt to run to a sale of 150,000. In such a sale, counting in the by-products, there is more money for the metaphysician than the total professional takings of all his predecessors from Thales to Kant. I hear of historians, after a couple of lucky strikes, buying country estates with swimming pools; of psychologists acquiring cellars; of biologists getting so rich that hopeful one-building "universities" begin plastering them with LL.D.'s. The by-products that I have mentioned come from the lecture platform and the train-boy magazines. The latter, with their gigantic circulations, pay such prices for safe but lively manuscripts as would have staggered the opulent collaborators in the *Edinburgh Review*. There must be nothing in these manuscripts against the Hon. Andy Mellon, but otherwise the field is wide and luscious. On the platform there is more easy money, for with the decay of the chautauqua the old-time lyceum seems to be reviving, even in the big cities, and the fees that it offers are often extremely generous. Let a professor write a book that sells beyond 5,000, and at once he is flooded with offers of lecture engagements. Nor is his thumping fee the whole of it: his expenses are also paid, and he is lured with dark hints about trustworthy gin and sightly gals. This resuscitation of the lyceum deserves to be investigated. It was once a struggling pansy; now it is a gaudy and exuberant dahlia, dripping genuine Scotch. No doubt the collapse of the theatre on the road has had something to do with the change. Mrs. Babbitt used to give theatre parties, and vent her libido for the intellectual by going back stage to meet James K. Hackett or Mrs. Leslie Carter. But now the show-houses in the provinces are almost unanimously given over to dismal horrors out of Hollywood, and so she turns to the literary historians, psychologists, biologists and metaphysicians. The wise one throttles his lecture at the end of an hour.

Those literati who devote themselves to fiction prosper quite as heavily as their brethren of the enlightenment. One reads anon in the public prints that the day of the best-seller is over, and in a sense it is so: there are not many novels today that match the sales of such champions of yesteryear as "David Harum," "Ben Hur" and "Three Weeks." But there are still plenty that sell above 50,000, and more than a few that cross 100,000, and with the standard trade price lifted from 98 cents to $2 or even $2.50, the author now derives more actual revenue from a sale of 100,000 than he used to get from one of 250,000. Moreover, his serial rights, when he can dispose of them, bring four or five times as much as they used to bring. Yet more, the brisk trade in short stories that follows a success yields him even greater usufructs: he used to brag about it in the saloons when he got $200 for a story; now the

Saturday Evening Post and its rivals pay him $2,000, $3,000 or even more. Finally, there is Hollywood. It has failed, so far, to make anything save botches of best-sellers, but that failure has surely not been due to parsimony. It pays truly colossal prices for screen rights—and then scraps them in favor of the well-tried trade goods of its resident Nick Carters and Ethel M. Dells. A price of $25,000 for a bad novel is a commonplace. Some time ago it gave an eminent American fictioneer $90,000 for the film rights to a novel weighing four pounds, and of moral treachery and Freudian psychology all compact—and then discovered, after he had departed rapidly with the money, that the work, if actually filmed, would make 125 reels.

II

On the lower levels the corn-fed Balzacs and Turgenievs wallow in the same fat. There are more cheap fiction magazines on the stands today than ever before, and the sharp competition among them works for a steady increase in their scale of prices. The lowly hack who used to get $25 or $30 for a short story now gets $100 or even $150. And when he runs short of ideas he can always turn to writing "confessions" for the scandal magazines, and so keep his Cadillac in gas. The demand for such "confessions"—of reformed night-club hostesses, of almost-seduced secretaries, of Ruth Snyders who think of God in time—is tremendous: there is never enough on the literary wharves. More than one ingenious newspaper reporter, turning to their confection, has delivered his bones from wage-slavery, and lifted himself to the opulence of a Prohibition agent, a movie actor, or a nose and throat specialist.

Thus the Republic, in this great year 1927, rewards its literary artists. They used to lurk in the cellars of Greenwich Village, gnawing petrified spaghetti; now they take villas at Pasadena or St. Jean de Luz, and dress their wives like Follies girls. It is a spectacle that somehow caresses the gills. As a critic I hail and welcome it, just as a policeman welcomes a wave of crime: it augments, in a way, the public importance of my job. I wish I could add that the labors so heavily rewarded are also intrinsically meritorious, but here, alas, I run into inconvenient facts. There is, indeed, not the slightest sign that the art of letters in the United States has kept pace with the prosperity of the literary trade. On the contrary, there is every evidence that the thing runs the other way. It has become so easy to sell second-rate work, and at vast prices, that the old incentive to do first-rate work has slackened, and, in some quarters, quite vanished. Why try to write a "Revolt of the Angels" or a "Lord Jim"? The magazines for Babbitts will have none of it, and Hollywood will have none of it. There is in it, at best, a sale of 25,000 copies—with no serial rights, no stage rights, no movie rights. In other words, there is in it, at best, a second-hand Ford. But in the safe and easy stuff there is a Packard, and maybe, if the winds are really fair, a Rolls-Royce.

So the safe and easy stuff is being manufactured *en gros*, and the life of a book reviewer begins to have its pains. The new novels show a vast facility, but one must be romantic, indeed, to argue that they show anything else. The thing vaguely called creative passion is simply not in them; they are plausible and workmanlike, but they are never moving. The best fiction of today is being written by authors who were already beginning to oxidize ten years ago; the youngsters, debauched by the experiments of such men as James Joyce, wander into glittering futilities. One hears every day that a new genius has been unearthed, but it always turns out, on investigation, that he is no more than a clever sophomore. No first book as solid and memorable as "McTeague" or "Sister Carrie" has come out since the annunciation of Coolidge. Nor is any progress visible in the short story. Delivered at last from the blight of the O. Henry influence, it has settled down into banality, and be-

comes formalized anew. The aim of every short story writer, apparently, is to horn into the popular magazines: it is as if the aim of every painter were to do their covers. The annual collections of "best" stories make very sad reading. They meet, no doubt, the specifications of the dreadful pedagogues who teach the craft of fiction by correspondence, but as works of art they are as hollow as jugs. Who remembers them? Who, indeed, remembers *any* American short story published during the past five years? I recall a few fine pieces by Miss Suckow, and a few others by lesser performers, but that is all. The heroes whose names glare at one from the covers of the magazines have simply covered so much paper, got their princely honoraria, and then departed—no doubt for Hollywood.

III

If they have done anything out there save collect more honoraria, there is as yet no sign of it. The movies sweat and pant for help, but it does not seem to be forthcoming. If they show any improvement at all, it is only on the technical side: the transactions they depict remain indistinguishable from the maudlin melodrama of the "confessions" magazines. All the American novelists save a lonely half dozen or so have tried their fists at the movies. Why have they produced nothing above the level of the serials in the tabloids? The common answer is that the movie magnates will have none of it—that they insist upon bilge, and only bilge. But that answer, it seems to me, is rather too easy. In point of fact, they waste millions trying to unearth better stuff. If they encountered a scenario as instantly and overwhelmingly moving, *as* a scenario, as "Kim" and "Lord Jim" were moving as novels, would they take it or leave it? I suspect that they would take it. They may be fools, but they are also gamblers.

These later years, indeed, have been too fat to prosper the fine arts, which tend to languish, as everyone knows, when the artist is overfed. It is now possible for a young composer in America to make an excellent income writing for the orchestra —but he must write jazz. Some of that jazz, to be sure, has its moments, but I doubt that any critic, save perhaps in New York, would range it seriously beside the music of, say, Johannes Brahms. What it lacks is sober dignity; if it arouses emotions, they are transient and superficial emotions; it warms without burning and leaving scars. That is what also ails the thousands of novels and tens of thousand of short stories now issuing from the American presses—and the so-called poetry that follows after them. They are competent, but they do not reach below the diaphragm; reading them is a diversion, not an experience. There is no moving passion in them; they leave the withers unwrung. When, from that placid and brackish stream there leaps anon an "Elmer Gantry," it seems a sort of indecorum. All the scrivening boys and gals, it appears, can do better than that. They have better manners; they know how to entertain without shocking. But the works of art that last are those that shock.

I remain, as a sound 100% American, optimistic. We have been through such doldrums before, and survived them. They simply cannot last: one day a sharp, stinging wind blows up, and that is the end of the transient palmy days. The magazines that everybody reads, especially those who read nothing else, do not run to longevity. One *Atlantic Monthly* has outlived a dozen *Godey's*, New York *Ledgers* and *Fireside Companions*. On a higher level the public turns from flabby fiction to the compositions of the hortatory historians, psychologists, biologists and metaphysicians. And the movie men, tired of being stung, abandon the literary Mellons and Charlie Schwabs for bright youngsters—untried, but at all events not hopeless. The days were dark enough, God knows, in the 90's. But with the last gasps of the century came "McTeague."

H. L. M.

LIFE, DEATH AND THE NEGRO

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

In August, 1619, a boatload of Negro slaves was landed at Jamestown by a Dutch man-of-war. Booker T. Washington has somewhere poignantly remarked that the *Mayflower*, which "brought to America the first seeds of civil and religious liberty, reached Plymouth a year later, 1620, so that Negro slavery is older than Anglo-Saxon liberty on the soil of the United States." With varying degrees of intensity, the slave trade flourished for nearly two centuries, until it was prohibited by law in 1808 and actually stopped by the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863.

From the outset, slavery was taken for granted in all the original colonies except Georgia, which, under the leadership of Oglethorpe, prohibited the importation of both rum and slaves. But a clandestine trade flourished, and in 1750 the overt importation of slaves was authorized even in that colony. The Negro furnished a much desired labor supply. The opening of the country, with its rich agricultural resources, called for hands which the colonists alone could not supply. The Indian was of little or no use on the farm, and the importation of indentured servants was prohibited near the end of the Seventeenth Century.

At the beginning, the Negro was fairly evenly distributed along the Atlantic seaboard. But the experiment soon showed that he could be used advantageously only on the Southern plantations. He was not well adapted to the small, individualistic farms of the North, but the warm climate and the mass method of production in the South made him a most desirable and profitable laborer. Practically all the tobacco exported from Virginia, and all the indigo and rice of the Carolinas, were the fruit of his toil. But it was only after the invention of the cotton-gin, patented in 1794, that slave labor in the South became indispensable, and there began that concentration of Negroes in the cotton-growing States which lasted down to the end of the Civil War.

About 25,000 Negroes were brought into the country during the Seventeenth Century. In the first half of the century following the importations numbered approximately 100,000. It is probable that the total number brought into the colonies prior to the establishment of independence was 200,000. The survivors of these and their descendants accounted for somewhat over a half million in 1776. During the Revolution the importation of slaves was checked, and, because of the added hardships, the mortality of those already in the country was undoubtedly very heavy. With the close of the war, slavery was practically at an end in the North. By 1787, it had been legally terminated in all the States north of Maryland except New York and New Jersey, which followed suit a few years later.

The South, on the contrary, witnessed a post-war revival of the slave-trade, marked by a significant change in popular temper. Slavery was no longer an experiment, but a vital and permanent necessity. In the rest of the country there was a widespread feeling at the time of the adoption of the Constitution that the whole theory of slavery was unsound, that it was morally indefensible, and that slave labor was uneconomic. This sentiment was accompanied by a

strong movement to prohibit the importation of additional slave labor. The South refused to accede to this demand, although in the border States and in Virginia there was much anti-slavery feeling. But the opposition forced a compromise and after much debate it was agreed to incorporate a provision in the Constitution that the continued importation of slaves should cease in 1808. There is no accurate record of the number of Negroes imported during the last twenty years of the legal slave-trade. Beyond question, the traffic was very brisk during this period. In the three years 1804 to 1807, for example, there were landed in Charleston no less than 39,075 slaves. One estimate has put the number imported between 1790 and 1808 at 90,000. The actual number was probably much larger.

II

Putting aside these conjectures, let us turn to the picture of Negro population growth as it is disclosed by official figures. The Constitution provided for a regular census every ten years, and consequently, since 1790, our successive population figures have been fairly trustworthy. The first census showed that there were in the United States over 750,000 Negroes, of whom almost 60,000 were free. In other words, about one-fifth of the nation's total population was colored. Ninety-one per cent of this number were living in the Southern States. Virginia contained by far the largest number —292,627—followed in order by South Carolina, Maryland, and North Carolina, each of which States had more than 100,000 slaves. Every succeeding census thereafter showed a rapidly increasing number. By 1800, there were already over a million colored people. The Louisiana Purchase in 1803 brought in an additional 50,000, of whom six-sevenths were slaves. By 1810, there were nearly 1,400,000. The number had, therefore, almost doubled in the preceding twenty years—a very remarkable record.

It has always remained a difficult thing to account for this immense growth. The importations and the additions through the Louisiana Purchase, heavy as they were, could hardly account for more than a quarter of the increase. The rest was the result of the excess of births over deaths. Life on the whole in the colonies was still not severe enough to interfere with a rather free increase of the race. Food and other necessities were plentiful and there was as yet too little concentration of population to cause serious inroads from disease. Taken by and large, health conditions among the Negroes were probably not much worse than among the great mass of poor whites living in the South.

From 1810 onward we are concerned primarily with these 1,400,000 people and their descendants. For, on the whole, the increase of the Negro population in the United States since that date has been due to the reproduction of those then enumerated. In the early part of the Nineteenth Century, the increase was at the rate of about 2½% a year, which means that the population doubled in thirty years. The 1840 census showed 2,874,000 Negroes. They again doubled in the next thirty-five years. By 1880, the population had increased to 6,581,000. Since then, the rate of increase has markedly slowed up, and it will probably take until 1950, or a period of seventy-five years, for the population to double again. During the first sixty years of the last century, the increase was almost three and a half millions, or 343%. In contrast, the first sixty years of freedom showed a numerical increase of over six millions, but at a rate of growth of only 136%. As Professor W. F. Willcox, chief statistician of the 1900 census, points out, "the *amount* of increase in the later period was nearly double that in the earlier, but the *rate* of increase in the later period was only about four-tenths of that in the earlier."

From 1810 onward, when the colored people constituted 19% of the total American population, each succeeding census

has shown them forming a smaller percentage of the whole. By 1860, that percentage was reduced to 14.1, and by 1920 to only 9.9. But this relative decline must not be misinterpreted. The steady numerical increase of the Negro from decade to decade has been almost altogether the result of the excess of births over deaths. The increase of the white population during the same interval has been due to two forces, first, the excess of births over deaths (natural increase) and second, immigration on an unprecedented scale. The millions of newcomers from Europe since 1850 have added tremendously to our white stock, and it is this fact that is primarily responsible for the proportionate decline of the Negro to one-tenth of our total population. The figures for the *native* white population during the same period disclose the same phenomena, first, a declining rate of increase from decade to decade, and second, a decline in the relative proportion. Here is a table showing how the Negro population increased from decade to decade between 1790 and 1920:

Year	*Colored Population*	*Decennial Increase Per Cent*	*Per Cent of Total Population*
1790 . .	757,208	——	19.3
1800 . .	1,002,037	32.33	18.9
1810 . .	1,337,808	37.50	19.0
1820 . .	1,771,656	28.59	18.4
1830 . .	2,328,642	31.44	18.1
1840 . .	2,873,648	23.40	16.8
1850 . .	3,638,808	26.63	15.7
1860 . .	4,441,830	22.07	14.1
1870 . .	5,392,172[1]	21.35	13.5
1880 . .	6,580,793	22.05	13.1
1890 . .	7,488,676	13.80	11.9
1900 . .	8,833,994	18.00	11.6
1910 . .	9,827,763	11.20	10.7
1920 . .	10,463,131	6.50	9.9

III

As I have said, the greater part of the growth of the Negro population since the early days of the Nineteenth Century has been due to natural increase, the excess of births over deaths. All of it, however, cannot be attributed to this cause. Although the importation of Negroes was legally stopped in 1808, the contraband slave trade continued for a long period without marked abatement. Charleston, Mobile, Galveston and other ports were the centers of a flourishing and highly organized slave traffic. Dr. W. E. B. DuBois in his very interesting book, "The Suppression of the Slave Trade," shows in great detail the amount of Negro smuggling practiced before the Civil War, and proves beyond question that thousands of Negroes were illegally brought into the United States every year. Other authorities confirm these facts from naval records and point out that the official efforts to stop the trade were utterly inadequate. Newspaper clippings, consular records, congressional debates, presidential messages, and other executive documents speak frankly of the situation.

The decade between 1850 and 1860 witnessed the peak of this activity. It was estimated that during eighteen months in 1859 and 1860, eighty-five slave ships were fitted out in New York harbor, and that these boats alone transported from 30,000 to 60,000 slaves annually. Probably the last slave ship was the *Lawrence*, which ran the Federal blockade during the Civil War and landed a boatload of slaves in Mobile in 1862. But as the trade was illicit, the records are very incomplete, and it is difficult to compute the exact number of Negroes imported between 1808 and the close of the Civil War. One conservative estimate places it at 270,000. Others run as high as 15,000 annually during certain years of the period, when the traffic was especially brisk. But even these maximum figures do not materially change the picture of natural growth presented by the census records prior to 1860. The unlawful trade in Negroes can at most account for an increase of less than ½ of 1% a year. The rest of the increase, namely, about 2% or twenty per 1000 per annum, represented the excess of births over deaths.

All records prove the great fertility of the Negro race. Of all the native stocks in America, it is and has always been the

[1] The enumeration of the colored population in 1870 was very unreliable. The figure given in the table is an estimate by the Census Bureau.

most prolific. What its actual birth-rates were in the early days it is almost impossible to say, but they probably represented the very limit of reproductive ability. In Africa and in the United States later on, no restraints were practiced by the Negroes themselves; and during slavery days there was every incentive on the part of the slave-owners to stimulate childbearing, since the offspring were of considerable economic value. The excess of births over deaths was not less than twenty per 1000 of population per annum for a large part of the slavery period. In particularly favorable years, the figure may have reached even twenty-five per 1000 per annum. As the death rate could not possibly have been less than twenty per 1000 during any part of the period and was more likely between twenty-five and thirty in most years, the birth-rate in all probability was not less than forty-five per 1000 and may well have reached the enormous rate of fifty-five. Such fertility means a child almost every thirteen months during the period of maximum fertility. The colored people bred to the very limit of their reproductive capacity. The average number of children per mother was probably not less than nine in spite of the high maternal mortality, which materially interfered with the completion of a normal reproductive history.

Turning now to the other item affecting natural increase, namely, mortality, one finds two conflicting opinions regarding the Negro prior to the Civil War. One holds that health conditions on the plantations were good; that the slaves were adequately housed and fed; that outdoor work, together with the strict regime enforced, kept their morale high, and that in consequence the death-rate was low and the life span of slaves long. The other view is that the horrors of the ocean voyage and the bad sanitary conditions of the Negro quarters on most Southern plantations resulted in an enormous death-rate. Unfortunately, reliable statistics in the modern sense are almost non-existent. The few figures available are for cities; whereas, most of the Negroes lived in rural districts, where a different mortality prevailed.

According to the best authority, the conditions under which the Negroes lived on the plantations were fairly similar to those encountered by the poor whites on the surrounding farms, but they undoubtedly varied considerably from plantation to plantation, being dependent almost entirely upon the character and disposition of each individual slave-owner. The slaves of certain families lived under an almost ideal patriarchal system; on other plantations the cruelty practiced was almost beyond belief. Many Negroes died in the breaking in process; but, once acclimated, they did not, apparently, show an abnormally high death-rate. The scanty literature contains no reference to any severe epidemics of disease especially malignant to Negroes. Like the whites, they suffered from smallpox, malaria, cholera, and to a lesser degree from yellow fever, but these diseases could not spread as rapidly among a rural population as they did in the cities.

Turning now to urban conditions, some records survive which show the comparative trend of Negro and white mortality during the first half of the Nineteenth Century. In such cities as Charleston, Savannah, and New Orleans, the Negro death-rates were very similar to those of the whites. The mortality, in general, was high, irrespective of race, in this era, for there had been no development of sanitary science. Yellow fever particularly affected the whites; cholera, the blacks. Thus in 1838, a yellow fever year, the white mortality in Charleston was 54.6 per 1000 as contrasted with 30.3 among the colored people. In 1836, a cholera year, this situation was reversed, the colored mortality being 51.0 per 1000, and the white 24.6. In Savannah, shortly before the war, the white death-rate was around 37 per 1000; the colored, 34. In Mobile, the white death-rate was much higher than the colored during the years between 1843 and 1855. On the other hand, in Baltimore, where a complete mortality record is available

from 1812 onward, the Negro death-rate was uniformly higher before the War than that of the white, except in 1821, 1853, 1854, and 1858.

As we move northward, we find the mortality among Negroes invariably higher than among whites. In Philadelphia, for example, between 1831 and 1840, the colored rate was approximately thirty-one per 1000 per annum as compared with twenty-two for the whites. Other Northern cities, such as Boston, New Bedford, Providence, and New York, disclosed the same state of affairs. Summing up the evidence, it would appear that the mortality rate among the Negroes during the first sixty years of the last century varied from twenty-five to thirty-five per 1000 per annum, and was, on the average, probably midway between these two extremes. Apparently the period just before the Civil War saw the Negroes enjoying the best health that the race had ever witnessed, up to that time, in America.

The problems of Negro health and longevity came to a head, not during the period of slavery, but with the Civil War and the years of Reconstruction. There is general agreement that, after the war, the plight of the Negro was pitiful indeed. Neither in the cities nor on the farms were there adequate work, food, and shelter for him, and so destitution was general. The Richmond *Enquirer* for November 22, 1867, remarked that "at no period during the existence of slavery in Virginia was the physical and moral condition of the great mass of the Negro population worse than it is at present." The newly freed slave was undisciplined, he lacked sufficient food and clothing, and was forced into the most unsanitary habitations. During the last years of the sixties and in the seventies he was dying off at a truly appalling rate. Tuberculosis and syphilis became especially rampant. High birth-rates under the prevailing conditions of life led only to frightfully high infant death-rates. In this way, the foundations for the very trying health problems of recent decades were laid.

IV

This brings us to the modern era, marked by the development of sanitation and public health work. While designed primarily for the white population, the reverberations of this campaign have profoundly influenced the Negro as well. The pessimism which prevailed thirty and more years ago with regard to his future is now no longer even remotely justified. The doleful prophecies of those who saw the race problem solved through his extinction have been absolutely discredited by recent events. A race which lives in many areas under what are still rather primitive conditions of sanitation is today enjoying an expectation of life of about forty-six years, which is equal to that of white Americans only thirty years ago. In comparison with a death-rate of thirty-five to forty per 1000 in Reconstruction days, the Negro mortality is now only about seventeen per 1000—a death-rate about the same as the rate for a number of European countries before the World War.

This is a very great achievement if we keep in mind that the Negroes have had control of their own destinies for but a little more than half a century, and have been served by health conserving agencies for even a shorter period. But it should be kept in mind that the Negro is physically a well-organized individual with a marked capacity for a long life-span. Even during slavery days many Negroes attained to extreme old age. Under present conditions there is evidence on all sides of the capacity of the Negro to round out a good expectation. At about the age of fifty, the expectation of life of Negro males is under one year less than that of white males, and of Negro females a little over two years less. The recent gains in the average length of life are entirely commensurate with those of the white population. This fact alone holds out the greatest promise for the future of the Negro in America.

Possibly the very best indication of what has happened to him in recent decades is

afforded, not by the scanty records from official sources, which cover only a fraction of the Negro population and which are much belated, but by the current experience of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, which has on its books more than two million individuals of the race, a fifth of the total colored population. These policyholders include men, women and children of all ages, and workers in every conceivable occupation are represented. Their mortality record shows a decline of 16.3% in the death-rate in the short period of sixteen years, from 17.5 per 1000 in 1911 to 14.6 per 1000 in 1926. This is all the more striking because the insured are, on the whole, an urban people, and health conditions among Negroes in the cities have always been less satisfactory than on the farms.

The most gratifying item has been the improvement in the mortality from tuberculosis. Since the Civil War, this disease has been outstanding as a cause of death among the colored people. There is little accurate information about the amount of it that existed during the slavery period. But since 1865, there is no doubt of the Negro's great susceptibility to this disease and the high mortality resulting from it. Even at the present time, one out of every six colored persons dies of tuberculosis. But between 1911 and 1926, there was a 44% decline in the tuberculosis death-rate. Out of every 100,000 living colored persons, 418 died of tuberculosis in the year 1911, and only 235 in 1926.

Tuberculosis among colored policyholders has now reached the same position as it had among whites about thirty years ago, when the active campaign against it began. The disease has declined 54.5% in the same period among colored children. But it is still a scourge among them, for in 1925 the rate of mortality was almost six times as high among colored boys and girls as it was among white children of the same ages. There is every reason to believe, however, that the improvement of the last decades will continue. The colored people have, as a race, good physiques and they are learning all the time to take better care of themselves in relation to their changing environment. In their native habitat, tuberculosis was either unknown or only slightly prevalent. There is no reason, therefore, why they should not ultimately have as low a tuberculosis death-rate as any group of the American population in similar economic circumstances.

Heavy infant and child mortality rates have always been the rule in this country among the Negroes. But in recent years they have made marked gains in overcoming this handicap. In 1911, the total mortality rate for insured Negro children from one to fifteen years of age was 10.1 per 1000. In 1926, this figure was reduced to 6.3, which is an improvement of 38%—the greatest improvement in mortality achieved by any age group. All four of the principal communicable diseases of childhood have declined greatly. Scarlet fever mortality dropped 45%, measles 31%, whooping cough 42%, and diphtheria 34%. As the newer preventive therapy penetrates to the colored population, the mortality from all these diseases will probably be reduced to negligible proportions. The mortality from diarrhea and enteritis was reduced more than 50% in the sixteen-year period, showing that colored mothers have not been slow to learn how to care for and feed their babies.

But the improvement in the sanitary conditions which surround the colored people is best evidenced by the decline in typhoid fever and pneumonia. In 1911, forty-six out of every 100,000 Negroes died of typhoid fever; whereas in 1926 only nine deaths were attributable to that disease. As the majority of colored policyholders still live in the South, where typhoid fever is much more prevalent than in the North and West, the marked reduction in the number of deaths from this disease is an amazing achievement. The improvement in pneumonia is not quite so great and yet it is significant. In 1911, the rate was 161 per 100,000; in 1926, it had been reduced to

46, or a decline of 9.3%. It should be remembered also that the last few years have been pneumonia years on account of the extensive influenza epidemics, which have raged over a wide area of the country but often with special virulence in the Southern States. The decline in pneumonia would undoubtedly have been greater but for this.

V

At the same time we must not overlook certain unfavorable features in the health picture of the colored people. The high mortality rate which still prevails results largely from the prevalence of the chronic degenerative diseases, such as cerebral hemorrhage, organic diseases of the heart, and chronic nephritis. All three of these conditions show substantial increases since 1911. Likewise, deaths from cancer and diabetes increased markedly between 1911 and 1926. The five diseases just mentioned, when combined, account for 36.3% of the total mortality of colored policyholders, and it is disconcerting to observe that these deadly maladies are increasing rather than diminishing.

The very great prevalence of syphilitic infection among Negroes tends to keep the rates from all degenerative diseases high. Syphilis and its sequelæ, indeed, probably account for the difference between the mortality of the colored people and that of the whites. In 1926, the Negro death-rate from syphilis, locomotor ataxia, and general paralysis of the insane (the last two of which are syphilitic in origin) was 41.1 per 100,000. This is double the rate of 1911 (20.4 per 100,000). These diseases still work havoc among the colored people, especially among city dwellers. Their worst effect is on the new generation because the greatest toll is taken during the first month of life. They are responsible for many of the stillbirths that occur among colored women. They also account for a great many deaths later in life, ascribed by physicians to heart and arterial conditions, and they are probably at the bottom of a great many cases of tuberculosis. From every angle, these venereal diseases appear to be the most important single obstacle in the health progress of the race.

In addition to these two unfavorable factors—that is, the high prevalence of the venereal and the degenerative diseases—there is a third, the full significance of which we cannot yet appraise. Despite the general decline in the last two decades, the death-rates among the colored people have increased in the last four or five years, and in 1926 the rate among insured Negroes was actually 9.1% higher than it was in 1921. There is every reason to believe that when the figures for the general colored population become available they will show the same drift. It may well be that this change in tendency is only a temporary one, but it is of interest nevertheless to find out what causes are operating to bring it about. The recent migration from the rural to the urban centers and from the South to the North is an important item. Negroes in America have always been primarily an agricultural people, and it was on the farm that they found their most favorable milieu. The Twentieth Century first saw a shift in their occupations. The opening of industries in the South gave opportunity for their employment on a considerable scale, and the World War, with its increased industrial activity, hastened this tendency. Manufacturing plants sprang up like mushrooms in various parts of the country. European immigration, which had practically supplied all of the unskilled labor needed by Northern plants, was first checked and later almost altogether cut off by the post-war immigration laws. As a consequence, Negroes in large numbers were encouraged to come North and fill the labor vacancy. Workers from Southern farms thus found themselves exposed to work in iron and steel mills, in coal mines, in railroad and highway construction, and in other industries where the hazards were many and the effort very exacting. Between 1900 and 1920, the number

of those in agricultural pursuits declined from 54% of those gainfully employed to 44%. Twenty per cent were engaged in manufacturing and mechanical industries in 1920 and 11% in trade and transportation, as contrasted with 7 and 5% in 1900.

Altogether, possibly a million Negroes moved from the easy, leisurely life in the South to the more trying environment of the Northern cities. The migration was largely concentrated in a few industrial centers, such as Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh, and New York. In the decade 1910 to 1920, the colored population of Chicago increased 148%, that of Detroit 611%, and that of Cleveland 308%. Immense Negro communities have been built up in these cities. Over a million, or 73% of the Negro population of the North, was living in 1920 in ten such centers. Housing facilities were entirely inadequate to take care of the influx, and many hardships were undoubtedly suffered by the workers and their wives and children. The picture as to mortality, however, is somewhat confusing. The migration which located in New York City and its environs brought with it no increase in mortality but rather an improvement. On the other hand, the death-rate increased markedly in Chicago, Detroit and a number of other cities. Possibly more important even than the higher mortality is the fact that the northward and urban migration cut deeply into the birth-rate of the Negro people. It is a serious matter that between 1915 and 1923 there were more deaths of Negroes than births in the cities and towns of the country. It is only in the rural areas of the South that there is now an appreciable excess of births over deaths. This is the only place where Negro birth-rates have remained high and death-rates are fairly low.

A characteristic of the recent migration is its transitory nature. Many Negroes who came North immediately after the late war returned South during the industrial depression of 1921 and again migrated after business picked up in 1922. During the past ten years, several hundred thousand have moved from the South to the North and then back again. Many workers come North for the Summer and go back home to avoid the harsh Northern Winters. Such migrations are not conducive to low sickness and death-rates. But this movement, after all, affects only a fraction of the total population and its effect cannot be such as to interfere permanently with the improvement of the health of the colored people. The fact is that there has been a very great improvement in the economic status of the Negro. His very ability to come North in such large numbers, lured by high wages, has effected a change for the better in the economic and social status of his brothers who have remained South. Wages are everywhere higher and employment is more certain and continuous.

A striking evidence of the new prosperity of the South is the freshness and activity of the towns and villages where Negroes live. Roads, new homes, and schools and churches are being built on an immense scale. New paint is everywhere in sight. Banks, managed by Negroes for Negroes, are increasing in number, and the savings on deposit are mounting. These are powerful factors in improving the status of the Negro. A new consciousness of power and of worthwhileness is everywhere manifested. There is evidence of intelligent leadership directing the energies of the young people into constructive channels. The number of children at school and of teachers in training is rapidly increasing. Probably no single American group is experiencing so deep and so intelligent a revival of latent power as is the Negro today.

VI

This leads to a consideration of the future outlook for the race from the demographic standpoint. The reader must have already observed the optimism of the writer as to the future of these people. It is still difficult to say how far the movement toward the city and especially to the cities of the

North will go, but undoubtedly the Negro will eventually find his best interests served by staying in the South, where adjustments will make his life easier and richer. His interests will be best served by remaining largely on the farms, where his energies, in general, will be best rewarded.

The extent of the increase of American Negroes in the future is largely a matter of conjecture. We can only be guided by the history of the race during the last century and a half, by our knowledge of the habits of the people and by the present tendencies of the birth and death-rates. A consideration of these items according to the most approved statistical methods, namely, those developed by Dr. Raymond Pearl of the Johns Hopkins University, suggests that the maximum number of the race will be about fifteen millions. By the year 2000, the Negro population of the United States will be approximately fourteen and a half millions, that is, about a half million short of the ultimate figure. The next three-quarters of a century will, therefore, see an increase of about three and a half millions in the present Negro population, or about 32%. But this increase will be largely concentrated into the first half of the period, gradually diminishing until at the end of the century a stationary population will be reached.

At the present time, the Negro population is increasing at the rate of close to ½ of 1% a year, in contrast with a rate of about 2½% a year a little over a century ago. But it must not be supposed that this decline is limited to the colored people. A similar change has occurred in the entire population. The rate of natural increase is rapidly declining. If we continue our present immigration policy, as seems very likely, the American people will, in the year 2000, number under 185,000,000. This means that, at that time, the colored people will constitute just under 8% of the total. Today they constitute close to 10%. Here it is put into the form of a table:

Year	*Calculated Population*	*Observed Population*
1790	749,263	757,208
1800	992,206	1,002,037
1810	1,306,715	1,377,808
1820	1,708,793	1,771,656
1830	2,214,654	2,328,642
1840	2,838,088	2,873,648
1850	3,587,772	3,638,808
1860	4,462,864	4,441,830
1870	5,450,653	5,392,172
1880	6,522,796	6,580,793
1890	7,633,130	7,488,676
1900	8,743,888	8,833,994
1910	9,799,087	9,827,763
1920	10,760,745	10,463,131
1930	11,608,964	
1940	12,333,333	
1950	12,927,711	
1960	13,412,500	
1970	13,794,307	
1980	14,091,932	
1990	14,320,305	
2000	14,486,017	

The future, therefore, will see but small change in the relative numerical importance of the Negro, unless, of course, some unforeseen circumstance should distort the picture. He is here for good, and the years to come will probably see him playing an increasingly important and worthy part in the affairs of the country. His achievement in America will be ultimately recognized, not only as the greatest experiment in racial adjustment ever undertaken by man, but as the most encouraging and gratifying episode in our national life.

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ALABAMA

SCIENTIFIC advertisement in the Birmingham *News:*

> CHIROPRACTIC—Civilization and progress demand new ideas. Chiropractic provides them. D. E. Snead, 616 Lyric Bldg.

CALIFORNIA

YREKA dispatch to the celebrated San Francisco *Chronicle:*

> Mike Cassidy, Yreka ball player, recently married, has been looking earnestly for a house in Yreka. It is said the other day he followed a hearse for more than a dozen blocks. When asked why he was trailing it he solemnly replied: "The house where that hearse is going must have a vacancy."

SAMPLE of the nobility of soul of San Diegoans:

> Plans for erecting a monument to the memory of the horse Dan, which fell off a cliff and was killed during a recent presentation of the drama "Flute of the Hills" at Guatay, were announced yesterday by Edwin S. and Lucy Miller. A series of entertainments during the Summer will be arranged to provide funds for marking Dan's grave in a suitable manner, it was announced.

ONE great Hollywood æsthete pays a gallant tribute to another:

> *Grauman's Chinese Theatre*
> *Hollywood, Calif.*
>
> DEAR MR. DEMILLE: "The King of Kings" is the world's most exalted message to humanity today.
>
> I have viewed it and re-viewed it, each time with increasing awe.
>
> It seems more than an achievement by man alone, accustomed as we are to the results of your genius.
>
> Mere congratulations seem hopelessly inadequate to express recognization of such a sublime work.
>
> I never have seen, in all my years of experience, such a masterful drama and such a beautiful and benign atmosphere maintained.
>
> The world's greatest subject has been made into the world's greatest picture by the great director of them all.
>
> Sincerely,
> SID GRAUMAN.

CONNECTICUT

THE New Haven correspondent of *Variety* spits on his hands and shows what he can do:

> "Speakeasy" is analogous to but not necessarily infringemental upon "Broadway"—in substance, not inevitably in liability to success. Rudimentary dramaturgical situations, however, in the idiomatic atmosphere of hostess, groan-box pounder, agent and fixer, corroborated by a conspicuously merchantable title, augur well. Among the characters are an oleomargarine and cold storage potentate, an absinthismic composer of yesteryear, now the paramour and accompanist of the hostess, countless stews, a masculine female and a blackmailing fixer. The result is not compellingly lively.
>
> Although the adolescent amativeness appeared colloid, certain hereinafter designated personifications, in particular those of Donald Meek, symptomatically pitiful visionary, and Arthur Vinton, fixing gorilla, *et omnes dramatis personae* in general, supply appreciable characterizational value. Recessional orchestral animadversion, paucity of laughs, declivities in the assemblage's concern prognosticate no great *succèss d'estime*. But elsewhere far-flung mass adherence may well materialize.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THE HON. ROBERT QUILLEN comments upon the national letters in the celebrated Washington *Post:*

> When I do a piece of work for a certain magazine, I toss it across the room table to my kid, aged fourteen, and request a reading. Obediently, but with the air of a martyr, she wades through it.
>
> If I hear her chuckle, or if, when she has finished it, she hands it back and says: "That's a humdinger!" I know it will please the editor and the public and bring a nice check to buy new tires.
>
> But if she says in her polite way: "It's very good, I think, but it's too deep for me," I thank her coldly and toss the thing into the waste basket.
>
> Deep, the dickens! It's merely rotten. If it can't win the approval of a fourteen-year-old kid, it can't hope to get by the editor.

FLORIDA

HISTORIC episode in the Legislature of this proud State:

Representative Weeks, of Bonifay, in delivering a lengthy tirade to take the teeth out of a tick eradication measure amendment before the House of Representatives today, removed his own teeth and laid the plate on a member's desk. The solon waxed warm on the subject and humorously threatened to remove the molars so he could talk better. A few moments later he performed the act.

GEORGIA

THE passion for service in Emanuel county, is revealed by two political cards in the same column of the Swainsboro *Forest Blade:*

FOR TREASURER

I am a candidate for treasurer for Emanuel county, subject to the recently ordered primary. I want the office because it's fairly good pay with little work, but if elected I will do that little as it should be done. I solicit the support of all parties.

EDD. C. BROWN.

I am a candidate for treasurer of Emanuel county, subject to a Democratic white primary. I am old and unable to work for a living is why I want the office. I earnestly solicit the support of all voters, and promise, if elected, to merit your confidence.

A. J. RICH.

EDITOR W. B. TOWNSEND, of the Dahlonega *Nugget*, indulges in some advice to the correspondents of that great paper:

If you have anything to write make it short and to the point and in plain language that can be understand by each reader. Leave out all latin. Because a latin word in an article, unless a person is brimful of high falutinary words, is in as bad a fix as when one goes to trace up a liquor man in the woods with a jug who drops a broken pine limb in the road to notify you that he is close by, but you do not know on which side of the road or path the dealer is located, and you have to whistle. So is with a fairly educated person coming to latin while reading, who has to say "hard word" and read on, which spoils the understanding. And when one reads this mixture to another, unless they are supplied with a finished education stamped by a great big diploma, having a seal on it like the bottom of a tin cup, it does not create any more interest to a person than the songs of those people that have been unhaltered in Atlanta during the passed few days, by foreigners called, Hednawink, Pednagoo, or something like this.

A MOMENTOUS evening in the rising town of Commerce, as reported by Editor J. F. Shannon, of the *News:*

There was an air of style and satisfaction that pervaded the atmosphere at the meeting of the Commerce Kiwanians last Friday night. It was a meeting out of the ordinary. All things conspired to make the meeting different and better. The evidence of Spring was abundant, the tables were beautifully decorated with the choicest of beautiful flowers. It was ladies' night and the husbands had their wives and the young men their selected guests. There are no finer, better looking, more charming women in the world than these Commerce women, and there are no better cooks—the choicest in France not excepted—than some of the Commerce women. The Presbyterian ladies furnished the supper; stylish people call it dinner. It was above the average. There was more of it and it was better. After several courses everything was topped off with strawberry short cake with cream on it. If there is anything better than that it is more of it.

ILLINOIS

FOOTNOTE on Prohibition from the advertising columns of the eminent Chicago *Tribune:*

WE ARE *NOT* OUT OF BUSINESS!
1926 Was Our Biggest Year Since 1917

Few institutions in America—in the world for that matter—ever held a more enviable record for service to humanity than that of The Keeley Institute at Dwight, Illinois. Keeley's work of *rebuilding* men dates back over a continuous period of 50 years. Its patients number in the hundreds of thousands.

Is there any wonder, then, at our surprise to learn how generally the impression has grown that The Keeley Institute is no longer in business? Especially, in view of the fact that in 1926 we treated *more* persons than during *any previous year* since 1917!

Our business is *saving* men. We are truly *rebuilders* of humanity. And so long as there are habits that destroy, there will be an urgent need for The Keeley Institute. Look around you. Did you ever see liquor causing more suffering, more destruction and misery than it is today? Did you ever know alcohol more deadly than that contained in the average drink of this modern era? No one doubts that whiskey now is many times more harmful than before. It is, as ever, one of the greatest problems of mankind.

Perhaps in your employ or among your friends there is an unfortunate whose life is being shattered by this seemingly unshakable habit. If so, the news that The Keeley Institute is still rendering its effective service will be welcome to you. You will see in this advertisement an opportunity to restore some discouraged person to his valued place in society. Write us today and learn the full facts about The Keeley methods of treatment. Or send us the name and address of some one whom you believe we may help. Complete information will be forwarded in a plain envelope and all correspondence will be held in strictest confidence.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE,
DWIGHT, Illinois.

IOWA

THE recreations of the dons at Simpson College, as described by the Des Moines *Register:*

> Dr. John L. Hillman, president of the college, will doff his academic robes and encase his figure in a track suit tomorrow afternoon in a celebrity race, a feature of the annual intramural meet. President Hillman and three faculty members have been entered in this race and they will propel four kiddy-cars down a 100-yard stretch, the winner to receive a lead medal.
>
> The other entrants are Prof. C. W. Emmons, head of the mathematics department; Rae L. Dean, business manager, and Dr. William C. Hilmer, head of the foreign language department.

MARYLAND FREE STATE

LAW Enforcement news from the great city of Baltimore:

> An explosion yesterday wrecked and fired a garage in West Hoffman street, hurled a heavy door across the street, sent bricks 50 feet into the air, broke windows in two nearby houses and startled persons within six blocks. Three automobiles were destroyed, the building was burned, and seven other automobiles were saved by firemen with slight water damage. Police reports give a still explosion as the probable cause. Mary Smith (colored), 1118 Etting street, four blocks away, said she heard the noise and felt the shock. Benjamin Robinson (colored) and his wife, Lillian, 558 West Hoffman street, said they were almost knocked from their feet by the concussion.

FROM the obituary column of the celebrated Baltimore *Sunpaper:*

> Affliction sore a long time he bore;
> Physicians were in vain.
> But God alone, He heard him moan
> And released him of his pain.

MASSACHUSETTS

HIGH, eloquent, mysterious words by Mrs. Mary Pratt Potter, president of the Massachusetts Federation of Women's Clubs, in *Federation Topics:*

> We must evolve our own harmony and sense of inter-relationships coming to terms with new ideas. With the throbbing pulse of changing plans, let us be willing to be experimental ourselves and interested in the experiments of others.
>
> We should inspire sentiments that will be of vital significance. Upon the expression of our best in personality, cordiality and good-will depend the emotions which will be engendered at our meeting and the aura which will come from it.
>
> Let our emanations be joyous and our hearts attuned to our great opportunities of life, involving both its difficulties and its loveliness. Do we feel a new ferment at work which will make life's distillations more fervid, more vivid, more vital?
>
> If so, we will express in our increased sense of responsibility a desire to be a part of the major media in a programme for increasing the high motive power of our beloved federation.
>
> How can we secure a greater incandescence for our federation lamp in order to illuminate the ever-widening field of thought and endeavor and to extend our searchlight over the immense sea where our ship of Thought must sail?
>
> In the garnering and preservation of the best of the accumulated thought of the ages we become heirs to an aureate heritage by which we may climb to higher planes of usefulness and knowledge.

MICHIGAN

THE HON. J. J. FISHER, one of the successors of the late John Keats, climbs to the uttermost summit of Parnassus, via the Detroit *Free Press:*

> PRINCE-POET—EDGAR GUEST
>
> Prince-Poet of my native land,
> Whose quaint philosophies command
> Respect and praise of all thy fellow men,
> I bid thee speed;
> Then plow thee deep,
> As with thy talent, blest of God,
> Thou givest man the truth,
> And thou dost see the need.
>
> Thy name emblazoned by the press,
> Speeds o'er the nation far and wide;
> Thy fame shall travel round the wide,
> wide world
> As did the rest;
> Thine be the task
> To wield thy pen with mighty power
> And ever right the wrong,
> My poet-prince, O Edgar Guest.

MINNESOTA

DR. CURVIN H. GINGRICH, professor of astronomy and mathematics at Carleton College, as reported by the *Carletonian*, the student paper:

> Comets should be given the distinction of being the first Rotarians.

NEBRASKA

PROOF that "Elmer Gantry" is a libel and Sinclair Lewis a scoundrel, from a report by the Rev. W. B. Norton of the proceedings at the National Council of Congregational Churches, lately holden at Omaha:

> The National Council of Congregational Churches decided to take steps today to remedy a condition called scandalous. A committee of

seven was authorized by vote of the council, without using the term, to get rid of the Elmer Gantry type of preacher. The matter was brought before the council by the business committee, represented by the Rev. E. B. Robinson of Massachusetts. "We have in our part of the country," said the Rev. Mr. Robinson, "two ministers occupying prominent pulpits who came to us from other denominations following a scandal in their respective churches. We also had two young men ordained to the ministry who would not have been received by any other of the large denominations." In presenting the resolution from the business committee, the Rev. Mr. Robinson said it stated the case mildly, but he hoped it would result in more careful supervision so as to prevent future scandals.

NEW JERSEY

ME perils a prospective husband of Jersey ity is willing to undergo, as related by a ws dispatch from that town:

Married in a lion's cage, Ernest P. Gervais, chauffeur, and his bride are on their honeymoon with a substantial gift of cash and furniture. The Lions Club arranged matters. A trainer kept sharp watch on three lionesses, but they sat perfectly still.

NEW YORK

ORKINGS of the Holy Spirit within 500 rds of 100 cabarets, 150 night clubs and 00 pianissimo saloons, as described by the earst papers:

"A visitation from God" made his son Warren, nineteen, lie prone upon the floor of Calvary Baptist Church, utter unintelligible sounds and sing beautifully in an unknown language, the Rev. Dr. John Roach Straton declared today. "His mother and I heard him singing in an unspeakably lovely way while the power was upon him," Dr. Straton said.

EADLINES on an article in the eminent *ditor and Publisher*, the trade journal of the ournalists:

HEARST ADVOCATES "EDITORIAL GOOD TASTE" IN PUBLICATION OF CRIME NEWS

Famous Publisher, Elected Honorary President of American Crime Study Commission, Is Seeking Causes and Cure of Crime—Says "Wholesome Press" Is Needed—Is Opposed to Capital Punishment.

ow the New York office of the Western nion helped to organize and standardize ne reception of a late hero:

SUGGESTED TELEGRAMS
WELCOMING CAPTAIN LINDBERGH
ON HIS HOME-COMING
Your Choice for 30 Cents

Check the one you want to send and write your name. That's all; we do the rest. Your message will be delivered on a blank especially decorated for the occasion.

1 America's heart goes out to you. Welcome home.
2 Glad you're back, Captain. When you fly out this way drop in and see us.
3 A marvelous flight, a royal reception, a perfect attitude on your part—truly it's a gorgeous record, Captain. Welcome home.
4 You've done as much for the good relations of the United States with Europe as for the progress of aviation. America greets you.
5 We're for you a hundred million strong. Welcome home.
6 Back seats for George and Albert. We're prouder than kings. Welcome home.
7 Here's to Lindbergh—master pilot, superb diplomat, idol of a dozen nations! America welcomes you home.
8 For superb courage, high intensity of purpose and profound common-sense, you are unsurpassed. America greets you.
9 You're now a citizen of the world, but you'll always be our own particular pride. Welcome home.
10 There is not one American who doesn't feel an individual, personal pride in your glorious achievement. Welcome home.
11 The flight was wonderful, the reception marvelous, but we are proudest of your modesty and eternal sense of the fitness of things. Welcome home.
12 Time will not dim the splendor of your achievement. Welcome home.
13 The whole nation takes pride in your achievement. Welcome home.
14 It's the most glorious individual achievement in the history of the human race. Welcome home.
15 The.....Club of.....sends greetings. In the good old American way you put it over and now we're glad to have you home again.
16 Lindbergh's fame is America's glory. Welcome home, Captain.
17 It's true you belong to history but you also belong to us. Welcome home.
18 .....Chamber of Commerce extends you an invitation to visit our town.
19 Gangway, Kings and Potentates! The American people want to greet their own. Welcome home.
20 With welling heart America greets her knight of the air and ambassador of goodwill.

(Sign here).....

OTHER EXPRESSIONS AT REGULAR RATES

THE WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

NORTH CAROLINA

SISTER FRANCES RENFROW DOAK, as reported by the *Friend's Messenger*, published by Guilford College:

In North Carolina is established the kingdom of Heaven on earth.

OHIO

THE Logan Rotarians refine upon the amusements of their noble order, as reported by the Athens *Messenger:*

A smelling contest featured the Monday eveing meeting of the Logan Rotary Club, with Emerson Poston in charge. Twenty phials, each containing a different liquid, were passed to the members to smell and the member naming the most of the contents was declared the winner. John Krieg, pharmacist, was the winner, while Joe Brashares, former representative from Hocking county, named the least number.

OREGON

A GLIMPSE into the workings of the wowserian mind, from the celebrated *Oregon Journal:*

A momentous matter was decided at the meeting of the motion picture censor board and its body of viewers at the City Hall Tuesday afternoon—*guts* is a vulgar word, and Portland movie audiences are not to be offended by its use in sub-titles in pictures. The matter came about through an appeal to the board from viewers, who were divided in their opinions.

"He ain't got enough guts to shoot" was the sub-title under fire. Some of the viewers wanted it cut out, declaring it was vulgar. One viewer said it was "expressive" and gave the idea, and that she had seen the word *guts* used in "strong" editorials in the Portland daily papers. One viewer objected to the use of *ain't* as strongly as to the other word. Mrs. Eleanor B. Colwell, secretary of the board, suggested that *intestinal stamina* might be used in place of the offensive word *guts*, but that didn't seem to meet the situation. Then Mrs. F. O. Northrup, president of the board, spoke for that body, and declared that the word objected to is, indeed, offensive and is avoided in polite conversation and that she believed the board would hold with the viewers protesting against it.

PENNSYLVANIA

THE learned chief editorial writer of the Scranton *Republican:*

There is much question as to why, when something new crept into this marvelous age of discovery of ours, it was given the name of *television*. The answer is very simple. The name tells the whole story. It joins the word *tell*, which explains what is being said, with *vision*, which shows that something is seen.

A SOLID CITIZEN of the hometown of the *Saturday Evening Post* unbosoms himself in the advertising pages of its niece, the *Public Ledger:*

WHY I AM A MOOSE

1 The Order of Moose plucks thistles and plants roses.

2 Mooseism helps God and brings a smile to the angels.

3 It makes the pillow a little cooler when we lie down at night and think over the puzzles of the day.

(*Signed,*) GEORGE F. HOFFMAN,
Head of the Hoffman Crown Mfg. Co.

INTELLECTUAL divertissements of a holy gentleman of Boiling Springs, as disclosed by his letter to the same celebrated gazette:

For a number of weeks I thought of writing you to tell you how much I enjoy working out your cross-word puzzles. "The Diagramless Revel" of last Sunday's issue was a gem in plan, words and definitions. And it sure did take some study to get the plan a-working. But I only want to say I appreciate this departmental page.

(REV.) T. BAHN THOMAS.

VERMONT

LETTER sent to the alumni of the State university:

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, PRESIDENT

Dear Vermonter: The Honorable Darwin P. Kingsley, a Vermonter by birth, a graduate of the University of Vermont in the class of 1881 and since 1897 a trustee of that university, was elected President of the New York Life Insurance Company twenty years ago.

Largely through his efforts, the New York Life has become the largest company writing straight life insurance and one of the outstanding financial institutions of the world.

The other officers of the company have asked that a testimonial in Paid Business be presented to him. Therefore, the field force of the New York Life Insurance Company is endeavoring to roll up the greatest monthly volume of business that has ever been produced.

Believing that every alumnus of the University of Vermont and every Vermonter, either by birth or adoption, will be pleased to honor so distinguished a Vermonter, I am enclosing an application blank for life insurance for you, some member of your family or one of your friends to fill out and return in the enclosed envelope. Upon receiving this, arrangements will be made for your medical examination.

President Kingsley takes the greatest pride in being a Vermonter and a graduate of the University of Vermont.

The list of Vermonters and graduates of the University of Vermont who thus honor President Kingsley will be forwarded to him, and I assure you that this big volume of business, coming from us as a testimonial to him, will be greatly appreciated and cherished.

By helping us to honor him, you will also be helping those most dear to you.

Very truly yours,
FRANK J. HENDEE,
100 Church Street,
Burlington.

LICKED

BY SARA HAARDT

On the days when a new patient arrived, the little sanatorium was in a palpitation. On this day, particularly, the nurses had been making even more of a fuss than usual, "setting up" the corner room across from the chartroom, and dropping what they were doing and hurrying to the front of the house every time a motor sounded on the valley road below. There were so few of us—only seven patients and three nurses, counting the supervisor, a hook-nosed, tyrannical, bungish woman who stayed locked in her room on the third floor most of the time—that it was impossible not to be shaken. Who was the new patient this time? Man?—woman?—*not* another schoolma'am! Schoolma'ams and vaudeville actors—it looked as if the tubercle bacillus had a special grudge against them. The vaudeville actors all proceeded, soon or late, to Saranac, but there were still two schoolma'ams among us: Florence Coleman, a tall, imposing brunette, a primary teacher with a thwarted literary talent and an implacable sense of humor, editor of the *Tuberclebacilly*, a humorous sheet which she started to disseminate cheer among us; and Grace Barr, the opposite extreme, blonde and hysterical, given to magnifying her symptoms and weeping inconsolably into her pillow as soon as the lights were turned off at night.

We were congregated on Florence's porch that afternoon—that is, we five "up" patients—because Florence had the only porch that commanded an unobstructed view of the drive. By peering down through the tree-tops, you could see the long, faintly green sweep of the valley, and the gray ribbon of asphalt road that ran, sleek and shiny at the bottom, and then, by craning your neck a bit, you could follow the black speck of a car along that ribbon until it swerved uphill, its motor straining in second, and jolted to a standstill under the maples at the doorstep. Beside Florence and Grace there were Jim Caverly, a tall, incredibly thin man with strangely luminous blue eyes who had been all over the world, and knew ships and men; and Herbert Ray, a pathetically nervous little man who was sure he was going to die of T. B. because his brother had died of it, and who cringed at the jokes and take-offs in the *Tuberclebacilly* as if they had been lashes from a raw-hide.

It was Caverly, as usual, who was doing most of the talking. The least excitement shot his temperature up and caused him to talk incessantly; he sat on the edge of his cure-chair, chewing gum—which he declared steadied his nerves—and gesturing wildly with his long, pointed hands.

"The poor sap must have got off on the wrong road," he raved impatiently. "Maybe he dropped in at Mahoney's for a last slug of gin, eh Ray? God knows he'll need it to brace him up to this dump!"

"How do you know he's a *man*?" fluttered Grace Barr.

"Ha! I'll lay you ten to one he's a man," Caverly answered with his short, ironical laugh. "The cuckoos have been in such a tailspin setting up his room they forgot to hand out the creosote. They're a fast working pair!"

It was a prejudice of his that all trained nurses were off their heads—cuckoo—and incurably man-crazy. When they were very

chummy and worked in pairs, as did Miss Larkin and Mrs. Mudge, invariably one was pretty and as fast as a streak, and the other one fat and as homely as sin. The homely one, of course, was crushed on the pretty one and obligingly filled the less attractive date when they framed up a party; and the pretty one saw in the homely one a good thing who was jolly and devoted and safe. Miss Larkin, our pretty one, was a giggly, silly little blonde with bright hair and a rosebud mouth; she kept a canary in her room and talked baby talk to it in a high, gurgly voice. Mrs. Mudge, the homely one, was a widow of twenty-nine, with four children in an orphanage in Louisville; she was a great lummox with broad, mannish hands and feet and a laborious grin. Caverly was fond of saying that she was a born nurse: she had an iron constitution, no nerves, and no ideas.

"Well, I just hope it won't be anybody with a dreadful cough," sighed Grace; "it—it simply goes all *over* me to hear anybody cough—especially when she doesn't make any effort to con*trol* it!" Grace herself had a deep, crackling cough, an affectingly dramatic cough that she *couldn't* control, but she couldn't bear to be reminded of it by other people's hacking.

"I wonder how sick he is," mused Florence, "and what specifics our noble Dr. Hoyt will try out on him."

She had read all the popular treatises on tuberculosis, and took a morbid delight in probing into a new patient's history. She affected, indeed, to know almost as much as Hoyt on the subject, and on the days when she felt well she derided and mocked his orders, but at the first flash of pain she was the first one to call for him.

"What specific!" laughed Caverly; "what specific does any of these so-called T. B. specialists know but throwing a poor sucker into bed and stuffing him like a goose? God, all they know is rest and food—until you'd think they'd be fed up themselves."

"Do you suppose there's anything in this gold cure?" asked Ray, eagerly and uneasily. "There's been a lot about it in the papers lately."

"It sounds entirely too complicated and spectacular," answered Florence authoritatively.

"Well, I tell you how I figure this old T. B.," said Caverly dryly, "it's got 'em all licked, and that's no lie. The most any of 'em can do is to hand you a lot of bull about laying low and fighting hard, but—what the hell! If you're going to get well, you'll get well if luck stays with you, but if you're not going to get well, you could drink in this bull about laying low and fighting hard until the cows come home and it would never get you anywhere. If you're licked you're licked, and that's all there is to it."

"If I had known it was anything like this," said Ray, "—so long drawn out and sticking so close to bed with no *certainty* about it—I'd never had the nerve to tackle it! What's the use, anyway? I'd rather take my six months and live 'em like I please, kick out all the lights with the gang and make quick work of it, than hang on here just for the sake of merely *living* a few years longer. Hoyt never would have got me in this joint, but he said if I buckled down it would only be a matter of six months. . . ."

All the defiance, the threatening bravado died out of Ray's voice, as he lifted a pleading glance for a confirmation of Hoyt's prognosis in a look, a smile from one of us. But all of us sat with averted eyes, afraid that we would betray by the flicker of an eyelash the conviction that had grown among us that Ray *was* going to die, and after a while he looked away too and fell to plucking a thread that had started to ravel in his Navajo blanket.

"Hoyt gives everybody six months," Florence yawned, stretching her long legs like a cat, and pulling up her blankets. "It's a little trick of his to get you to cure cheerfully—keep up your morale, so to speak. Dr. Preston, of Asheville, says there

an be no certainty of an arrested case nder five years!"

There was an almost vicious streak of ruelty in Florence; she knew she was utting Ray through the most refined tor- ure, and she was taking delight in it.

"Why the hell should this bird Pres- on's opinion rate for so much?" demanded averly. "Who is this bird anyway?"

"Aside from being one of the biggest . B. specialists in the country, he's just obody at all," replied Florence snippily.

"Ha! Well, his guess is no safer than ny of these other birds, in my eyes. They're ll guessing. Old Ben Hoyt's about as good s any of them, and I don't see any cause or Ray to be pulling a long face over this ird shooting off his mouth down in North Carolina. You got to hand it to he Old Boy, Ray; he's patched you up retty good. You've been rolling up two r three pounds a week ever since you've een here, haven't you?"

Ray nodded, and a relieved smile edged is thin lips like a flickering light. Flor- nce could shrug, but she had been bol- stered up herself by Caverly's reassuring profanity—all of us had, at one time or another; and Caverly was fond of Ray and had laid it on especially heavy this after- noon. Ray—so like a frightened boy in his outbursts of despair, his reckless avowals to make everything right, if only he could get well again. He had led a busy, gay, harmless life always, as the sales manager of a canning factory, but he had never read much of anything or thought much of anything, and now, with nothing to do but stare at the ceiling and think, it seemed to him that he had been sinfully selfish; that he had had *too* good a time with the gang, enjoyed life *too* much; that he hadn't been as thoughtful of his wife as he might have been. God, if he could only get well again, he'd make it up to her, make everything up to her! . . .

Suddenly Grace Barr uttered a little quivery cry, "There *comes* something!"

"Jesus!" exploded Caverly; "looks like a damned ambulance!"

II

Far below, from the valley, came a faint humming, a humming that seemed some- how unearthly; it filled the air like the roaring wings of a great evil bird. The ambulance was still almost invisible on the gray asphalt road, and yet, by some strange power, you saw it perfectly: the plate glass windows in the oblong sides curtained by tasseled silk shades; the sleek, polished roof and hood; the little doors at the back that opened like the doors of a hearse; the red cross on the door by the driver's seat. Then—as the silken shade swayed sickeningly—a glimpse of that awful, immaculate whiteness within, the hump of a prostrate body on the cot be- tween the windows.

The humming died down to a soft purr; the ambulance glided under the maples and stopped suddenly, and yet without the slightest jar. A door clicked and the driver walked around to the back. . . . Another door clicked. The body came through the opening, feet first; it was a long, thin body, so long that the feet stuck off the end of the stretcher. Mrs. Mudge and Miss Larkin, who had ap- peared with the noiseless precision of angel hosts, threw a blanket over them and stood on either side, patting the covers solicitously. And then, as the driver and his helper edged the stretcher all the way out, Miss Larkin drew back and stiffened ever so slightly: the face on the pillow was dark and heavily bearded, with black, piercing eyes and a high, benevolent brow.

The man was obviously a Jew, and so orthodox as to have retained all his pic- turesqueness; he looked like an ancient prophet, lying there with his hands crossed on top of the covers. He must have been upward of forty, but his illness had aged him, lighted his eyes with a strange feroc- ity that was almost a holy fire. I had seen that fire, at different times, in the eyes of Ray, and Grace Barr, and Florence Coleman, even in the eyes of Caverly, and I knew that in spite of his unkempt beard,

his alien air, he was one of us. He was *afraid*. Fear had him, as it had all of us, burning so coldly in his breast that it was a fever in his eyes,—fear and the pitiably human determination to conquer it. As ridiculous as it seemed, he was resisting that congealing cold of fear and death, fighting with every ounce of his being to be well and whole again, as he lay there so inertly beneath the covers; and more ridiculous still, his pitiable human audacity invested him with a kind of nobility: he was risen, miraculously, from an obscure suburban druggist to a prophet with a holy fire in his eyes.

"Good God!" gasped Ray, who had gone very pale. "He must be pretty badly off."

"Oh, I just know he'll be coughing his head off," wailed Grace. Her voice was indistinguishable from the thin cry of the wind in the maples.

"Well, I certainly think Hoyt had his nerve to be dragging in another bed patient," rasped Florence, "and a common kike at that! What does he think this is, an emergency ward? If *I'm* any judge of T. B., he's a bad hemorrhage case, and liable to spill one at any minute. That will be cheerful—especially if he passes out with one, and Heaven knows he certainly looks it!"

At the mention of a hemorrhage, Ray shrank under his blankets, and Caverly chortled, "Poor devil! Well, it's a damned sure thing he's no gladder to see this joint than the rest of us, and he'll wish he could bump off before he's through with it. Ha! He'll get a hell of a fine reception from the cuckoos! They were all set for a handsome gullible young millionaire that Larkin could knock off."

"He may fool all of us," I said, with a hypocritical optimism. "There's Darien . . ."

"Yes, but Darien is different," murmured Florence, and a soft, lovely music crept into her raspy voice.

"Darien is an angel," finished Grace Barr. She stared down into the valley dreamily, where long, trailing scarves of mist were drifting through the blue dusk. A wind stirred the maples, but it was a gentle, Spring-like wind, almost a sighing. The valley was always immortally lovely at this still hour, with its whispering lights so far away and the clear stars so fatally near, but it was the thought of Darien that suffused our hearts with an imperishable beauty too deep for words. Darien—so tragically young and intrepid, so fragile and flame-like, with her little shell of a body and her indomitable spirit; Darien, who laughingly told you that she had just learned to dance and talk at the same time last Winter—and then developed pneumonia; Darien, whose April eyes and unquenchable youth entered your heart like a blade when you knew she would never dance again, never flash by in her wisp of a party dress, her joy shining from her body as if it were an inward flame.

She was only eighteen, and when she came to the sanatorium a year ago she had been so desperately ill that Hoyt had told the nurses not to finish setting up her room, as in all probability she wouldn't live through the night. Her pale lovely features were like wax, her pulse the dimmest flutter,—she was breathing and that was all; and yet, through some hidden, secret reserve she had fought back; that power was so vivid in her now that it illumined her as if it were the fire at the heart of an opal. She would never be well—she sat propped upon her pyramid of pillows one hour of every day—but she was alive in a way that threw an enchanted glow over everything that surrounded her. Whenever you saw her, even after an absence of only a few hours, you were fired afresh, just as you were fired when you glanced at a flaming redbud or a garden in flower.

Tonight, as we drifted into her room from Florence's porch, she was sitting up in bed awaiting her supper tray, looking so sweet, so transparently lovely in her little quilted bed-jacket of primrose satin that she seemed unearthly.

"I hear the new patient's name is Isidore Kaplan," she said with a gay smile at Caverly. "What is he like?" Her voice was low, and yet remarkably clear and resonant.

"Well," laughed Caverly, "he looks like some of the pictures you've seen of Our Lord—or even more so, like one of those fiery old prophets you used to read about in the Sunday-school books. He's nobody's pretty boy, but I guess he's seen something of the world at that. I'm going to drop in on him the first time I can give the cuckoos the slip."

"That will be thrilling," she exclaimed, a faint flush staining the whiteness of her cheeks. "You let me know, Caverly, and I'll ring my bell and call the nurse on duty in here. Why," she added, with her little tipply laugh, "we might all do that in rotation, and then you'd be certain to get away with it!"

"That's the idea," he answered enthusiastically; "we'll stall her off between us, and she'll never be the wiser. Say, you Jimmy the Garms"—Jimmy the Garm was his favorite name for a kill-joy, a backslider—"are you going to sit back and let Darien do all the scheming for you? You're a fine lot of saps! Well, Dadie, you always could play rings around the whole lot of 'em." He spoke loudly and gruffly, so that she should not detect the sympathy that quivered beneath. Bereft of his gaudy profanity, which he never used in her hearing, he stood there awkwardly until the maid came in with the tray. "Well, guess I'd better be moving, and give you a chance at the grub. . . ."

Downstairs, on his way to his room, he paused in my door. "Say—that fellow Kaplan must be pretty badly off. Did you notice his skin? As dark as he was, it was kinda pale and transparent like he was made out of wax. It would be sorta tough if he'd kick in, with all these birds scared half to death. Did you ever see a fellow as low as Ray? I tell you, just between the two of us, I don't like his looks. His putting on so much flesh don't mean anything when he's got that drained look. Damn such a disease! I'm like Ray—it isn't so much a disease as it is a Christian punishment. Say—that little kid Darien gets me, kinda knocks me for a row of mazdas."

III

Caverly was taking the lamp—exposing his chest every day for fifteen minutes to the rays of artificial sunlight that poured down from the quartz lamp in the chart-room—and he had made good the opportunity to slip into Kaplan's room by the end of the week. We were awaiting him impatiently on Florence's porch, where an indescribably fresh breeze was blowing. It was the middle of March, and sweet, provocative scents of new-turned earth were in the air. Through the amber sunlight the valley was a hazy green and a farmer was clucking to a team of furry mules as they pulled a plow across the opposite hill.

"You might know Caverly would stay an age," Florence said, rather testily; "I wouldn't be surprised to hear at any time that he had developed a T. B. throat the way he jabbers!"

"I don't mind his talking so much," answered Grace, and shot up her pale eyebrows, "if *only* he wouldn't chew gum!"

"Well, Larkin and Mudge have certainly been on a rampage all week," remarked Ray gloomily. "You'd think this Kaplan could help being a bed-patient and demanding a little extra attention the way they yell about it. It gets on a fellow's nerves."

"I can't say that I blame them so much," asserted Florence sourly. "Hoyt had no business to drag in such an advanced case as he is—and a common kike at that!"

"God knows, if I'd had any idea it was anything like this," began Ray, "he'd never dragged *me*——"

"Who's getting ripped up the back now?" demanded Caverly from the door. He walked across the porch and stood staring down in the valley for what seemed an interminable while before he

wheeled about, and announced sharply, "I saw Kaplan."

"I suppose he strung out a long tale of woe," Florence drawled, with an assumed boredom. "It's a known fact that Jews are more excitable than any other race, and of course being a man he'd naturally make the most of his sufferings." Florence delighted to provoke an argument on her favorite thesis that women bore pain more quietly, more bravely than men, but she failed to get a rise out of Caverly this afternoon.

"No, he didn't," he replied, an edge of frost in his tone. "The poor devil says he's going to get well!"

"Well, that's nothing unusual," twittered Grace. "I thought all T. B. patients were supposed to imagine they were going to get well. Didn't he tell you anything more *personal* about himself?"

"He never even suspected he had such a thing," Caverly went on in a deadly voice, "until he dropped down behind the counter of his drug-store about a month ago with a hemorrhage. His wife put him to bed and got hold of Hoyt, and of course Hoyt ordered sanatorium treatment and shot him the usual bull. Kaplan says he told him he'd have to lay off for six months, but he swears he's going back to work on the first."

"Not the first of April!" interrupted Florence. "He must be out of his mind! I told you he was a hemorrhage case," she added triumphantly, "—and just imagine a hemorrhage case on exercise after a month!"

"Hasn't he a . . . a chance?" quavered Ray, wetting his lips nervously. A rigor passed through his body, and he drew his pale hands under his blankets.

Caverly shook his head. "He's licked, all right. But I'm damned, Ray, if I ever saw a fellow put up such a fight. He's in there fairly clawing the air for every breath and talking right on about getting back to the store on the first to wind up some business he's got on. God, he's nothing but skin and bones—can't raise his head off the pillow—but he's got a whole hell of a lot of grit. He's plenty wise, too. He's on to the cuckoos and the Old Boy hasn't got him fooled by a long shot. Oh, he knows he's licked, he's got that wild, gone look in his eyes, but he's fighting—fighting to a finish—"

"I'd say he was running a raving temperature, if you asked me," remarked Florence caustically. "All this talk about getting back to work on the first of April is simply the wildest nonsense!"

"It's no worse than a lot of other gush I've heard spilled around here," retorted Caverly. "He's not delirious by a long shot. I took a look at his chart in the chart-room just now and the highest temperature he's ever run was a 98.4!"

"Well, of course I don't pro*fess* to know anything about T. B. myself," argued Florence, with a faint smirk, "but all the authorities say that a subnormal temperature is more serious in some cases—especially a hemorrhage case—than a slight elevation."

"Oh, Caverly, *please* tell us what you saw on our charts," pleaded Grace in her most melting tones. "You know you took a peep at them!"

"I didn't get a line on anybody's but Ray's," he lied in a voice as smooth as honey. "The cuckoos had 'em all turned to the wall, and I was just getting his back when I heard old Mudge come romping down the hall." He paused, and met Ray's panicky glance with a deprecating laugh. "You've got no cause to mope, old man: you haven't jumped above the line in over a month now."

"Did you n-notice if it was *below* normal much of the time?"

"No, I'm damned if I did—but what the hell!—everybody's bound to have a slump every once in a while. If all this bull these birds are shooting off about a subnormal temperature being so dangerous is what is in the back of your head, you might as well check out now. Why, good God, man, it stands to reason they've got to yap about something, and if it isn't the danger

of running a high temperature, it's the danger of dropping to a subnormal. None of 'em know what it's all about, and as long as you're hitting around 98.6 it's the surest thing you're sitting pretty."

Caverly walked over to the railing and stood gazing across the valley, as he must have gazed out in the past over the sea. A veil of gray fog had obscured the green, and the wind that had flowed so warmly through the maples an hour ago was now disagreeably cold. The arms of the cure-chairs, the floor, even the blankets were clammy to the touch; a cold that penetrated to the very marrow and crept like a bitter frost into the mind. Leaning out into the wind, with his throat and chest perilously exposed, Caverly's tall, angular figure, for all his rakish attire, had a strange, inviolable dignity. He always took out his dark humors—and Florence had severely tried him this afternoon—in some foolhardy performance, in just such an idiotic splendid daring as exposing his chest to that icy blast. With anybody else it would have ended ignominiously and fatally, but he came out of it carelessly, heroically.

In Darien's room tonight, where the rest of us were shivering, he stood erect, defiant. "Well, we certainly pulled off our little stunt today, didn't we, Dadie? I had a long talk with Kaplan."

"You haven't told me how he is," she smiled up at him, an enchanting softness in her eyes and voice. She was wearing the primrose jacket again, and her exquisite little face bloomed above it like a flower when the sunlight touches it.

"Oh, he's feeling so cocky he's threatening to go back to work on the first. The Old Boy's got him laying pretty low, but he's the fightin'est man on the place! Well—here comes the hash, and I guess I'd better hump it. How's the old appetite? You're looking as fresh as a daisy in that pretty pink coat."

There was a log fire going in the reception-room below, and we stopped to warm our hands for a moment while the maid was setting up the trays. Caverly stood in silence, one sharp elbow resting on the gray stone ledge of the mantel, gazing down at the flames moodily. "Say—" he began, and broke off with a gesture of helplessness, of anxiety.

"That was pretty slick the way you lied about the temperatures," I murmured in as sprightly a tone as I could assume. "What was Ray running—a subnormal?"

"Say—" he hurried on, "he's got a hell of a looking chart! It looks like a mountain range, it's so uneven—and all *below* the line! Damned if I ever saw anything to equal it! Of course I don't bank too much on what these T. B. birds have to yap about it—they're all alarmists—but the fellow *looks* gone. He's getting that purplish look around the eyes like that poor devil Kaplan. I'm afraid he's licked; he won't go as soon as Kaplan, but he's licked—"

"Is Kaplan going so—so soon?" I asked, trying desperately to still the wild pulse that fluttered in my throat.

Caverly kicked at the log with his long pointed shoe; then, after a pause in which the last spark flickered out, he raised his strangely luminous blue eyes to my face. "His pulse is so rapid now the cuckoos have stopped trying to count it. He's just swinging on by his teeth. God, it sort of throws you to see a fellow put up a fight like that! Well, I guess we'd better tackle the grub. What the hell—hash again tonight!"

IV

The cold, slashing rains of the equinox had set in, and Florence's porch was like the storm-swept deck of a ship. The last day of March was damp and gray; from the downstairs porch you could reach up and touch the low-hanging clouds as they swept by, and the valley was obliterated in a sea of mist. "Damned if it doesn't look like snow," Caverly muttered, as he stared past my window at the writhing maples. "Can you beat it? That'll be a fine April Fool party!"

He settled back in the wicker rocker he always appropriated on the visits when he was feeling especially jumpy—rocking, he maintained, like chewing gum, steadied his nerves—and resumed the story he had been telling of the time his buddie, Joe Dunn, crawled through the torpedo tube of a water-logged submarine in New York harbor. In his younger days Caverly had built submarines with Simon Lake and gone down with them on thrilling trial voyages when the chances were even they would hit rock bottom, and he'd never see daylight again. He liked to remember those times on gray days like today, and Joe Dunn's escapade was a hell of a good story. . . .

"Some damned fool had left one of the hatches open," he explained with a spirited gesture of his long hands, "and of course the water poured into the compartment and logged her so she couldn't take off. Nobody could tell how far she was under, and Dunn volunteered to crawl through the torpedo tube, and take a look. God—that must have been a thrill—trapped in there like rats, eh? It was pitch dark outside, and Dunn said he couldn't make out a thing until he was half way through, and then, all of a sudden, there was a star twinkling as prettily as you please right at the end of the tube. God! He said that was one of the prettiest sights he'd ever seen, and for a moment all he could do was lay there on his stomach, blinking his eyes at it like a fool—"

He broke off suddenly, and strained forward in his chair, taut and listening. I could hear nothing at first, and then, outside the door, came a padded footstep and a subdued rustling; after a minute the rustling ceased and the footsteps padded off down the corridor. Caverly sprang up and eased the door open softly; he craned his long neck around it, then drew it in sharply.

"I thought that was what that cuckoo was up to," he muttered in a strangely stifled voice; "she's muffled the telephone!"

"Do you suppose—" I began, but an unbearable pressure weighted my chest until the words were choked off.

Caverly nodded, and gazed blankly out at the heaving sky. "I guess Kaplan's licked, poor devil. I thought he must be pretty low from the way the cuckoos have been hitting it up. They were popping in and out of his room every other minute this afternoon." He stood there for a minute, his head almost touching the ceiling of the boxy little room. "Well, I guess we'll put in a hell of a night, with old Mudge on duty, trolloping up and down the hall like a four-ton truck! Say—it's pretty tough, isn't it? Oh, I tell you, whatever else they are, they're comedians up above! Tomorrow's the first, you know—the day he'd counted on getting back on the job—and he'll roll out in the deadwagon instead. April fool! Can you beat it?" He shook his head, and fumbled for the knob; then, with a last look over his shoulder out of his luminous blue eyes: "And yet, there's no saying the poor cuss won't be better off dead at that. But the joke of that, after the fight he's put up just to hang on—! Say—let me put that window up for you before I go. Doesn't it seem kinda stuffy in here to you?"

The white walls were gray now in the deepening dusk; outside, the wind had died down to a whisper and a black silence hung in the maples. Suddenly, it seemed that silence had crept within the walls, spreading its wings like a great evil bird, and snuffing out even the little superficial sounds in the room: the squeaks the wicker rocker always gave out after Caverly had been rocking in it; the clicking of the radiator; the faint tap-tap of the curtain ring against the pane. Something had me by the throat; my heart, my hands were burning cold; that leaden, unbearable pressure was crushing in my chest again.

And then, swiftly, the room was drenched in light, and Mrs. Mudge was booming, "Did you think we had forgotten you? Here, Elmira, give me the tray—I can take care of it. There! Now, you're all

fixed. . . ." She stood back with her arms crossed above her broad bosom, her fleshy face creased in a fatuous smile. "See the apple-blossoms Miss Larkin picked for you! That young tree way down at the end of the orchard is in bloom, and she ran out just before supper and broke off enough to decorate the trays. I told her it seemed a shame to pull them in a way, but they *do* make a pretty decoration and I guess the cold would have nipped them anyway."

"They're lovely," I murmured faintly. Could she hear the stifled fear in my voice?

No—she was blinking at me with glassy eyes, her face still set in the waxen smile. "Can I do anything for you before I go, dearie?"

"No—no, thank you." And I was obliged to smile, in spite of the dim flutter in my throat, for the "dearie" bore so plainly the mark of a defense mechanism that was to carry her through the night that I could almost hear the wild thumping of her heart. Yes, she was afraid too. I felt it now as clearly as if there were another presence in the room. For a blinding moment, as our eyes met, something warm and sweetly comforting flashed between us, and then, as quickly, died away. With a little start she stiffened and turned toward the door, and I stared down at the apple-blossoms until their beauty seemed as unreal, as tragic as that fleeting moment. And, while I grew melancholy over the thought that nothing isolates human beings so cruelly as sharing a deathly fear, except, perhaps, the contemplation of such beauty as only a spray of apple-blossom can fling, I forgot that Kaplan was dying—I forgot to be afraid.

V

The snow had drifted into Florence's porch in soft, feathery mounds; from the depths of our cure-chairs the railing looked like a miniature range of the Sierras, and with every breath of wind, a shower of sparkling crystals rained down from the maples. The valley lay, half-buried, under a great plushy blanket, the road untraveled and dim, the little cluster of houses shrouded in pearly mystery. Above, the sky was a flaming blue and the sun shone down with a blinding brilliance, but it was a cold sun, without warmth or pity.

"A hell of a fine day for a fellow to wake up dead!" said Caverly philosophically. "Say—look at that rascally robin hopping along the drive. Isn't he a pippin?"

He had been gazing out over the valley, apparently in the most abstracted reverie, except—if you were watchful—for a covert glance every now and then at that dim ribbon of road.

"What do you mean—wake up dead?" quavered Ray, a sudden spasm of alarm contorting his face. "I—I thought this change in weather was just the thing for us."

"Well, I'm afraid Kaplan's licked, poor devil," Caverly answered in a strangled voice. "I heard a funny commotion in his room this morning just before daybreak."

"I don't believe it," said Florence airily. "You can't make me think he could put over anything as neatly as that. Why, I haven't heard a word of it! Grace, did *you* hear anything?"

"N-no, I didn't," twittered Grace hesitantly. She was always complaining that the least disturbance in the night awoke her, and she smiled rather sheepishly.

"Just what *did* you hear, Caverly?" demanded Florence. Her deep, throaty laugh gushed out.

"Well, if you're bound to know," replied Caverly with a stealthy glance at the road, "I heard a woman crying and calling 'Isidore! Isidore!'—that was Kaplan's name—and Old Hatchet Face from the third floor trying to shut her up. It was just before dawn and as still as the bottom of the sea. I could hear the cuckoo running back and forth like a house afire with every kind of stimulant the Old Boy had, I reckon, and then right after she had jabbed him—a low, gaspy breathing. He

was conscious right up to the end, and fighting like all forty! Old Mudge said he'd be hanging on yet, but his heart went back on him. I ran into her in the hall just after she'd got his people off—and can you beat it!—she was yelling about being left with the sack to hold, and how the poor devil couldn't have picked a more inconvenient time to die—if he had tried to! Ha!" He gave his short laugh, and leaning forward in his cure-chair, gripped his thin knees in his hands until the veins started out like cords. "Ha! Not if he had tried to! Can you beat that for a cuckoo?"

"It does seem sort of—sort of a coincidence," giggled Grace Barr hysterically; "the snow-storm and Hoyt's being away and all."

"Is it *ever* convenient for anybody to die?" I wanted to interpose gently, but the words fluttered in my throat.

"A hell of a lot of good the Old Boy could have done him!" Caverly exclaimed with a smothered violence; and then, with a brilliant smile at Ray, "but—what the hell! A hundred years from now, none of us will be kicking, eh Ray?"

"I was just thinking—I'm afraid they'll have a hard time . . . getting up the hill. . . ."

Ray's voice dropped into silence, and he gazed with a stricken look along the dim ribbon of road. Even as he gazed, a low, vibrant humming filled the air—a humming that was one and indistinguishable with the nameless, black tumult within. Far away, at the end of the valley where the road met the sky, a dark speck was dancing.

"Good God," he shuddered, "there comes something now!"

Against the white of the snowpiles the hearse came buzzing like a great shiny black beetle. It had an old body; it was an old fossil of a hearse with antiquated trappings and a dull coating of paint, but in all that landscape it was the only moving thing, and as it scuttled along the gleaming road it seemed the blackest, the most portentous object in the whole world.

"Nobody but that fool Jack Lewis would hit forty on that stretch of road," Caverly said with a mocking laugh. "Ha! You can't beat that name for a damned undertaker, eh? Jack Lewis!"

"He sounds like a prize-fighter," remarked Florence playfully; but a little pallor had crept under her dark skin. "Oh, of course, I know who he is: he's that dreadful person who *ad*vertises fine family funerals!"

"Sure he advertises," rejoined Caverly, "and he's made a pile of jack too. He may be hard-boiled, but it takes a tough one to play all the rules of that game. I'll lay you ten to one there wasn't another one of the damned birds in town today that would have tackled that road!"

"Oh, *please*, please be still," pleaded Grace Barr with a frantic movement toward the railing. "I want to *see!*" She scrambled from under her blankets and peered down through the maples like a famished crow. A shiver of excitement went through her body and her eyes were fishy orbs. "I've never seen one of those long baskets they carry people in before," she whispered avidly; "I want to see what it's *like*. . . ."

"Jesus!" groaned Caverly. He gave her an incredulous look out of his luminous eyes, and added softly, "Say—we ought to quiet down a bit. It wouldn't do for Darien to get on to this." He started to close the door leading into the corridor, and looked up blankly, for the door had already been closed, mysteriously, noiselessly. There was a breathless, deafening silence . . . the faint echo of muffled footsteps descending the stairs . . . the bang of the storm-door on the downstairs porch. It was all over in a minute. Footsteps, almost running now, across the porch; the click of the two little black doors at the back of the hearse as they opened and let the long, grayish basket in; a louder click as the little doors swung to; and then, the sharp, asthmatic sputter of the engine as it came to life again. With a clanking of skid-chains the wheels gripped the ruts, and the clumsy

ld black body shot down the hill. It was one in a flash. Only the thinnest blue veil f smoke lingered behind it—and a faint umming, so dim and far-away that it ight have been a dream.

We sat there, muffled in silence, staring fter it in a kind of trance, and, as always, t was Caverly who first summoned the ourage to speak. "Well," he sighed, and is tone was tinged with a sort of nguished bitterness, "that's the end of hat poor devil. I've always figured that when those birds took hold of you, and threw that old dirt in your face, you were licked—licked to a finish!"

Grace Barr uttered a little shocked cry. "How perfectly morbid, Caverly! Don't you even believe in immor*tal*ity?" She had crawled under her blankets again, and she looked up at him with wide, accusing eyes.

"I'm damned if I know what I believe in," answered Caverly. "But one thing I do know—that when I kick in this old world won't owe me anything!" He looked up through the maple branches to where a solitary star was burning redly in the darkening sky, and a flame seemed to leap in his strangely living blue eyes.

"Well, all I can say is that it serves Hoyt right for dragging in such an advanced case!" said Florence tartly. She got to her feet with a regal gesture that swept her blankets onto the floor, and stood with her head flung back, her lips curled up from her strong white teeth. Suddenly she sniffed the air, sharply, suspiciously. "What is that . . . awful odor! Do any of you smell it?"

The door leading into the corridor had been opened as mysteriously, as noiselessly again, and from it stole the suffocating, deathly sick odor of formaldehyde. It hung there, like an overshadowing cloud at first, and then stealthily it descended, cloaking, defiling everything. It touched you as hideously as a clammy finger; it blew its breath on you icy hot and burning cold; it crept into your brain like an evil fog, blinding you, chilling you through. It ceased to be an odor: it was a presence, an avenging spirit; more than any other reality in the world, it was death. . . .

"The cuckoos must be fumigating his room," choked Caverly. He seemed somehow taller and thinner than ever as he moved through the blue dusk. "You coming, Ray?"

Ray lifted a face as pale as ashes, and nodded dumbly. He struggled up from his cure-chair, but as he started across the porch, a quiver of weakness attacked his knees and he swayed there like a broken reed.

"Here, take hold of my arm," murmured Caverly; "if you sit in them long enough, those damned cure-chairs will cripple you so you can't budge!"

VI

Darien was sitting up in bed, a bloom of light from the rose-shaded, bedside lamp on her transparently lovely little face and pale hands. She had been cutting pictures out of a magazine, her dark head bent absorbedly to her task, and she looked so young, so radiantly fair and brave that a delicious warmth flooded our hearts again. She glanced up as Caverly entered the room, and exclaimed brightly, "Oh, you're the very one I've been wishing to see! Do you mind if I talk to Caverly alone tonight? I've a deep dark secret to tell him." She looked around at us, an unutterably sweet smile curving her lips, and we nodded blankly. As we shuffled out, she leaned forward and blew us a little kiss. I thought she had never seemed so gay, so gallant.

"Do you suppose she's caught on to anything?" worried Ray, in the bleak white gloom of the corridor.

"How on earth could she?" derided Florence with a curling of her short upper lip. "It's just one of her whims. She and Caverly are always carrying on some foolishness."

The fire in the reception-room had burned itself out, and I waited for Caverly in the violet dusk of the downstairs porch

where a clean breeze was blowing. He was not long in coming, but his step was slow, and when he sank down he dropped his head into his hands with a sound between a sigh and a groan. His eyes burned through the dark like blue flames, but for the first time since I had known him they seemed blind to beauty—even to the beauty of a perfect sunset beyond his beloved hills. He looked tired, beaten.

"Say—" he breathed at last, "what do you think Darien wanted? She's known about Kaplan all along—she didn't miss a trick last night—and she wanted to tell me so we could bluff it through, and never let on to the others. Can you beat it! It came pretty near getting me—you know—from a kid like Darien." He raised his head and gazed past the black fretwork of the maples to the mirage of a blood-red sea on the far horizon. "I told her Kaplan only had a touch of T. B.—that he died of heart failure," he went on in a flagging voice. "I hated like hell to lie to her, but what the hell—I tell you it's pretty awful: this old life has me licked sometimes—"

He broke off suddenly with a hopeless gesture, and yet something in his eyes, his queer luminous look told me that he was stirred. Life was cruel, meaningless—at best, nothing seemed to matter—but ahead of him in the windy dusk floated the lovely rainbow mists of the valley and a sky ecstatic with a million singing stars. That moment, in all its immortal beauty, would die too—it was life again that something must inevitably shatter it—but, until it was gone, it brushed his mood with the taint, not of death, but of desire. He would go on, as Ray and Darien and Grace Barr—as all of us would go on, fighting and praying and lying, in our separate and ignominious ways, until the end.

So—with that inescapable, wistful breath of Spring flowing about us, he turned and flashed me his old, winning smile. "Say—" he asked softly, "*you're* not feeling low, are you?"

And then, swiftly and mockingly, before I could answer, the moment in all its loveliness was shattered in the burst of jazz that sounded from the reception-room. Caverly threw back his head and uttered his short laugh. "Ha! The cuckoo thinks the gang needs cheering up—so she's treating 'em to a little jazz. Listen—you can't beat that! There's the answer. . . ."

And I stood there with him, while the last faint trail of crimson faded away, shaken between tears and laughter—listening to the despairing strains of "Goodbye, Mamma, I'm Gone"!

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Music

AARON COPLAND AND HIS JAZZ

By Isaac Goldberg

We speak of jazz as if it were a product of the Negro alone. True enough, its primary associations, like its rhythms, are black, deriving ultimately from the African Southland, but in the course of its filtration from the South to a small but noisy point called Manhattan Island it has undergone something decidedly more than a sea change. It reaches from the black South to the black North, but in between it has been touched by the commercial wand of the Jew. What we call loosely by the name is thus no longer jet black; musical miscegenation set in from the beginning, and today it would be a wise son if it knew its own father. Perhaps there is something more to this racial blend than the instinct of commercialization; it may be that the ready musical amalgamation of the American Negro and the American Jew goes back to something Oriental in the blood of both. The Nordic audience of These States has always been content to take its musical passions at second-hand, and in diluted measure; much of its thinly disguised, bovine love-making is manufactured for it, words and music, in Tin Pan Alley. Without Irving Berlin, Jerome Kern and George Gershwin, to mention but a few whose Negro ancestry is certainly questionable, the technique of contemporary love among *hoi polloi* would be sadly lacking in light and shade.

A goodly part, then, of what we know as jazz is Jewish. When staid university professors flirt with the hussy they produce only a highbrow hybrid; it is no more jazz than root-beer is whisky. Conservatory composers, nurtured in the hothouse of academicism, condescend to the fashion of the hour and imagine that by flatting a third here and there, and introducing a little syncopated free counterpoint, they have become musical desperadoes. But jazz is really born as well as made. Most of it, whether naturally born or created by the obstetrics of the laboratory, is downright bad. When it is good—and with comfortable frequency it manages to be good—it is so because it expresses, successfully, an attitude toward living. The college professor who would refine jazz, and the conservatory composer who would make it speak in grammatical accents, write music with a false bottom. They never say "ain't" and they always answer "It's I." Thus they are victims of the great fallacy in jazz—that it is, from its very nature, a vehicle for jest only. With jazz as they apprehend it, it is as with marriage on the Nordic stage: Thou shalt not treat it seriously.

Yet this is precisely the problem with jazz. Its rough-house piquancy, its musical cockneyism, its exotic accent, have lost their superficial appeal. They have been heard a-plenty on the street-corner and in the dance-hall; what we want to know now is whether jazz has a voice for the formal concert, which is another way of saying whether it can reach under the skin and above the feet. To think so is still to "insult" a respectable portion of our symphony audiences. The greatest of these "insults" has naturally been offered by the young man who seems to hold out the greatest hopes for a jazz that shall be music as well.

Aaron Copland is well on the sunny side of thirty and has, for several years, enjoyed a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic.

A Brooklynite by birth, a New Yorker by residence, he grew up in the very midst of our musical capital during the period when our popular song was tearing through its race from rag-time to jazz. This was his folk music and his cradle song. He does not come to it from the background of a millennial culture; therefore, not even unconsciously does he condescend to it. He weaves it into his writing as naturally as one employs the rhythms and accents of one's childhood. And just as naturally does he use the contemporary blend of tonalities and rhythms. This is not to say that he proceeds without the consciousness of experimentation, or that he has wilfully severed the lines that link him to tradition. He is a transition composer as certainly as is Mr. Gershwin in his more serious attempts, and shows all the faults that imperfect assimilation produces. He gropes; he finds evident difficulty in welding his material; he is, like so many of his young fellows, daunted by the structural problems that are inherent in his medium. But he has an individual voice and outlook.

He has, too, a sound conception of jazz as polyrhythm, or what we might call counterpoint of rhythms. He has expounded his views on this subject both as a theorist and as a composer. About polyrhythm itself there is surely nothing new; Copland has shown its contemporary application, however, more clearly than any other commentator on jazz rhythmics. The contrast of double and triple rhythms, as well as their combination in the same instrumental line, fascinates him quite as much as the concurrent employment of different keys. This peculiar rhythmic dissonance liberates a new vitality in the music as surely as does the use of contrasted tonalities. But if Copland emphasizes the polyrhythmic nature of jazz, his chief contribution to it has actually been a deepening of its emotional range.

This does not mean, necessarily, a harping on unrelieved sobriety. Copland's symphonic jazz has humor and vigor, sting and splash. It loses itself and finds itself. But it is more than shiny surface, and a cross section reveals dark grains in the wood. At first blush, jazz for the organ is musical as well as technical blasphemy, yet Copland's symphony for organ and orchestra has more than one moment of grandeur. He is not here hampered by a sense of incongruity, and he does not, like some, parody because he can neither paraphrase nor create in the new idiom. Copland is a serious youth; his jazz, even at its liveliest, is as earnest as a spiritual. And there we have the proper phrase: he has introduced into jazz a spiritual content. His frenzied percussion, his long melodic reaches, his orchestral blatancy, are not mere clamor. A young man is speaking, not in an adopted tongue, but in the only language he knows.

Jazz, always voluminous in breath, is congenitally short-winded. Hence the failure, thus far, of musicians like Copland and Roger Sessions to solve the problems of form that are raised by their material. Genuine expression they have achieved, but not a convincing coherency. The fact that they have achieved this expression in the deeper, slower movements of their work seems to promise that the formal difficulty, too, will eventually be resolved.

The important compositions of Copland, thus far, are his symphony for organ and orchestra; his "Music for the Theatre" (an orchestral suite); his concerto for piano and orchestra; and an unpublished ballet, "Grohg," consisting of three dances. As a favorite composer of Serge Koussevitzky, he has figured prominently on the programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; his star, in the ascendant with "Music for the Theatre," was—for a few critics and many of the public—considerably dimmed with the piano concerto. In New York a critic who wrote in his favor was accused of bribery; Boston, for weeks after the concerto, echoed with remonstrance and rage at what was repeatedly referred to as an insult to its public. Yet the concerto is a brave, original score, in

hich particular effects are subordinated an ambitious general design. It has the andon, but also the supplication, of its egro and Jewish origins; its first section most grasps at nobility, even as its sec- d scrapes against vulgarity. It is no ug in evening dress, however. In this mposition, as in Roger Sessions's sym- ony, the music that has grown out of zz—and, incidentally, outgrown it— hieves a status as a means of genuinely tistic expression.

Copland's "Music for the Theatre" is a usic of nervous tics, of harsh plangency, adolescent unrest. Of his ballet dances ne first and the third ("Dance of the dolescent" and "Dance of the Street- Walker") are something more than inter- sting experiments in polyrhythm and olytonality. They are, to the trained, nprejudiced ear, essentially a simple mu- ic. The concerto, on the other hand, is a ighly complicated work. After the press ots that greeted it in Boston and New ork, I was privileged to examine the rchestral score. It is a precise, careful ocument. Happening to discuss sym- phonic jazz with a leading Italian com- poser,—a man of considerable experience as a conductor in Europe and the United States,—I showed it to him. "This fellow is no amateur," was his comment. "He knows what he wants to say and how to say it. Most jazz composers are illiterate."

If jazz is to find its place in the more permanent repertory, the way seems to lie appreciably along the path over which Copland's experiments have taken him. It was appropriate that he should have been chosen, together with Henry F. Gilbert, to represent the United States at the International Musical Festival this year. Gilbert, long before the Gershwin-Whiteman régime, was using Indian and Negro themes in the production of a native music; Copland, ignoring totally the commercial and the more consciously nativistic aspects of the new style, made of it a personal idiom and at once gave new dimensions to the mode. He may still be regarded as an aim rather than an accomplishment, but he clearly has direction and momentum. Among the youngest of our composers, he is also among the most original.

Medicine

ASTHMA

By Mark J. Gottlieb

Asthma is not a disease. It means simply that something is wrong in the body. is a spasm of the muscles of the bronchial ubes leading to the lung, or it is a swell- ng of the mucous membrane lining the nner surface of the tubes. This spasm or welling does not greatly interfere with he entrance of air into the lungs, but does nterfere with it leaving them. It is fre- uently preceded by coughing. During the ttack there is much noise in the chest, and hat noise is best described by the word wheezing. The lips become blue, and if the ttack is severe and prolonged the entire ody may become the color of a blueberry. his color is due to the inability of the ufferer to ærate his lungs with fresh air.

To obtain more air, he may grasp the foot-rail of his bed and so bring all the outer muscles of his chest into play, or he may lean out of the window. At the end of the attack, a quantity of viscid mucus may be expectorated. The seizure is terrifying to the patient because of his feeling of impending disaster, but death rarely occurs, for the muscles of the bronchial tubes become exhausted in time and relaxation follows, terminating the attack. Asthma is very often associated with hives, eczema, hay-fever or spasmodic swellings of the face and hands.

The shortness of breath due to heart disease is quite different. In heart disease the difficulty in breathing is due to the inability of the heart to pump blood through the blood vessels of the lungs with sufficient rapidity to insure its proper æration. There

is no obstruction to the free movement of air. The breathing, in fact, is more rapid than normal. But the shortness of breath which occurs in severe kinds of kidney disease is very similar to that observed in asthma and is called uremic asthma. Such attacks are always associated with definite and marked abnormalities in the urine and blood.

The causes of asthma are many. They are divided in two great groups: those that lay the foundation for such attacks and those that precipitate them. Most sufferers from asthma are born with a tendency to it. It occurs in families and therefore may be said to be hereditary. But because of this fact, the sufferer should not feel inferior to persons not affected, for some of the most brilliant men and women in history have been asthmatics. The causes that precipitate attacks are numerous and varied, and may be roughly enumerated thus:

1. The patient may have an idiosyncrasy to foods, to animal hair, feathers or scales, to sachet powders, to certain tooth-pastes and powders, to bacteria, to pollens, or to drugs such as ipecac, aspirin, quinine, morphine or tobacco. The methods of determining this susceptibility are highly technical, but the tests are valuable when properly interpreted.

2. The attack may be due to some abnormality in the digestion of foods. Poisons may be formed, which, when absorbed, may cause a spasm of the muscles of the bronchial tubes, bringing on asthma.

3. Chronic infections, as in the nose or tonsils, or abscessed teeth, or chronic gall-bladder inflammation, or chronic appendicitis may so disturb the normal balance of the body cells as to produce an attack.

4. Climatic conditions may also produce attacks. Sharp and sudden changes of temperature and strong winds have been known to bring them on.

The peculiar constitutional make-up in the asthmatic cannot be altered, but the factors responsible for the attacks may be eliminated or the sensitiveness to certain substances may be so lowered by treatment that the attacks are prevented or markedly diminished. By this means the great majority of people suffering from asthma may be helped, and so the patient has a right to be optimistic regarding the possibility of relief, if he will only give his physician time and opportunity properly and systematically to investigate his case. This investigation should cover the following:

Tests of the patient's susceptibility or idiosyncrasy to the various poisons and other substances that cause asthma.
Examination of his nose, throat and teeth.
X-ray examination of his chest.
Examination of his stomach and intestines.
Examination of his blood, urine, sputum, stool and nasal discharges.

If the patient is found to be sensitive t chicken or duck feathers, his feather pi lows should be replaced by air pillows o pillows filled with silk floss. Should h react positively to horse dandruff, an ex tract of it, injected in gradually increasin doses, may be effective in arresting hi symptoms. Rabbit hair, which is a com mon cause of asthma, is often used in stuff ing quilts and upholstery. It should b eliminated as far as possible from the en vironment of the sufferer. If this cannot b accomplished, an extract of rabbit hai used in the same manner as the horse dan druff extract, will be efficacious.

If the asthmatic is found to be sensitiv to one or more foods and they can b eliminated from his diet, the problem i easily solved. When, however, he is sus ceptible to foods which are constantly used in cooking, such as milk, eggs, o wheat, the business is not so simple. The offending food should not be eaten. In addition, some method of rendering the patient less susceptible to it must be used. One method is to dilute it to a point where no symptoms occur after administration by mouth, and then gradually increase the dose by mouth until a tolerance for larger quantities is developed. But this does not work as well as giving an extract of the food by injection under the skin in gradually increasing doses.

If no susceptibility is discovered, or if, on the elimination of a substance to which the individual is found sensitive, symptoms still continue, a vaccine of the bacteria found in the sputum and nasal discharge, and possibly in the intestinal contents also, may be given in gradually

creasing doses. This treatment very often ps the attacks, but it may have to be peated. In the event of failure of the two asures mentioned, it is a good plan to ke an effort to remove all possible rces from which pus or its products y be absorbed by the body. If any of the vities adjoining the nose are infected, ey should be opened and drained. If the nsils are diseased, they should be re-oved. Should disease be found around the eth, it should be eradicated, and so on wn the line.

If no result is obtained by this last pro-dure, there is still another form of treat-ent which should be given a trial. This called non-specific therapy. It consists injections of peptone, typhoid vaccine, iled milk and numerous other prepara-ons. All these produce fever. Some give ills first, followed by fever. The results e often surprisingly good. All these de-ces may be combined with exposing the dy to artificial sunshine and regulating e diet in accordance with the findings of e chemistry of the blood. It may be cessary to have the intestines irrigated twice weekly with physiological salt solution.

As a last resort the patient should move to another climate. But it is unwise to change the location if all causes are not eliminated first. For instance, it would be unreasonable of a mother whose child was suffering from a sensitiveness to eggs to move to a new location and still continue to feed the child eggs. Certain drugs are useful during an attack. One of the most useful of these is adrenalin chloride, given under the skin. But it should not be given if the heart is weak or the patient is suffering from hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. Morphine takes the terror out of an attack of asthma, but its use should not be encouraged, as it is a habit-forming drug.

The inhalation of the fumes from the burning of stramonium leaves and potassium nitrite gives a great deal of relief for the immediate attack. These drugs form the basis for all asthma powders. But the patient should beware of cure-alls. His physician is always the best guide to the proper course to pursue.

ADVOCATUS DIABOLI

BY ADOLPH E. MEYER

When, on a frigid day in January, 1855, the Rev. Noble Brann emitted his humble thanks to God for having hallowed his household with an infant son, the good gentleman little realized that God was in an ironical mood, and that he was being pitilessly duped. For, despite the purifying insulation of a pious paternal environment, the new-born William was destined eventually to enroll as a shameless disciple of Satan. Tragically and unwittingly the lad's mother played a part in bringing about his unforseen apostacy. Her untimely death, when he was but two-and-a-half years old, completely disrupted the Brann home. So thoroughly, indeed, did it demoralize her reverend relict that he found himself unequal to the task of rearing little Willy, so the boy was handed over to Pa Hawkins, a laborious peasant of Coles county, Illinois, and a good Christian of the sterner, straight-laced variety. For the next ten years William stayed with his foster-father. It was a decade of toil and while it rolled wearily on the boy gradually learned that while Pa Hawkins was without question a God-fearing man, he was nevertheless much more appreciative of the immediate needs of his hogs and horses than of the remoter surgings of adolescent boyhood. So, one dark night, William Cowper Brann quietly slipped away.

Endowed with the peculiar vocational versatility that has been typical of nearly every self-made American, young Brann confidently started upon his life career as a bell-boy. From that profession he emigrated in more or less rapid succession to the status of painter, grainer, drummer, printer, reporter, editorial writer, an finally owner of his own periodical. Mean while, he undertook the task of filling i the rather conspicuous holes of a neglecte education. These were large, for Pa Haw kins had never been more than a lukewarn friend of learning. Brann's pursuit of cul ture was, however, without the friendl help of the handy night-school, or corre spondence-school, both now so common Thus he was thrust into the dual rôle o learner and teacher. After a fashion thi self-instruction of his was successful. Fo today his collected writings require dozen volumes to hold them, and hi vocabulary is rated as larger than that o any other writer ever heard of South of th Potomac. The reader who dares to ap proach him without a dictionary of phras and fable at hand is either very learned o very foolhardy. Brann was a colossa reader, and he had a perfect memory.

Of the various vocations at which h tried his hand that of the newspaper ma made the strongest appeal to him. Gradu ally he worked up a considerable reputa tion as an editorial writer on the smalle Illinois papers. Then he wandered to Mis souri, where he wielded his pen for th benefit of the once-eminent St. Loui *Globe-Democrat*. Finally he landed in Texas In the Lone Star State there were, at tha time, hardly more than three newspaper of any appreciable glory. In point of new the Houston *Post* and the Galveston-Dalla *News* ranked first, and of the two, the *Po* was the more stalwart. It was the favore journal of the haughty Houston *noblesse* and was immaculately conservative. Be side its news items, it also ran the usua

ssortment of patent-medicine announce-
ients, church notices, and editorial moral-
ings. When occasion demanded there
as included a directory of Houston's red-
ght district, with the names and ad-
resses of the more prominent madames
nd their internes. Brann joined the *Post*,
nd soon his pen earned for him the title—
ut not the salary—of chief editorial
riter. But for so conservative a journal
is outlandish views, expressed as they
ere in a lush and scintillating lingo, were
ne source of frequent annoyance and no
nconsiderable embarrassment. Stirring up
esspools and allowing the resultant
tenches to shock the squeamish was ever
ne of his delights. Fortunately for the
wners of the *Post*, their chief editorial
riter was already a Benedict with a
amily, and thus for a time at least his
uperiors were able to keep him within
ounds with the cudgel of threatened dis-
issal. But the patience of even a Benedict
ith a family has its limits, and so, finally
orn weary by the constant necessity of
hecking his opinions to suit those of
omebody else, Brann quit the "fecular
Post." This was in 1891—the time when,
s he calls it, he suddenly "became preg-
ant with an idea." Concerning this un-
sual predicament he later said:

> Being at that time the chief editorial writer on the Houston *Post*, I felt dreadfully mortified, as nothing of the kind had ever occurred before in that eminently moral establishment. Feeling that I was forever disqualified from the place by this untoward incident, I resigned and took sanctuary in the village of Austin, and as swaddling clothes for the expected infant I established the *Iconoclast*.

II

n July of the same year appeared the first
ssue of the *Iconoclast*. It is doubtful whether
he good people of the "village of Austin"
ave ever quite recovered from the shock.
ritical opinion at the time was almost
ndivided. Only the Austin *Statesman*
howed any leniency. It saw the new
nonthly's mission as an attempt "to make
large quantity of Sheol, and to make a
good sized portion of the human race wish they or it had never seen the light of day." Brann's paper, said the *Statesman*, "strikes at pretty much everything it sees and at quite a number of things it don't (*sic*) see, but imagines it does, and it strikes below the belt with both hands, and doesn't scruple to use its teeth." There were many other more caustic and also several more grammatical objections and on the whole, there was little doubt that the inhabitants of Austin did not care very much for the *Iconoclast*. For a time Brann stuck to his guns, but soon his lack of cash forced him to suspend publication.

He returned to the *Globe-Democrat* in St. Louis, but stayed only long enough to become initiated into the mysteries of the lecture platform. Then the deserts of Texas called him once more. This time it was to San Antonio, where he proceeded to serve a couple of years as editor of the *Express*. Here, again, he raised the ire of numerous readers—especially of the gentlemen of the cloth, who did not relish his pronouncements that "too many preachers imagine that a criticism of themselves is an insult to the Almighty," and that a certain well-known Baptist divine was "not even an itch bacillus." On the Houston *Post* such malicious persiflage would certainly have wrought its author's immediate dismissal. On the *Express*, however, matters were somewhat different. Not that its owners were more tolerant or more fearless. Theirs was merely a better business sagacity. For, after all, hundreds of sinful readers bought the *Express* simply to enjoy the heretical shots of its editor. And so the owners did the wise thing—for their pocket-books: openly they remonstrated with their fiery money-getter, and secretly they supported him.

Brann's services as a lecturer were now in great demand, for the infidels of those wastes had all heard of him. With ever increasing profit he discoursed to them on "Gall," "Humbug," and "Iconoclasm." By 1894 he had apparently lost all save a nominal interest in the idea with which

he had once been so scandalously pregnant. Now, for a consideration, he relinquished even this little. Before the end of the year he sold his disused printing press and the name *Iconoclast* to O. Henry, then a druggist's clerk at Austin, but already full of literary yearnings. Only two numbers were ever issued by the new owner. Then, of a sudden, the editor of the *Express* once again became pregnant with his idea. The fact that O. Henry had transformed the once bitter *Iconoclast* into a humorous weekly may or may not have been one of the causes of his relapse. At any rate Brann repurchased his paper, and by February, 1895, he moved to Waco and resumed its publication. He called it, sardonically, "The Official Organ of the Texas Ministers."

Brann believed, and very shrewdly, that for his business of assailing quacks and shams no more suitable place than Texas existed. Once, when he was asked to "touch up those intolerant Jerseyites" he preferred to be excused on the ground that "Texas can furnish forth more hidebound dogmatists, narrow-brained bigots and intolerant fanatics in proportion to the population than can any other section of these United States." The *Iconoclast* was not revived with the expectation that it would "drag the Golden Age in by the ears or pull the millennium before it is ripe." No, Brann merely hoped that "if it can but recover a few square acres of Mother Earth from the domain of Falsehood and Folly . . . it will not have lived in vain." And so unmolested now by decorous superiors, he gave full blast to his unbridled heresies. At once he found himself in bitter conflict with the ancient stock company of preachers, pedagogues, and other such obscurantists. They vilified him with Christian passion and charged him with being a shallow attitudinizer. But as usually happens in such instances, the *Iconoclast* steadily waxed stronger and more buxom, and though it cost more than ten times the price of an ordinary paper, nevertheless within three years it was able to attain a circulation of ninety thousand. It was almost devoid of advertising, had no covers, and contained no illustrations. Right, indeed, was the befuddled Waco critic when he described it as "as much a miracle as the parting of the Red Sea."

Which side Brann would take on any question no one could ever accurately foretell. The safest guess was that it probably would be the unpopular side. Thus he proceeded to tell his readers that "Alexander of Macedon was the most miserable failure known to human history—with the possible exception of Grover Cleveland." He hurled his thunderbolts, too, at the then popular "Quo Vadis." which he called a "mental moon-calf," which, where "it is not morally corrupt and bestially bad, is either puerile or blasphemous." Upon "Trilby," then being devoured by all the Texas *intelligentsia*, he bestowed a similar order of merit. He hauled out his full artillery against "Fake Journalism," such as he had encountered in the sanctum of the "Holy Houston *Post*." He scoffed at the Monroe Doctrine: "Uncle Sam's promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine proves him a fool; Europe's frantic objection to it demonstrates that she is a knave." His diatribes against the advocates of drought, while dreadfully archaic to-day, were new and original in his own age. "The Prohibs," he told his customers, "probably mean well, but they are incapable of learning, even in the school of experience, that just so long as whisky is made, it will be drunk—that Prohibition means simply a poorer brand of booze." For the frills and fancies of the fashionable world he had little use, and nothing enraged him more than the marriage of American money to a foreign title. At such times he would become almost frantic. Thus, when the American democracy was swooning with plebeian delight while the Duke of Marlborough and Consuelo Vanderbilt were preparing themselves for the wedding of the season, the editor of the *Iconoclast* made so bold as to inquire "who the devil these two were." Without waiting for a reply

e proceeded to announce that the Duke as "a tough of toughs who has a head ke a Bowery bouncer and the mug of an e who has met with an accident." As r the bride, she was "a long, gaunt, inny young female whose face would ighten any animal but a pauper Duke."

But Brann's heaviest cannonading was ved for those consecrated Christian men ho still harry the poor South. He de-nded the Jews and refused to denounce ne Catholics, and thus laid himself open the ancient charge of being a Jesuit in isguise. He denounced and ridiculed the nerican Protective Association, an anti-atholic organization which long ante-ated the Ku Klux Klan, the Bible rusaders, and the Methodist Board of emperance, Prohibition and Public Mor-ls. Taking up the Bible itself, he excori-ted what he called its lies, absurdities, nd obscenities. He defended Potiphar's ife and poked fun at the "he-virgin, oseph." About Jonah he said that there emed to be plenty of "pictures of the rophet walking ashore, with the lower w of the whale for a gang-plank. The odak fiend seems to have been waiting r him, but the ubiquitous interviewer iled to get in his graft." The broadside hich bowled over every Christian minded habitant of the Lone Star State portrayed hrist secretly returned to earth and the ilieu of hypocritical Texas.

III

ut in ripping out the Bible's defects the ditor of the "Great Religious Monthly" id not restrict himself to the use of itriol. Sometimes the pace of his pen ould become less scorching. It is such oments that his apologists had in mind hen they used to speak of his religion. hus he would burble:

> What matters it whether we call our Creator Jehovah or Jupiter, Brahma or Buddha? Who knoweth the name by which the seraphim address him? Why should we care whether Christ came into the world with or without the intervention of an earthly father? Are we not all sons of the Most High God—"bright sparkles of the Infinite?" Suppose that the story of the Incarnation (older than Jerusalem itself) be literally true—that the Almighty was the immediate father of Mary's child: is not the birth of each and all of us as much a mystery, as great a "miracle," as though we sprang full-grown from the brow of Olympian Jove?

Speaking of God, he once affirmed: "I seek to know nothing of His plans and purposes. I ask no written covenant with God, for He is my Father. I will trust Him without requiring priests or prophets to indorse His note." There is obviously an echo of Ingersoll here. And there is another in this:

> I know nothing of the future: I spend no time speculating upon it—I am overwhelmed by the Past and at death grips with the Present. At the grave God draws the line between two eternities. Never has man lifted the somber veil of Death and looked beyond.

Brann was very proud of his self-acquired learning and loved to heave classical allusions at his audience. In a single passage he mentioned Diana's bosom, Memmon's matin hymn, Zephyrus' musky wing, the Rubicon, and Gehenna's sulphurous hills. On a single page he cited Goethe, Shakespeare, Dante, and Byron. His style, when he spat on his hands, became a weird mélange of Ingersollian oratory and Elbert Hubbard's worst babble:

> In a city beyond far seas there dwelt a youth who claimed not land nor gold, yet wealthier was than sceptered sovereign, richer far than fancy ever feigned. The great round earth, the sun, the moon and all the stars that flame like fireflies in the silken web of night were his, because garnered in the salvatory of his soul. And the beaded dew upon the morning-glories, the crimson tints of dawn, Iris' bended bow and all the cloth-of-gold and robes of purple that mark the royal pathway of the descending sun; the perfume of all the flowers, the bulbul's sensuous song, and every flowing line that marks woman's perfect form he hoarded in his heart and gloated as a miser does his gain. And the youth was in love with life and held her to his heart as God's most gracious gift.

His customers wallowed in this rubbish. But they liked him best, perhaps, when he was on the other tack:

> Mrs. Bradley-Martin's sartorial kings and pseudo-queens, her dukes and Du Barrys, princes and Pompadours, have strutted their brief hour upon

> the mimic stage, disappearing at daybreak like foul night-birds or an unclean dream—have come and gone like the rank eructation of some crapulous Sodom, a malodor from the cloacæ of ancient capitals, a breath blown from the festering lips of half-forgotten harlots, a stench from the sepulcher of centuries devoid of shame. Uncle Sam may now proceed to fumigate himself after his enforced association with royal bummers and brazen bawds; may comb the Bradley-Martin itch bacteria out of his beard, and consider, for the ten-thousandth time, the probable result of his strange commingling of royalty-worshipping millionaire and sanscullotic mendicant—how best to put a ring in the nose of the golden calf ere it become a Phalaris bull and relegate him to its belly.

Toward the end of his life Brann's lectures were drawing full houses, with the "Standing Room Only" placard hung out. Everywhere he went he was stormed by ecstatic admirers. It was one of his special delights to flaunt his success in the face of the Texas pastors, who were tortured by the problem why the Almighty did not strike down this fiend from Hell. To his friends, Brann was sometimes serious and sad. "I am only a fad," he once said. "I'll pass away when my vogue is done." Like Ingersoll, he made the Bible as popular as a new novel. The more he trampled upon it, the more the pious would dash to its defence. Again like Ingersoll, the Advocate was the possessor of a crude but killing repartee. To a certain A. L. Jenks, who once was so bereft of reason as to rush to the editor of the *Iconoclast* a criticism of his grammar, Brann replied: "Thanks, Jenks. Even the best of us will inadvertently get over on the haw side of the median line in our syntax sometimes, and I am so grateful to you for setting me right that I will not only put your name in print and immortalize you as the prize jackass of your day and generation, but tell you a little story—in the humble hope that all your busy tribe of professional grammar sharps and pestiferous pismires will profit by it."

Obviously, these antics were in time almost certain to kindle a homicidal mania in their Christian victims. No self-respecting protagonist of the Confederate brand of Christian charity could ever have been expected to love such an enemy as Brann. Here he was defaming the noblest ideals that immaculate Texas had ever cherished. "The Lord never yet 'called' a preacher to serve for a smaller salary," he announced. And to this he joined the remark that "America sends missionaries to the philosophic Hindus—and licenses houses of prostitution." And that "a Christian world does not remember that the Jews gave birth to Christ, but never forgets that they crucified Him." The good Baptists he humiliated with the taunt that "they were not held under water long enough." And he wrote this:

> When a priest or preacher lets slip a curse at those who presume to question the supernal wisdom of his creed, the angels are supposed to flap their wings until Heaven is filled with flying feathers, while every blatant jackass who takes his spiritual fodder at that particular rick unbraids his ears and brays approvingly.

IV

Sudden and unheralded, an opportunity for Christian reciprocity presented itself. Providence, in its infinite wisdom, was all the while on the side of the saviors of Texas. So it sent them a so-called fugitive nun and an ex-priest by the name of Slattery. These stopped at Waco, where they were received with gusto by the local Protestant divines. Lectures of enlightenment were organized and many a hard-earned Baptist and Methodist dollar flowed into the coffers of this quaint couple. For its money, however, the audience demanded a fair exchange. And so Slattery and his "nun" did their best to paint a harrowing picture. Convents were depicted as bagnios, wherein the sisters were the mistresses of lecherous priests.

One night Brann was present at one of these pious gatherings, and when the exposition grew amicably warm and titilating, he was lamentably incapable of exercising Christian self-control. So he jumped from his place, and, pointing his finger at Slattery, shouted: "You lie and you know

it, and I refuse to listen to you." Then he tried to go home. But the Baptist throng objected. It aspired to finish Brann on the spot. Unfortunately, however, the Waco police were on the job, and so he was saved.

Eager for a return match under somewhat more equitable conditions, Brann, soon thereafter, hired the same house, where at his own expense he replied to Slattery. The ex-priest's threat that he would sue Brann for libel met with defiance and reviling. He denounced Slattery as "a malicious liar and a blatant bully" who had been kicked out of his priestly job for immorality. The "ex-nun" consort, moreover, Brann exposed as an artless *fille de joie* whose only institutional environment had been, not a convent, but a Canadian reformatory. Slattery and his "nun" suddenly evaporated without waiting to press the charge of libel. The Baptists felt that they had been horribly duped.

But to trick the pious is a dangerous game. Their resentment was transferred to Brann. The next time, assuredly, the police would use saner judgment. And the next time soon came. It started at Baylor University, a citadel of Baptist higher learning and the pride of Waco. A fourteen-year-old Brazilian girl, brought to Baylor as the ward of the Baptist Church, was outraged by the brother of the son-in-law of Baylor's president. At once Brann fired off one of his tremendous shots: "Baylor in Bad Business." The victimized girl, he said, "cannot cast a single vote" but the "Baptist Church holds the political destiny and offices of this judicial district in the hollow of its hand. Of course she may get justice—but it's a hundred to one shot." Hardly had this prognostication been set in print, when the brother of the son-in-law of Baylor's president was liberated without trial. Now the Idol Smasher banged off a whole broadside:

> The Baptists will continue to send missionaries to Brazil to teach the heteroscian heathen what to do with their young daughters, and the godly people to rail at prize-fighting as a public disgrace —while Antonia Teixiera clasps her fatherless babe to her childish breast . . . and wonders if God knows there's such a place as Texas.

That night a group of male Baylor partisans visited Brann. With them they brought ropes and revolvers, for it was their mission to defend "the honor of Southern womanhood," which, they maintained, he had shamelessly traduced. With the connivance of the police these young Galahads dragged the traducer of Southern womanhood out upon the campus of their Baptist alma mater. There it was their intention to hang him. But after a while better counsels prevailed—or was it Brann's luck? Whatever it was, the defenders of Southern womanhood were content to appease their indignation by administering a merciless clubbing. Then they made Brann sign an apology for his alleged offence. Finally, after forcing him to promise to quit Waco the very next day, they permitted him to go home.

The next day came and with it the anticipation of Brann's promised exodus. In the interim, however, the editor of the *Iconoclast* had thought things over, and he had come to the conclusion that with his departure Waco would lose the major portion of its charm. Consequently, instead of keeping faith with the chivalrous youths who had treated him so magnanimously the night before, he resolved to be a dutiful citizen rather than an upright gentleman. So he hobbled to his sanctum, where he enjoyed "the first holiday in fifteen years" by telling his readers:

> I have been publicly warned on pain of death, and Heaven alone knows what hereafter, not to speak "disrespectful" against Baylor; but I feel in duty bound to caution parents against committing their children to such a pestiferous plague-spot, such a running sore upon the body social.

To this he added that he hoped Baylor would not continue to manufacture ministers and Magdalens. An uproar followed, and this time Brann was beaten up by three adult defenders of Southern womanhood. But again his good fortune saved him from death.

Twice, now, he had been in the clutches of the pious. Twice he had returned from his punishment, refreshed and revitalized, ready to give back much more than even measure for what he had received. Such a game, however, was obviously bound to be a losing one. For one thing, Texas swarmed with Baptists, and all of them were more than eager to do their share. For another thing—and this is perhaps somewhat more important—Texas was not bothered by such foolishness as a concealed weapons law. Then there was Tom E. Davis, a bulwark of Baylor and a social pillar, about whom Brann once wrote that "he was the kind of a dog who wouldn't hesitate to shoot you in the back." These words were prophetical. One late April afternoon in 1898, when Brann was strolling downtown, he felt the sudden burn of a bullet in his back. Before he completely kicked over, however, he had a chance to face his foe, and to empty his own revolver into him. When the danger was over, the police arrested Brann, who, though well punctured, was still half conscious. During the night both men died.

Waco now heaved a sigh of relief. The newspapers lauded the great "courage" of Tom Davis, "whose loyalty to the town and whose devotion to his family brought about his premature and unfortunate demise." The *Times-Herald* openly avowed its veneration for him, "though it makes no war upon the dead." Upon the bier of Davis, it said, "we will lay the myrtle of never-dying remembrance. Over the coffin of the other let the mantle of forgetfulness rest." Another journal with the word *Christian* at its head explained that Brann had been killed "because he had slandered his slayer's daughter," that, of course, it regretted the bloodshed, but that there was such a thing as "an unwritten law which required the death of a man who would slander the female relatives of another." Baylor also "regretted the bloodshed." Yet since its fallen foe had cast off no eleventh hour repentance, it was "sure that no women would attend the funeral, and that no flowers would be sent." Its prediction, however, was somewhat erroneous, for "hundreds of men and women who had no carriages walked from his home over two miles to the cemetery." And as to flowers, "no greater profusion was ever seen on any other grave in Waco, or, perhaps, in Texas."

Brann was not a hero. Many, and perhaps most of his utterances were unalloyed nonsense. His attitude towards the Negro was worse than even the traditional stand of the Southerner. But in his main activity as a smasher of fakes and shams, he did what should have been a useful work. His efforts, however, came to naught. Texas is worse today than it was before he began. His prediction that he was only a vogue, and that after his death he would be forgotten, has been turned into truth.

THE SACRED POESY OF THE SOUTH

BY CLAY FULKS

Those bilious Eastern critics who are scornful of the scarcity and contemptuous of the quality of literary production in the South have strangely overlooked one prodigious output of the artists of that great section. I refer to the voluminous, consecrated writings of the Fundamentalist prophet-bards who rage and roar from the Potomac to the Gulf. This host of psalmists flourishes throughout the South and, when not driven by the cruel requirements of the flesh to hoe cotton or waste time in other worldly pursuits, its members lift their lays to the Saviour and teach singing-schools. In the more bucolic communities they bear with becoming gravity the impressive title of professor; and throughout vast areas the names of Professors Patton, Perry, Showalter, Mosley, Eagle and scores of others are household words. Dozens of Southern publishing concerns pour forth perennial floods of their lyric verse, flavored with home-made choral music; the anthologies thereof are almost as numerous as Autumn leaves. So there is little excuse for the ignorance of contemporary Southern letters betrayed by, say, Messrs. Van Doren and Krutch. The most casual survey of Southern hymnody should moderate the judgment of those who rashly conclude either that the South has no literary genius or that her Miltons are mute and inglorious.

The rustic Southern literati could, no doubt, write heavy scientific treatises, terrible fiction, and profound secular histories if they wanted to. But why, they argue, clutch at the cheap, ephemeral honors of this world? Why trifle with the vain inventions of impious men when they may be laboring in the vineyard of the Lord? Why grieve the Spirit by bowing to strange Baals? This deliberate rejection of science and its handmaiden, prose, is exemplified by the eminent poet, Loy E. Foust, who, after abjuring fiction and the other foibles of the learned world, exclaims:

> Take all your science, you old monkey man,
> Deny, if you will, the great creation plan;
> Just follow the Devil, for he loveth the crook,
> But give me the blessed old Book!

Nor does any prostituted Muse or hireling bard pollute the sacred scroll on which their poetry is writ. They sing:

> Lord, I care not for riches,
> Neither silver nor gold,

and,

> Here to earthly fortune I
> Have forever said good-bye.

Another eminent poet, Lethal A. Ellis, in "Is There a Dollar Mark on Your Soul?" thus portrays the meanness of the acquisitive spirit:

> Some will live in great want and need,
> Thinking only of gain and greed,
> And cheating both the young and old;
> They have heard the orphant's cry,
> With a frown they've passed them by,
> For they had that dollar mark on their soul.

These holy Southern troubadours invoke only the sacred Muses; they sing the glad, immemorial songs of Jehovah and the Holy Ghost, of Moses and the Lamb. No infantine jingles about sixpence and pockets full of rye; no voluptuous, unseemly songs about peeping at Susie; no Lydian lyrics of women and wine; no epics of any doughty heroes save soldiers of the cross; in short, no mere worldly themes engage their gen-

jus. It is God and His attendant angels; the birth, ministry, crucifixion, resurrection, ascension, and final second coming of Christ; the miraculous efficacy of the blood of the Lamb; the simplicity of salvation through repentance and faith; and advertisements of realty in New Jerusalem,—it is such things that form the burden of their lays. These lays are now rarely heard, as of old, in the mournful minor key so melting to mothers-in-Israel; they are usually crashed out in golden major, often with the sprightly movement of the rigadoon. Unconsciously influenced by a more optimistic age, the latter-day ghostly poets sing with cheerful confidence of harps and crowns and jeweled robes, of noisy jubilees on high, of interminable parades along golden streets, of impressive coronation ceremonies, of high-pitched hosannas and rolling anthems; seldom of the horrors of Hell. The slow, croaking, lugubrious hymn of other days has, in many instances, been jazzed up to a lively fox trot. The old-time reverential awe of God the Father is still discernible—He still retains something of the character of a long-whiskered judge—but the Son, so popular now in Rotarian and Kiwanian circles, is treated in a spirit of easy camaraderie. This familiar fellowship with the Son is, indeed, a dominant note in Southern hymnody. Thus Prof. Ramsey, in "The Heavenly Highway," jubilates in a tempo approaching that of the hornpipe:

> When my journey on earth is ended,
> And my soul unto God ascended,
> And I go to receive my *just* tho' *small* reward;
> First of all I would see my Saviour
> Not to ask of Him any favor,
> But to walk on the heavenly highway with my Lord.

Of the sojourn of Christians here on earth two different views are held by the sacred bards. According to the more pessimistic they are sad and lonely aliens, overwhelmed with a load of care, passing through a heartless, hostile world, bearing meekly the whips and scorns of time and the proud man's contumely in addition to the regulation cross which every Christian must bear. One poet, the Rev. B. B. Edmiaston, thus makes moan:

> We are pilgrims here in a foreign land,
> And to us its disappointments often come.

To which Prof. Lethal A. Ellis adds:

> The world is rushing onward in folly and neglect,
> It's running wild in danger for the Saviour they neglect;
> The dollar and the ball-room are leading them astray,
> For the blessed Bible tells us that Jesus is the way.
>
> Their treasures are their pleasures with all its worldly fame,
> No thought of how the measure may land them down in shame;
> To dwell in Hell forever with all its agony,
> Oh, what an awful homage to spend eternity!

But the optimist school sings in a different key. The poets of this school regard themselves and their fellow-Christians as proud conquerors, easily subduing the world with the sword of Gideon and shouts of exultation. Thus Prof. James Rowe:

> There are sounds of triumph ringing in the air,
> High and proudly waves the flag unfurled,
> Happy throngs are marching in the love-light fair,
> For the mighty Saviour takes the world.

To which one Prof. Biggs adds:

> We're marching forth to battle
> 'Gainst the host of sin
> An army great and strong,
> We'll triumph over wrong,
> For Christ our loyal Captain
> Sure will see we win!

II

These inspired bards keep up with all the latter-day metamorphoses of the Christian gods. Christ, especially, is not only anthropomorphic in their compositions, but metamorphic as well. While He rarely assumes any form other than the human, He plays many rôles in that form. He is a captain of infantry, the captain of a ship, a ship's pilot, a shepherd, a doctor, a bridegroom, a judge, a king, a planter, a railway conductor, a realtor, and, more recently, announcer for a radio station. This last position was first given to Him early in the present year by one Prof. Utley in "The Radio Station":

From a radio station in Heaven today,
The announcer is calling to you;
It is Jesus of Naz'reth who's seeking your soul,
Let him tell you just what you should do.

God the Father, less versatile, keeps pretty close to His throne. He seems to be of a rather morose disposition and temptable to anger. Mrs. Shelton notices the fact in "Tempt Not the Dear Father":

When Christ to the pinacle once did ascend,
He knew that the Father His angels would lend
To shield and protect in each dangerous place,
But He would not tempt Him by leaping in space.

Also, the Father appears comparatively indifferent to the fate of sinners. It is always the Son who is knocking and pleading at the door of their hearts. This Call bulks large in the Southern anthologies. Thus Prof. Morris, in "Call Back the Wanderer," sings plaintively:

Oh, how many in darkness have gone astray,
Oh, how many daily wander from the way,
Oh, how many in blindness now day by day,
Ever wander from the light away!

A note of warning is sounded in Prof. Baxter's "Jesus Calls for You":

Jesus calls once more but may close the door
To that home beyond the blue;
If you still neglect, if you still reject
All the call He gives to you.

And in "Turned Away at the Pearly Gate," Prof. Sheppard bewails the awful fate of those who fail to heed:

Some, into darkness, there, will be cast,
To meet their destiny, awful fate,—
Weeping and gnashing of teeth there'll be,
Turned away at the pearly gate!

The Second Coming, the Judgment, and the final home-coming of the ransomed throng furnish themes for many an imperishable line. On these important points, however, there seems, to the carnal mind, to be some confusion. Some of the prophet-bards hold that all of Adam's race will sleep in the tomb until Gabriel blows his puissant horn, when all will be resurrected at once and brought to judgment, when, in disregard of the Constitution of the United States, bootleggers and Bolshevists will be required to testify against themselves. Others hold, perhaps with equal authority, that the dead are already in Heaven, anxiously watching and waiting for us. Thus the poet Showalter, in "The Judgment," describes his vision:

I dreamed that the great judgment morning
Had dawned and the trumpet had blown;
I dreamed that the nations had gathered
To judgment before the white throne.

The gambler was there and the drunkard,
And the man who had sold them their drink,
With the people who gave them their license,
Together in Hell they did sink.

Prof. Golden gives us another interesting glimpse of the scene in his "Take Hold of His Hand":

When the moon is bleeding on that great day,
You then must heed His command;
When the stars are falling 'twill be too late,
Take hold, take hold of His hand!

If these Southern singing prophets know precisely when the Day is to come, they discreetly decline to disclose the date. The Rev. Mr. Edmiaston assures us, however, that there will be a hot time:

As a thief in the night will that great day come
When the earth melts with fervent heat.

III

To the secular mind, the transportation problem may present some difficulties, with so many millions of the ransomed host seeking passage to their home on high, and all wanting to go at once. The distance, too, would seem to be an important consideration. But that distance may not be as great, after all, as most sinners suppose. One ancient seer assured us that he could see Heaven from the top of Mt. Pisgah and at least one contemporary Southern bard can even hear the saved singing:

Sounds to me like millions there,
Singing round the Saviour's pearly throne;
I can hear the echoes sweet,
Coming from the mystic land so fair,
I can hear them calling me,
I can hear them singing over there.

Maybe the author of this, Prof. Brumley, tuned in on the new radio station up there, just as the graybeard who could see

Heaven from Mt. Pisgah may have been looking through a telescope. Prof. Brumley, indeed, even hints that he has used the telephone:

> Central's never "busy,"
> Always on the line,
> You may hear from Heaven
> Almost any time.

But whatever the difficulties in transportation may appear to be to the worldly mind, the Southern hymnodists hint at none. Many of the ransomed, it appears, will be equipped with wings before they start from earth:

> Some happy day my soul shall mount the sky,
> Jesus will claim his own,
> Joining the ransomed ones on wings I'll fly.

So sings the poet Parris; and the talented Mrs. Hunter adds:

> There will come a day when the Lord shall say
> To the saints of earth "Arise,"
> With their wings unfurled they shall leave the world
> For their mansions in the skies.

There is also a railroad leading from earth to Heaven, the Bible Line, but it seems to be a single-tracked road and to run but one train. Then there is the old Ship of Zion, which easily negotiates the stormy sea between earth and Heaven. Prof. G. H. Ramsey tells us that

> Yes, this ship has on been sailing for long many, many years,
> And the passengers are many she has borne;

yet

> There is room for millions more.

But still another route is available, for one poet sings:

> I'm climbing with Jesus the ladder to Heaven,
> I'm climbing still higher each day.

Finally, some of the hardier soldiers of the cross may go afoot, among them, Elder Warlick:

> I am walking in the way,
> Where my Saviour goes.
> . . . . . .
> He'll uphold me all the way
> . . . . . .
> To the heavenly land.

Worldly-minded persons may wish to know how these veterans expect to walk through space. I am not bound to answer such questions, but I may suggest that, for aught I know, they will walk the ties of the Bible Line. That's the Lord's business. Some of the wetter souls may stop over in Beulah Land on the way. One redeemed poet, already a visitor there, thus sings its praises:

> I've reached the land of corn and wine,
> And all its riches freely mine.

The Saviour, he says, comes there occasionally and walks with him; and he adds:

> He gently leads me by the hand,
> For this is Heaven's border-land.

Surely not a bad place to be. Inasmuch as the poets mention no drinks to be had in Heaven stronger than milk or river-water, Beulah Land may prove very attractive to the more convivial souls.

IV

Thanks to the visions of their prophet-bards, the Fundamentalists of the South know much more of the geography of Heaven than they have learned, say, of Turkestan. But as to its exact location there appears to be some slight vagueness. According to one,

> Just beyond the rolling river,
> Lies a bright and sunny land,
> Where the saved with Christ are dwelling.

However, the same authority says on the next page of "Glad Hosannas" that

> far over the sea,
> There are mansions of bliss for you and for me.

Many of the Southern poets, in fact, place Heaven "far beyond a great sea." But according to the researches of Prof. Presley,

> Out beyond the hills of time
> Lies a lovely land of light,
> 'Tis a blessed sun-bright clime,
> Where the day is ever bright.

This view, however, is not supported by

many. A great weight of authority sustains the Rev. Mr. Hunter's opinion that

> My Father's house is built on high,
> Far, far above the starry sky.

This last view is accepted by practically all Fundamentalists who have given the subject deep thought. Heaven is bounded on one side by Beulah Land: that fact is never questioned.

Itself, it is a great city. But, we get occasional glimpses also of countryside, where no doubt Uncle Hiram and Aunt Lucindy will feel more at ease than amid the din and hubbub of a city. These sylvan retreats are pleasant places,

> With trees and grasses ever green.
> There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
> As nowhere else are seen.

According to all the authorities Heaven is drained by a river whose banks are lined with trees and flowers, among which stands the Tree of Life, ever in bloom. This seems to be the same river which flows by the throne of God.

From a hymn which Bishop Taylor of Tennessee includes in his "Choice Selections—No. 2" we learn two of the dimensions of Heaven. It is plainly implied in this poem, also, that the entrances will not be as badly crowded as most people think:

> Twelve hundred miles, its length and breadth,
> The four-square city stands,
> Its gem set walls of jasper shine,
> Not made with human hands;
> One hundred miles its gates are wide,
> Abundant entrance there,
> With fifty miles of elbow room,
> On either side to spare.

The New Jerusalem, it appears, is a rich and well-built city. Its walls are made of precious stones, its bulwarks of diamond square; the gates are of gold or oriental pearls; the turrets, ivory towers, and pinnacles with carbuncles do shine. The streets are paved with gold—24K fine, some authorities claim. A regrettable difference seems to have arisen among the poets, however, as to the material of which the gates are made: some claiming they are made of gold while others say they are made of pearl. One might conclude that there are gates of both materials did not Prof. Clements unequivocably declare:

> All the gates of pearl are made
> In the city four-square.

But Prof. Jackson, on the contrary, sings:

> And soon we'll reach the golden gate,
> Walking in the way the Spirit leads.

Meanwhile, Prof. Elliot thus compromises:

> When we've crossed the rolling river,
> Pearly gates on golden hinges,
> Will be standing open wide.

I am, therefore, compelled to leave this question unsettled. As to whether the saints in glory will occupy individual mansions or apartments, the poets are equally divided. One Arkansawyer sings:

> Perhaps one mansion may be mine,
> Oh, yes, one *may* be mine.

But the Rev. Johnson Oatman, in "Jesus, Keep My Mansion," is more positive:

> Though afar I may be roaming,
> And from Thee may stray,
> Do not give it to another
> I'll be over there some day.

It appears, however, that the sanctified will spend most of their time outdoors, and, since the climate of Heaven is at least as good as that of Southern California, with the added advantage that there is no night there, the housing problem is not likely to become acute.

The leading occupations in Heaven, according to the Fundamentalist necromancers, will be singing, shouting, playing harps and viols, and parading the streets. The big parade will come right after, or just before, the coronation ceremonies. During the singing of one favorite song, however, the angels will have to fold their wings and listen. The Rev. Mr. Oatman tells us of this in his tender poem, "When the Redeemed Are Gathering In"

> Saints will sing redemption's story with their
> voices clear and strong,
> Then the angels all will listen, for they cannot
> join that song.

There will be an endless holiday, much like the good old camp-meetings but on a vastly greater scale. There will be no cotton to hoe or pick, no sorghum-mills to be operated. There will be no rent to pay and no taxes. The saints will go dressed up all the time. All will wear white robes, probably of some strong, opaque material; and William Jennings Bryan, Anthony Comstock, Wayne B. Wheeler, the Rev. John Roach Straton, and other such *noblesse* will have glittering stars in their crowns. The poets all mention a great banquet that Jesus is to give the saved, but are wary of naming the items on the bill of fare. Bernard of Cluny (*c.* 1150) mentioned milk and honey, but the contemporary dithyrambists of the South nominate nothing but fruit. There will doubtless be plenty of manna.

V

Despite all this, a glance through the anthologies of sacred poesy of the South is enough to reveal an unmistakable deterioration of faith among the larger and more opulent Protestant sects of the region. Increasing wealth is introducing sinister elements of worldliness. But if the rich churches of the rising cities are thus losing the faith of the fathers, that faith is being preserved in all its pristine vigor by the Pentecostals, Nazarenes, and other varieties of Holy Rollers, especially in Tennessee, the Fundamentalist Holy Land. Bishop Taylor of that State records, in his "Choice Selections—No. 2," a sweet and touching poem in point. The title is "Turkey Buzzard," and excerpts follow:

Turkey buzzard sitting on a comb of a church,
Sunning himself in the air,
He looked down the chimney and gave himself a scratch,
Says, nothing going on there,
The doors all closed and the organ won't play
And the members all gone to the sea,
The preacher and his family is gone campaign,
And there's nobody here but me.

Chorus:

Well, you can't serve God and Mammon,
That's what the good books say.
Whom the Lord has called to service,
No business going away!

The preacher's heart, however, is in the right place, and so he comes back repentant:

The buzzard came back and lit on the church,
For to sun himself in the air,
He raised up his head for he heard an awful noise,
Says something is going on there,
Such singing and shouting and dancing,
In the spirit and talkings in tongues do I hear,
The people's on fire and very much alive,
And I've got no business here.

These true Fundamentalists don't believe in bumming their way to Heaven. In a stirring hymn, "It Won't Do To Hobo Through," are these warning lines:

You plant your cotton in the Spring of the year,
You plant your cotton in the Spring of the year,
You plant your cotton in the Spring of the year,
But you leave off paying your tithes.

Then the boll-weevil will come around,
Then the boll-weevil will come around,
Then the boll-weevil will come around,
Because you leave off paying your tithes.

In Tennessee God still deals sternly with those who are slow to respond to the Call, but is generous enough when they surrender:

The more I prayed the worse I felt,
At last I thought my heart would melt
I asked the Lord what I must do
I thought my heart would break into.

My hands were tied; my feet were bound;
The elements opened and the Lord came down.
The voice I heard did sound so sweet
The love ran down to the soles of my feet.

I add another piece from the same sanctified State:

Paul and Silas went to jail,
They had no one to go their bail,
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on!

Paul and Silas began to shout,
The jail flew open and they walked out,
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on!

Snuff and tobacco you've got to quit,
When you get to Heaven you can't gob and spit,
Keep your hand on the plow, hold on!

The atheistic Northern critics, I daresay, will snigger at this. But in Holy Tennessee it is far more potent than all the dithyrambs of the Lindsays, Frosts and Robinsons. It not only saves hordes of immortal and precious souls; it also makes comfortable livings for great swarms of consecrated and itinerant professors.

I AM THINKING OF HURRICANES

BY WILLIS LUTHER MOORE

The necessities of war stimulate invention, and that which originates in strife often remains after the carnage to bless the ways of peace. The English blockade of French ports forced Napoleon to seek sources of sugar at home, and his scientists extracted it from the common garden beet. Subsequent culture and selective breeding have increased the percentage of saccharine matter in the beet until growing it is now one of the important branches of agriculture. Likewise the Spanish-American War brought about the inauguration of the hurricane warning service that since that time has been made a permanent part of the United States Weather Bureau. As chief of the bureau in 1898, I worked out a plan for placing a cordon of weather reporting stations around our blockading fleet. Sampson had just been ordered to invest Cervera at Santiago. It was the beginning of the hurricane season, which begins in July and lasts until October. I knew that many armadas in olden days had been defeated, not by the enemy, but by the weather, and that probably as many ships had been sent to the bottom of the sea by storms as had been destroyed by the fire of enemy fleets. But under the then existing law public money could not be expended for the purpose of maintaining a weather service outside the continental area of the United States.

I reported the facts to Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, under whom I served as chief of bureau and assistant secretary. He took me to President McKinley. I can see him now as he stood with one leg carelessly thrown across his desk, chin in hand and elbow on knee, studying the map that I had spread before him. Suddenly he turned to the Secretary and said: "Wilson, I am more afraid of a West Indian hurricane than I am of the entire Spanish Navy." To me he said: "Get this service inaugurated at the earliest possible moment." When I told him that I should need the authority of Congress, he directed me to report to Chairman Cannon of the Appropriations Committee, who would include the necessary authority in the bill that was then being held open for the purpose of giving to the President everything that he might need in the prosecution of the war. Congress was about to adjourn when this duty was performed.

Thus was inaugurated as a war necessity the present West Indian weather service, which has been of such benefit to the shipping of our South Atlantic and Gulf waters, and to the commerce of the world in those regions. It enabled us to detect the beginning and to forecast the movements of the storm that wrecked Galveston in 1900, and of the two hurricanes that struck and shattered Miami and Palm Beach in 1926, and of every hurricane that has occurred since its inauguration, and to give timely warning to the islands of the West Indies.

The Navy placed a swift cruiser at Key West, ready to go at full speed to Sampson in case the Weather Bureau predicted the coming of a hurricane; then the blockade would be temporarily raised and the fleet take sea room and run away from the storm. But no hurricane came until after the sinking of Cervera's fleet and the raising of the blockade. Soon after, one of the most destructive storms ever known came up out of the Caribbean Sea and passed over

Porto Rico. Warnings were cabled to our head observer at the latter island and directions given him to publish them widely. An *alcalde* (mayor) of one of the principal towns put the message in his pocket and forgot about it until the storm struck his city and killed two hundred people. Then an outraged populace drove him from the island.

As an indication of where lay the sympathies of that nation which during the World War received unstintedly of men and money from the United States, and at the close of hostilities had its *real* war debt cancelled by this country without the least expression of gratitude, I will state that on no French island, during our war with Spain, could we succeed in conforming to the annoying local regulations required before our observers would be allowed to establish an observation station and send reports of the weather; nor were we able to get transmitted through French cables observations taken on other territory. The French government seemed to be decidedly anti-American.

A fact not heretofore given publication is that this Tropical Weather Service furnished the means of getting to the United States the information that Cervera's fleet was in Santiago harbor. The cable between Key West and Havana was then owned by Spain. In granting permission to land this cable on our soil our government had provided for the free transmission of government business. After war broke out in 1898 our State Department, at my request, secured, through the medium of the British Foreign Office, the permission of the Spanish Government to have the cable opened once each day for sending to the Weather Bureau at Washington the weather observations taken at Belène College in Havana. This was the loophole through which escaped information of the arrival of the Spanish fleet and its exact location. Our secret intelligence officers inside the Spanish lines had their cypher message included in the daily weather observation, which was always sent in cypher, and was thus unintelligible to those who transmi the report.

During the Spanish-American War cer tain American Army and Navy officer received assignments to duty that seeme inconsistent with their rank and previou services. Such assignments never will b explained to them, for the reasons are no included in the files of the military depart ments of the government, but are conceale within the minds of some few superio officers. A case that will illuminate th point came under my observation when th new war-time weather service was set up Because of the strategic position of the Ke West weather station, at the end of th Spanish cable, it was decided to assign t the charge of it an official of higher rank than the observer then on duty there, an I ran over the index cards in my office to se which, if any, of our officials had expresse a preference for assignment to duty in th Gulf States. I was gratified to find that a official then in charge of a large colleg station had just applied for duty at Ke West, and I at once telegraphed him t report to me for personal instructions. H was in Washington the next morning, an received confidential advices relative to th observations from Havana, and the trans mission to the officer in command at Ke West of messages from me in Washingto concerning hurricane warnings.

An hour later, in driving over the Long Bridge on my way to our experimental kit station in Virginia, I picked up Colone H. H. C. Dunwoody, U.S.A. (Brigadie General, retired), formerly Assistant Chie of the Weather Bureau. By a strange co incidence he told me of a romance con cerning the sister of one of my subordinates who had married a sub-lieutenant of th Spanish Army many years ago, against th wishes of her family. "I am reminded o this story because the brother called on m this morning," said the Colonel, and h named the man whom I just had assigne to the then immensely important Key Wes station. "And, do you know," continue my companion, "that man's sister is now

in Havana and her husband is Blanco's chief of staff?" Then I recalled the fact that this man was also an intimate friend of a professor at his college who was a Spanish subject. I immediately drove back to my office, sent messengers after the Key West traveller, and intercepted him just as he was boarding his train. On his return I changed his assignment, much against his desire, and sent him to the New Orleans station. I then reported the whole case to Secretary Wilson, who instructed me that, although the man might be and probably was entirely loyal, we could not afford to take chances, and that before he reached New Orleans I should telegraph orders sending him to some remote Rocky Mountain station, and leave him there until after the war. A number of high officers of the Army and Navy who found that the government urgently needed their services far up in the interior of Alaska or at other such remote places soon after the outbreak of the World War may find this incident illuminating.

II

On September 8, 1900, came the great hurricane that so nearly wiped out Galveston, killing many more than were lost in the several recent Florida hurricanes. The number was over 6000. How was this storm located, and knowledge gained of its movements? There was no wireless then, to give us observations from moving ships, as there is now. Its center was two or three hundred miles west of Barbadoes, in the West Indies, when we detected its beginning. There were no violent agitations at Barbadoes. How did we know what it was? The answer is simple. A 30-mile wind was blowing from the east or northeast at Barbadoes at an hour of the day when normally the velocity should have been low, while at Curaçao, 600 miles westward, the wind was blowing with about the same velocity from the west. This indicated that there was suction somewhere between the two stations, drawing the air from either side and causing it to ascend in a hurricanic whirl. The wind direction and force at Porto Rico were also confirmatory of the presence of suction to the southward, for the wind there was blowing briskly from the north. Knowing, as we did, that in a hurricane, which is a cyclone of small diameter, but of great velocity of gyration, the air flows spirally inward and upward, it was comparatively simple for us at Washington to locate the center of the disturbance.

Under such conditions the Washington office orders all stations anywhere near the affected region to forward special observation whenever the barometer changes more than one tenth of an inch within two hours. The lower the barometer at the center of the hurricane the greater will be its whirling velocity, which may be 150 miles an hour or more. Our anemometers several times have recorded over 130 miles and then blown to pieces. The velocity of movement, or translation, is quite a different matter, as no matter how violently it may gyrate the storm itself never moves more than eight or ten miles an hour, at least while in the tropics. Outward from the center the barometric pressure increases in concentric rings as lines are drawn connecting land or ship observation having the same barometric readings.

When the Galveston storm was central over Florida it was not destructive to land property, but it raised a tremendous sea, of which warnings were so distributed that not a vessel was lost. From there it normally would have changed its northwestern direction, recurved to the northeast and passed out to sea, but it was prevented from doing that by the presence of an extensive mass of heavy dry air (a high-pressure system), through which it could not burrow or make a passage. It was therefore shunted westward to the coast of Texas, increasing in fury as it raged across the Gulf, but not a ship was gathered into the maw of the monster, so thoroughly had shipping been apprised. Galveston was warned too, but, of course no human agency could gauge the exact spot where

the force would be the greatest. The friction of the gyrating air upon the waters of the Gulf built up long swells that travelled outward faster than the storm was moving. These swells reached the coast of Texas many hours before the storm. But the rise of water that engulfed Galveston may not have been from waves set up by the friction of the whirling storm upon the water, but rather from the rise of water at the center of the storm, due to the lightening of air-pressure by the centrifugal force of the rotating air.

From July to October inclusive, as a rule, there are about ten tropical storms that touch the Atlantic or Gulf coasts. On an average less than one a year is severely destructive. It is probable that not in centuries will Florida again have such a succession of hurricanes as it experienced last year. The press dispatches at the time of the Galveston storm stated that Dr. Isaac M. Cline, the head observer of the Weather Bureau there, was one of the heroic spirits of that awful Saturday; that in addition to warning the people by telegraph and telephone, he worked personally among those on the beach on Saturday morning, and long before the waters rolled over the city was driving the people from their houses to higher ground; that when the last means of communication with the outer world had failed, instead of going to the relief of his own home, he braved the wind and the raging waters and reached a telephone station at the end of the bridge leading to the mainland just before the cable parted. He succeeded in sending to me the last message from the doomed city that was transmitted for many days. In this message he stressed the need for relief, and said that the city was rapidly going under water, and that great destruction of life must ensue. After performing this heroic service, he turned to his own home last, where he had sent his brother to aid his family. Here he rescued many and carried them to the second story of his house, but just as the anemometer on the roof of his office blew to pieces after recording 134 miles an hour, his house cracked like the shell of an eg under the impact of the angry winds an the surging waters, and midst intense dark ness went down into the depths with it burden of human lives. Clinging each to child and scrambling like drowning rat from one piece of wreckage to another, h and his brother rode out the storm, but hi wife and other child and his many guest were never seen again.

III

The press and the public, which is misle by the press, use the terms cyclone, hurri cane and tornado as synonomous. But the are not. All storms are cyclonic; that is t say, the air within their influence rotate spirally about a center, and with such revo lution it draws nearer to the center, unti finally it ascends and flows outward in th upper reaches of the atmosphere. Change in the weather are caused by the driftin over us of these cyclonic whirls or eddies They may be likened to the vortices tha one often sees in flowing streams. Thes vortices, with little holes at their centers are carried along by the current of th stream, just as the eastward flow of th atmosphere in the temperate zones carrie all storms toward the east, and the west ward flow of the atmosphere carries al storms of the tropics toward the west Most cyclones are entirely harmless, simpl causing alternations of sunshine and clouds of showers and clear skies, of warmth an cold; but hurricanes are always destructive The cyclone, in the diameter of its rotatin air, may be one thousand miles or more i its dimensions, while the hurricane, with whirling velocity many times that of th cyclone, is only one hundred to three hun dred miles in diameter. There is anothe dissimilarity: the hurricane always origi nates in the tropics and travels toward th northwest until it escapes into the temper ate zone, when it takes up the direction o the storms of that region.

The action of our government is almos criminal in its failure to properly develo

its Weather Service to keep pace and be in advance of the needs of aviation. The imminence of transatlantic passenger service today makes it imperative that we have a complete daily weather map of the Atlantic Ocean prepared at the headquarters of the Weather Bureau at Washington. I discussed this matter with Secretary Wilson in 1912 and presented a plan whereby the object might have been accomplished. The case was presented to the President. It was necessary to secure international agreement to give official weather observations the right of way in transmission through the air over all business except distress calls from ships. Otherwise the weather would come and go before a chart of weather conditions on the ocean could be constructed.

The first International Radio Congress was about to meet in London. President Taft commissioned me as one of the American delegates to the Congress, with the express purpose of getting the necessary regulations included in the London Agreement before it should be presented to the various countries represented for ratification. With the active support of Admiral Edwards, chairman of the American delegates, and of John Hays Hammond, Jr., Colonel George O. Squires, and others of our delegates, I succeeded, and returned to the United States confident that within the next few months, with paid observers on all the principal ships of the ocean, we should be able to send to every craft carrying a receiving set of wireless instruments, advices as to the precise location of dangerous storms. It was certain that no ship need sail into trouble after that, for it would be possible so to plot the entire ocean with observations from moving ships that the location of danger regions would be accurately determined. It was the plan to have all observations taken simultaneously at noon, Greenwich time, and it was believed that by two o'clock a warning message could be flashed to the entire ocean, giving information of the most vital importance to every form of craft. But before I could appear before the Appropriation Committees of Congress and get the necessary funds for the inauguration of this important work the administration changed, I was succeeded in command of the Weather Bureau by one of my former assistants, and the project for an Atlantic Ocean daily weather map was dead for the time being. To this day, fifteen years later, there is no complete map or competent Atlantic Ocean weather service.

Some twenty years ago the steamer *Portland*, commanded by a stupid and stubborn captain, sailed out of Boston harbor to destruction and to the death of himself, his crew, and the entire list of passengers, numbering 154 people. Not a soul survived. The captain not only left in the face of the flying signals of the Weather Bureau, but against the protest of the chief of the bureau, delivered in person to him by the local official of the Boston station. A sister ship of the *Portland*, which was about to leave from the city of Portland, Maine, also with a big passenger list, was deterred from sailing by the warning signals, and saved from certain destruction. I have a distinct recollection of this storm. I studied it on the Washington charts of the bureau, when it was central over Lake Ontario. It had almost the force of a West Indian hurricane and was accompanied by a blinding snow.

IV

I am often asked as to the likelihood of Atlantic City or Cape May suffering a fate similar to what came to Galveston and Miami. The answer is that such a disaster is not probable, but possible. The track of West Indian hurricanes, as they move up from the tropics, is usually a parabola, with the bend occurring in latitude 26. A large number of these storms must, therefore, pass over Florida, or touch some of its extensive coast line, which lies between latitudes 23 and 31. After the bend in its track a hurricane moves northeast out to sea, unless, as in the case of the Galveston

storm, a high-pressure system of air lies directly in its path, when it is shunted westward into the Gulf. It is not probable that land cyclones, all of which come from the west, will ever seriously harm the coast resorts from Norfolk northward. Tornadoes, which are miniature cyclones of only a few hundred yards in width and the most destructive in a small area of all storms, are rare east of the Alleghanies. If one of these last were to strike an ocean Summer resort it would not destroy the place. It would cut a clean narrow path—some hundred yards or so—through or across part of it, but the stability of the city would not be shaken. It would be somewhat like a thorn prick on the body of a strong man.

Atlantic City is some five miles out to sea, or out to what was ocean only a short while ago, as the geologists measure time. The narrow reef of sand upon which it is built is of recent formation, and was deposited by the action of the waters. To be on the safe side, municipal regulations should compel the laying of solid stone or concrete foundations to a height of fifteen or twenty feet above sea level. Then one might feel reasonably safe there during even the severest storms.

Hurricanes practically always encounter our coasts south of Cape Hatteras, provided they touch it at all, and then turn sharply to the northeast. But remember that it is possible, even if improbable, for a hurricane to be deflected in from the ocean. If the center pass over a coast city, the rise of water at the center of the storm might submerge the city. But there is no place in the world that is completely safe from the convulsions of Nature. The danger of a hurricane destructive to life and property striking any of the Atlantic coast cities, or of earthquakes inflicting harm upon the cities of California, is much less than the menace of tornadoes to all of the States bordering upon the Mississippi, the Ohio, and the lower Missouri rivers.

THE GRANDMA OF THE MUCKRAKERS

BY HEBER BLANKENHORN

A virago errant, in enchanted armor.—*John Quincy Adams.*

In the late 1820's, before bathing suits existed, President John Quincy Adams, noted for a personal dignity excessive beyond even that of his office, swam of an early morning in the Potomac, a mile from the White House. He was hailed from the shore by an old lady, sitting on his clothes, quill in hand. She called out that she had been repeatedly denied opportunity at the "Presidential Palace" to question him on his bank policy. Now after she got the interview, he could have his raiment.

The swimmer, probably red, certainly treading water, knew her well. He pleaded with her to go away and let him dress; she refused. In the end he gave up what seems to have been the first newspaper interview ever obtained from a President of the United States. But now her name, once the best known of any female American of her long day, is almost forgotten. Even the New International Encyclopedia doesn't mention it. Yet Statuary Hall in the national capitol will never be quite perfect until it enshrines this episode—a fountain piece preferably: the heroine with heel upraised over the wavy marble where bobs a head emitting wrath and river; the label—"Mrs. Royall."

Anne Royall, through her books, her newspapers and her controversies, for thirty years was known in every hamlet of the new Republic. She was dined and mobbed, feared, flattered and blackguarded. She could retort the blackguarding in kind; more often she laughed. "She always laughed, showing her white teeth, even when very old." So ran the complaints. "She could always say something which would set the ungodly in a roar of laughter."

No virtuous woman was supposed to stoop, or rise, in those days, to what Anne did. She couldn't have happened in any other country. European she-statesmen a century ago were still Marie Antoinettes. —born so; or Lady Hamiltons, achieving *à la* Pompadour; or de Staëls, worrying a potentate by chucking novels at his head. They did not foot it to Foreign Offices with reporters' questions; and then write, print, and hawk along the streets their own newspapers, ventilating powerfully the governmental smells. Anne Royall did, and for a generation.

Those others were polite; lazy; elegant; frequent sitters for their portrait. Anne was none of these (no portrait of her survives); nor was her America. Vast convulsions wiggled Europeans' boundaries a little here and there; but for all their stew, and they stewed interestingly, the Europeans knew that life was pumpkins—the vine never got but so big, yielded only so much eating, soon was jejune. The Americans knew nothing of the sort; their sappy vine roared westward untold parasangs, bouncing its pumpkins across the Mississippi, knocking down the trees, rolling over buffalo, vanishing atop the Rockies to acquire a golden rind in California. The Americans proclaimed it unique. Anne followed the vine; jotted it all down; laughed but, bless her soul, itched "to do something" about the messes it made.

That seems to be one reason why, today, no one knows where she is buried. Another is that she had the true muckrakers' habit

of not knowing where to stop. You may skin the rich, if only you duly pomatum our common faith in democracy; or you may scarify the vulgar, so long as you blink the higher income taxpayers and unfailingly discover the capital and labor question to be boresome. Either rule profits the ledger, and ensures constant quotation. Anne Royall was no Greek, but immoderate in all things. She founded the trusts in our national anthology of hates—the beef trust, the wool monopoly, the money power,—in quite those words. The peepul rejoiced in her,—just as she turned and rent them. Particularly she laid her largest spiked slat squarely across the seat of their religion. The forty brands of evangelicals who were America raved.

"*Damn* her." The simple verdict became unanimous. Execution and burial were less simple. Take an old lady of a perpetual liveliness, no property but a printery, no aspirations to bribe, no appetites to seduce, only a tongue and a cheek to put it in—she'll be a case. Napoleon impressively banished Mme. de Staël; America was gravelled by this beldame of sixty. Thus she became the only woman in the Republic to be solemnly accused, solemnly tried and convicted as a common scold—the famous case of United States *vs.* Anne Royall, the Chief Justice sitting, government members testifying, the Navy Department building an experimental ducking-stool! Afterwards Anne went on, a freelance editor, for twenty-five years, not knowing she was dead.

And she was read. Heavy estimates of her influence on history need not be attempted. There's where most lives of newspaper folk go wrong: overblowing an editor (revenge for his anonymity!) like "Delane of the *Times*"; or mistaking a Harmsworth's plant and titles for greatness, and misprizing the cellar-sheets of editors on the run, like Dr. Marat's *Ami* or the *Iskra* of V. Ulianov. As for Anne, some millings of the herd must be attributed to this gadfly. What a picture! Surviving Fathers, great in small clothes, or statesmen who had taken up pantaloons, generals, honorables, Cabinet Secretaries, gravely hobnobbing in the mean streets of Washington in the 30's, were known to break off, scatter up side alleys, hustle over fences, and when safe indoors, have it denied they were at home.

They had sighted "Mrs. R." coming their way—a little figure and old, in a poke-bonnet or a mobcap, a calico dress with balloon sleeves, a cord for a girdle, a pocket for writing materials, a bright, bright eye. She'd be sure to force embarrassing questions about grafters or make them buy *Paul Pry*, her paper. Retaliations often proved dangerous. He who called her an old hag found it printed in *Paul Pry*, with the comment, "Rather extraordinary in a gentleman of his gallantry." Force availed little; once she was whacked over the head; once the evangelicals broke her leg. Presidents—and she talked with all from Washington to Lincoln—had her to dine, though knowing it no insurance against her wit. Lafayette and Prince Murat gave her their $5's and praises. Newspapermen seem to have adored her, though she, an independent, fought them all.

Even the mighty in those days had hard sledding maintaining newspapers. General Jackson's party deemed it tremendous when they founded the Washington *Globe*, paying advance subscriptions, $10 each for 600 copies for a year. Against them all, Anne's establishment was slim. She worked a broken-down press, with friend Sally Stack and two boys, in the kitchen of her house on Capitol Hill. Snow often drifted deep on the floor; the ink froze; the mussy product had to be apologized for in the next issue. Other accidents occurred; an attack on a Cabinet Secretary is "regretted" as having been rushed to the compositor unread, "nor were we aware of the nature of the subject until the paper was printed." Another issue has her "Apology to Mrs. Tims," for printing unread a handbill containing "a most infamous article on Mr. Tims. We never did see Mr. Tims drunk, though we have seen him partially so."

People believed Anne (even that apology hints why). Bribes were no good with her; one was for $2,000 to shut up *Paul Pry* on a certain subject. Neither would she have anything of stories which would have been treasure-trove to a modern yellow journal. "It is against a *private* man," was her answer. Merely cantankerous she was never. Enthusiasms were too much her vein, forever "encouraging the arts," from printing fearful poetry to hailing "a new paper, the *Times*, of New York, with a handsome plate, a liberal paper, to be encouraged." Another hail is for "The Messrs. Harpers, mere lads, commencing their career without friends or funds. We are sorry to hear the sale of 'The Life of Andrew Jackson,' by Cobbett, published by Harpers, was suppressed by Philadelphia booksellers." She was always out gunning for the suppressors!

II

For Anne Royall, besides being everlastingly alive, was the child of two freedoms. On the surface her long life recapitulates her America, as tritely as any log cabin to White House hero; actually she belongs to two minorities, which have not prospered greatly since.

Born Anne Newport, in Maryland, June 11, 1769, she was off to an interesting start, if the legend concerning her father is true. "There is a bare possibility that, under the disadvantage of the bar sinister, Calvert, and therefore (again under the bar sinister through Charles II) Stuart blood flowed in her veins."[1] Certainly Lord Baltimore wrote from London about an uncle's son "as *not* legitimate," who enjoyed an annuity "by the name he goes by of Mr. Newport, son of Judith—I forget her name." Certainly too it was about the time those Baltimore annuities ceased that Anne's father, William Newport, struck out for the western wilds, in that day meaning Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh. There Anne learned to fend for herself against weather, snakes, famine and Indians. Burned out by Indians during the Revolution, Anne's mother took the family back to Virginia.

They served in the household of wealthy old Captain William Royall, companion of Washington, soldier with Lafayette, follower of Jefferson. He was deemed eccentric; "kept his animals in their natural state; there were neither geldings nor steers to be found in his herds." He had a rich library, and started Anne in it on Voltaire. Finally, seized by her quickness of wit and body, the Captain married the backwoods girl, and for sixteen years she knew as mistress of his mansion and hostess to the notables the paternalistic luxury of what are called old colonial days.

Left a widow, she set out in state to see America, in a carriage with slaves, living off the best of the land, and writing voluminous letters about it for ten years, until Royall's relatives broke his will, stript her, and left her alone at the door of a debtor's prison, at fifty-four. That was a time to lie down and die or go crazy. To a woman requiring an independent living, America then offered nearly nothing. But neither the grave, the madhouse nor the poorhouse were for the Widow Royall. Too alive for the first, she fought off the second by deciding to jot down everything she saw in every town she passed. Against the third she set herself to break into a man's world—so completely his that few then thought of so describing it. Her jottings were published as books of travel and manners, eleven volumes in five years, an invaluable gazetteer of every hamlet in the land, peppered with pen portraits. But the portraits, especially in the "Black Books," stirred the originals to vengeance. The "evangelicals" led the hue and cry. Part through controversy, part through mothering all the bouncing land, she became at sixty-three, a freelance newspaper woman.

Thus she partook of the economic revolt

[1] Anne's biographer inclines to credit it; she too is a woman, Sarah Porter, who dug Anne up after men historians had scornfully finished her. "Startling mental resemblances" are cited between Anne and the celebrated Sophia Dorothea, Electress of Hanover and mother of George II.

of the new pioneers against the old, when the Mississippi settlers, first under Jackson, then led by "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," challenged the Atlantic founders. The new pioneers fetched a bursting life—and peculiar chains. Against chains of that sort, however, rebellion had begun among the old pioneers. Anne, daughter of both freedoms, lived and laughed too long to escape the attentions of the chain-bearers. Come out of the West, she looked naïvely on the dominant East's statesmen, parties and press and dubbed their sustenance "bank pap." The phrase stuck; the aristocrats looked for chains. Come out of Royall's library, she looked back on the West's religious ways, remarking there lucre and lechery. The mob yelled for chains. Shelled fore and aft, the old lady did whine sometimes, for loneliness, but largely she laughed.

The first editor, alone and single-handed, to attack the Bank of the United States can't be sneezed at in American history. The editor was Anne. No modern financial organization possesses such a monopoly as had that private bank; the Bank of England never had such pretensions. It handled all the national revenue; its stock sold throughout the world; the country's currency froze or flooded at the nod of Nicholas Biddle of Philadelphia and his twenty-five co-directors. After a political war which rove the land, President Jackson vetoed its charter. The peepul, East as well as West, rejoiced; Utopia was before them. Bonfires monopolized the streets, bands played, good rum was drunk, soup-plates and mugs were glazed with the veto. But Anne Royall had thrown the first stone long before Jackson entered the fray.

Next came the "Beef Monopoly, conspiring with the banks to keep up the price of cattle," and the rivers and harbors funds; "what right have the Atlantic States to draw from the treasury to the exclusion of the Western?" Grandly had Anne the right newspaper hang of all these. Tariffs? Hear her on the Schedule K of the 30's and

> the helpless and indigent females that have perished this cold Winter from the shameful high price of FLANNEL! When we were in Canada last Winter we purchased double-milled flannel, one and a quarter yards wide, at fifty cents a yard. In this country you must give fifty to seventy-five cents for narrow stuff through which you may dart straws. Thus human lives have been sacrificed to the cupidity of a moneyed aristocracy who care not who sinks provided they swim. If the government can't be supported without this most grievous of all taxes, take the duty off flannel and put it on cloth—put it on the backs of the men!

Equally submersive appear Anne's views concerning the democracy. To read her you'd think she feared a day when churchfolk would try to use the state to regulate people's habits, their drink for instance, or to censor their reading or stop their play on workless days; or to discharge schoolteachers deemed unevangelical;—a day when churches should raise elaborate moneys and Presidents sit in pews in deference to votes rather than views.

The democrats of the 20's, truly perceiving that their common problems were economic, duly cast their votes "anti-Sunday mail" or "anti-masonry." One Morgan, "about to expose the Masons," vanished clean; sent over Niagara Falls, ran the rumor. National religious conventions opened with prayers against Masonry. Legislatures debated laws abolishing Masons. The anti-Masonic party held the balance of power in numerous States. Anne Royall's husband had been a Mason of the same lodge as Washington and Lafayette. She ridiculed unmercifully the anti's and their church allies. They knocked her down a flight of stairs for it, crippling her for some years.

In the 30's "America for the Americans" was the cry. Unbelievable though it may be in our enlightened days, Anne's fellow countrymen quaked politically over foreigners and Catholics. As usual, she had to take the crank side of that too, writing: "A Catholic foreigner discovered America. Catholic foreigners first settled it. When the colonies were about to be enslaved, foreigners rescued them."

But the mightiest tussle of all, so far as her career was concerned, was over "the

church in politics." Heat and vitriol marked the people's worship. Bible societies were blowing out of Scotland. Calvinism's ways were manifest in "missionaries and tracts; it snowed tracts all over the United States for thirty years."

The forms of "evangelicalism" ranged from the stiff Puritan churches and schools of the East—waging savage war against the new heretic, Emerson, and the Unitarians—to the shouters and camp-meetings of the backwoods. The Hankses, from whom Lincoln sprang, "were the best shouters in that part of Kentucky," famous for swaying in twos while chanting the like of

> I hold my Jesus in my arm,
> Sweet as honey, strong as bacon ham.

The literal Bible was everywhere accepted, and such fundamentals as hellfire and brimstone were its hallmarks. In smaller towns to fail to attend meeting meant ostracism. Great divines strove to organize "the Christian party in politics," with the modest ambition of "carrying the elections against any party." The redoubtable Dr. Lyman Beecher called for denominational schools "to form the future law-giver;" the tracts were lobbied into the Congressional Library. An established state religion was deemed the only way of dealing with heretics like the Unitarians.

III

Anne Royall took that party seriously; she became the evangelicals' chief bugbear. For she was forever to be encountered at the national capitol, "watching like a cat at a mouse hole," and she was derisive on solemn matters. "St. Beecher of Boston," she testified before a congressional committee, "and these other $4,000 saints would not invite St. Paul into their houses. St. Paul coveted no man's silver or gold. He labored with his own hands. Which of our priests was ever seen at work? Which of them can say he never coveted?" She wrote outrageously enough to be called a communist nowadays:

> The heathen are to be converted. This cannot be done without pious young men. These pious young men must be clothed and educated—this cannot be done without teachers and money. These teachers must be fed too, and have large fine houses to live in, and large houses to teach in. Then there are all their Foreign and Home Missions, their Bible, tract and other societies—all require money; and the priest is not backward in telling them. In the forenoon it is money, in the afternoon it is money, in the evening it is money. Why, their God must be a very Dagon, without bottom or shore.

The Unitarians came to regard Anne as a most doubtful ally. The bank people had already assured everyone that she was impious. The politicians whose votes depended on churchgoers (that meant all), now perceived the impiety. How much Anne moderated her speech may be judged from her reply when a Cincinnati clergyman complained that his flock, enjoying "a glorious harvest, a feast of love," was flurried by her presence in the city. She laughed at a city "with their God on their side" being intimidated by "a single old woman, who was raised in the woods among the Indians."

> I am a heathen and have come to your door. From the heathen I learned nothing but virtue and independence. When introduced among civilized people the Bible was put into my hands. But before I looked into it I watched the conduct of those who read it, and I found they committed murder, they got drunk, they betrayed their friends, and were guilty of all kinds of abominations, and I was afraid to read the Bible lest I might do so too.

To the editor of a religious paper she said in *Paul Pry:*

> If he calls robbing the poor and ignorant of vast sums of money Christianity, we are opposed to it! If he calls leaving the poor to die in our streets Christianity, we are opposed to it. If he calls Sunday-schools, Sunday mail, tract, Bible, ragbag, mite, missionary and temperance societies, Christianity, we are opposed to it! We believe in no God who cannot govern the world without money (which is the end of all those). . . . Alarmed at the progress of Christianity? We see none to be alarmed at.

In the long fight between the blueskins and Anne, the blueskins won; they had to. Their blow fell in the shape of an indictment and arrest on charges of being a public nuisance, a common scold, a common brawler. It took long hunting, *after*

the indictment, to unearth an obsolete English law which seemed to provide adequate punishment. The whole unique process, under the ægis of the Chief Justice, deserved "to be painted in the rotunda of the Capitol,"—which was what Anne Royall proposed.

High and mighty clergymen started it, on occasions provided by a set of evangelicals who worshipped, almost continuously, in an engine-house near Mrs. Royall's home, under the leadership of one Holy Willie. She had returned to Washington from a writing trip and was surprised to find her young woman servant vanished. "About three weeks afterward she came in with a thumping young missionary under her cloak—a fine boy, the very image of Holy Willie.

"'And whose is that?'

"'I don't know, Madam.'"

The baby was put in charge of the engine-house church. "He is now eight months old, well grown, and begins to say 'tracts' already." Anne continues the story:

> Meantime, it appears a scheme had been laid among the godly on Capitol Hill to convert me, either with or without my consent. To this end holy mobs of boys (black and white) would beset my house with showers of stones—yell, blow horns, call me holy names. This was usually at night, when the outpouring of divine goodness is most powerful. Meanwhile, as I still testified a stubborn spirit, Holy Willie, moved with compassion for my lost state, would often be seen under my window, with his hands and eyes raised to Heaven in silent prayer for my conversion. In this however I might be mistaken, for there was another lost sinner under my roof. She had strayed from the path of rectitude and had two douce colored children; and whether the holy man's prayers were designed for her or for me I am unable to say.

There followed complaints from the congregation, public mass-meetings, Anne's arrest, her release for lack of a law to fit her, more mass-meetings. Her case had the country by the ears. Chief Justice Cranch, of the District, a relative of President Adams, reported on the search for a legal penalty, which seemed to be ducking. The justices ordered made at the Navy Yard, and exhibited before them, a sample ducking-stool. They looked on it, and then in Lord Coke, where they found: "Trebucket, or castigatory, signifieth a stool that falleth down into a pit of water, for the punishment of the party in it." The justices shook their heads. Then the evangelicals roared some more. Another medieval law was unburied, and Anne brought to trial, twelve Bladensburg men in the jury-box.

Clergymen, Senators and Congressmen, and the librarian of Congress were witnesses, kissing the book in this glorious farce. For Anne there testified a Cabinet member, the War Secretary, Eaton, whose pretty and ostracised wife, Peggy, split the Jackson administration famously (there again Anne had refused to join all good women in jumping on Peggy). Pen-portraits of that justiciary by Anne are admittedly too rollicking. The wrinkly face of one of the Justices, she writes, "resembles the road on Grandott after the passage of a troop of hogs": of a distinguished witness—"his hair is macaroni, face pale, with a gray goggle eye and Shakespeare's smile."

She expected no connection between the evidence and the verdict, and there was none. Guilty; fined. "The sound Presbyterians gave thanks, and I requested the marshal, the next time I was tried, to summon twelve tomcats instead of Bladensburg men." The United States had won, *versus* Anne Royall.

IV

She could grin, but they had lamed her. Two decades after, they could truthfully tag her as "convicted." The *New England Religious Weekly* could print: "Anne Royall, Esq., author of sundry blackguard publications, has forgotten her late conviction; . . . the old hag publishes a weekly, a strong Jackson print, and it contains all the scum, billingsgate and filth extant." Reprinting this, Anne added: "Wonder in what part of the Bible he found that?"

Snap and sparkle are not entirely gone from her last editorials, in her last paper, the *Huntress*, when she was past eighty-

five. Side-whiskered statesmen, their apple-carts upset by her sheet, found her laughter jarring. But "young men sought her and liked her"; that fact dots her biography. Among the Northampton law students, "the saucy rogues almost tore me to pieces" in admiration. The Harvard students presented her with a letter, beautifully stilted, all about "the female character," proved by Anne "to rank with the Newtons and and the Lockes," and lauding her "spirited manner in face of the blackguard manner in which you have been treated in many parts of the country." Rich land indeed; one old woman for a "release" for its youth!

She relished the picture and knew herself when, house-bound in Vermont, after the pious broke her leg, she wrote to the young man who read Sterne to her of evenings, "Verily, the Green Mountains never before or since looked down upon so alien a sight as this amiable young man and supposedly godless Anne Royall chuckling together over 'Tristram Shandy.'"

That, after all—precisely that gayety—was what her generation blindly struck at. It obliterated her. If her unmarked grave had an epitaph it should read:

1769
ANNE ROYALL: ALIVE
1854

OUR MEDIÆVAL TYPOGRAPHY

BY DOUGLAS C. McMURTRIE

WHAT is the present status of the art of typography? What progress is it making? In what direction is it headed? We hear much about modern painting, the new poetry, and the revolutionary developments in music. It is but natural to inquire what analogous tendencies, if any, are to be noted in the work of the best modern printers.

A blatant parson, asked to review Sinclair Lewis' "Elmer Gantry" in a thousand words, thought it could be amply covered in nine hundred and ninety-nine less. In the same way this question, so far as the English-speaking world is concerned, may be answered briefly with the single word: None. The "progress" observable in current typography is all atavistic. The advances are revivals of past glories. Almost all of them are heralded as faithful in the smallest detail to the models of Jenson, Aldus, Tory, de Colines, Garamond, Caslon, Baskerville, Bodoni, Fournier, Morris, or Cobden-Sanderson.

In this day and generation this is surely a strange boast for artists to make. Typography appears to be held close in the vise of traditionalism, so close indeed that it can hardly wiggle. There are, of course, small contributions of real originality from time to time, but they are slight, and the sweeping generality that I have laid down, like the purity of the well-known soap that floats, is beyond doubt 99 44/100% sound. All art, of course, that stands a chance of general recognition is inspired to a considerable degree by the work of past masters. But with the best of modern typography, *reproduction* would be a more accurate word to use than *inspiration* in tracing the influence of the classical work. To make this clear, let me particularize.

The most important event, typographically speaking, in a decade has been the production of the Garamond type face by the leading American type-foundry. The extent of its influence on the appearance of advertising composition cannot be overestimated, and it has also been adopted to a considerable degree for text composition. So important was it considered when it came out that it was selected as the face in which THE AMERICAN MERCURY should be set. It is the type you are reading now. But how was it designed? It was a duplication, as faithful as possible to the original, of the types cut by Claude Garamond, a French type-designer of genius, about 1540. Since it first appeared, six or seven other reproductions of the Garamond face have been brought out by type-composing machine manufacturers at home and abroad, and the only criterion of comparative merit is how faithfully any one matches the model. Now, Garamond is a beautiful type and putting it on the market added greatly to the resources of printers endeavoring to do good work, for most of the really new types offered them are ill designed. But imitation, however good, is not creative art.

Some years ago the leading American artist in the book arts brought forth another "new" type. In it he printed an eight-page booklet, in an edition limited to 110 copies, and selling for a few dollars. To show the esteem in which this "new" type is now held, it may be mentioned that a copy of the pamphlet recently sold at auction for $360. Well, what went into

the making of the type? In 1470 there was a Frenchman by the name of Nicolas Jenson working at Venice. He developed a type design that was and has been universally admired, and in the years following numerous bungling attempts were made to revive it. The American artist, who was none other than Bruce Rogers, according to his own account, photographically enlarged the pages of Jenson's edition of Eusebius. Allowing only for the spread of ink in the press impression, he drew over these enlargements, attempting neither to add anything to nor to take away anything from the original design. Thus was made the most faithful reproduction of the Jenson type ever produced up to that time. The type is beautiful, just as a faithful reproduction of a Corot landscape would be beautiful. But it is hardly a work of creative art.

Consider some other good types in use today: Caslon, reproduced from the type designed by William Caslon about 1720; Baskerville, copied from the face created by John Baskerville in 1757; several varieties of Bodoni, adapted from the faces produced by the "king of typographers and typographer of kings" at Parma, Italy, in the last decades of the Eighteenth Century; Poliphilus, an English face based on the type used by Aldus Manutius of Venice in 1499. And so on.

Are there any traces of creativeness in our newer types? There is, indeed, some light amidst the shadows; in this country, wholly in the work of Frederic W. Goudy. The Kennerley face which Mr. Goudy put on the market about 1912 was a purely original design:

KENNERLEY OLDSTYLE
One of the finest type designs

KENNERLEY ITALIC IS
This line shows how the lower

and so was his Italian Old Style, a face of greater individuality, which will be appreciated more and more as it becomes better known:

ITALIAN OLDSTYLE
An interesting type whic

ITALIAN ITALIC HE
The lower case letters has

Goudy Modern is interesting, too:

GOUDY MODERN WA
Mr. Goudy originated th

but the Goudy type which represents the greatest departure from the traditional is Goudy New Style:

GOUDY NEWSTYLE
The lower case letters in

II

So much for the United States. Nothing in the way of original type design has come out of Great Britain in recent years. The best type produced there in the modern period has been that of the Doves Press, the punches and matrices of which, on the completion of the work of that press, were consigned for safekeeping to the waters of the Thames.

As to the use of types, this is as traditional as their design. The composition, the spacing, the marginal arrangement, the size and shape of pages—all these things are appraised according to the faithfulness with which they follow the classical models. Perhaps there is some reason for this, but when we come to the field of typographical decoration, we find that it too follows the same models. For this there is certainly no reason, aside from a downright lack of originality on the part of our designers.

There are few outstanding historical mentors of typographic decoration. The first is Erhard Ratdolt, who worked at Venice in the last half of the Fifteenth Century. The borders and decorative initials of floral motives and entrelacs which he introduced into his books have been imitated and imitated until they have become commonplaces to printers. Many other printers and artists in the Fifteenth Century developed other styles, but the next outstanding development, so far as modern usage is concerned, was in the work of Geofroy Tory and Salomon Bernard in France in the first half of the Sixteenth Century. Their work was much lighter in color and finer in line than Ratdolt's, but it still utilized the weaving of leaves and stems and plain entrelacs as the decorative motives.

The next figure of importance in the field of book decoration was William Morris, whose work in the closing years of the Nineteenth Century is well known. Morris did not introduce any particularly new motives into book decoration, but he used more of it—much more of it—than had ever been used before. In addition, he brought his genius to the making of his border and initial designs. Regarding the best book decoration produced today it would be a kindness to say it was inspired by these masters. New motives or characteristics are sadly lacking. The revivalists, in this field too, are in the saddle.

There is another form of typographic decoration which is extremely attractive —the use of decorative units cast like type and set up in the manner in which type is used. Units of one character were produced in England by William Caslon about 1730, and others in a more florid manner were brought out by the typefounders at work in France one or two decades later. These type decorations reached their peak both as to design and utilization in the work of the gifted type-cutter and founder Simon Pierre Fournier, about the middle of the Eighteenth Century. There has been a very active revival of these charming accessories of typography during the past ten years, and Bruce Rogers has made very effective use of them, often in a playful mood. But again the best have been simply reproduced from Fournier's Manual, the Caslon specimens, or other classical sources. Some of the ornaments thus revived are here shown:

III

This commentary must not be construed as a criticism of American printing standards. It is not. On the contrary, it is my belief that the general standards of typography in the United States are equal and quite probably superior to those of any other country. A comparison, for example, of the average British commercial catalogue with a piece of printing of like character produced here is not flattering to our typographical cousins across the sea. As to fine books, the best of those produced in this country are placed, even by foreign critics, in prima donna rank. The point is that American printing, though well planned and well executed, is unoriginal.

The proponents of traditionalism in typography will say that the tendencies I have outlined are sound tendencies; that the forms of the alphabet are fixed and cannot be properly subjected to much modification; that the proper length of type lines is determined by the principles

of visual function; that page proportions are controlled by the immutable rules of the golden mean. There is much in this argument. But the same argument could have been urged at any time within the last three hundred years. Yet its validity in any era past was always disproved by the radical innovations of typographic artists of genuine originality. We are also led to question its validity by reason of some of the work being done today in Continental Europe.

The distinguished feature of French printing of the present day is illustration. A fine book is built around its illustrations; the typography itself is often very bad. Apparently, the designer seeks a type to harmonize in color with the style of the woodcuts or other illustrations that he has in hand, and in choosing it he may pick a face of extremely ugly design. The wood engravings of Schmied, often in six or seven colors, represent the high point in modern bookmaking so far as illustration is concerned.

In Holland, the best printing is rather traditional in character, though leavened to some extent by Central European influence. The leading artist in the book field is a type designer, S. H. de Roos. Many fine books, set in their own types, have been published by the Zilverdistel Press. It is in Germany, however, that we find the greatest freedom in typographical design. There many artists of ability are working along varied lines. The outstanding feature of their work is a staggering consumption of black ink, which makes German printing effective but not particularly beautiful. Much of the work, indeed, is very bad; but some is very good.

There is in Germany a prolific production of new type designs. Most of them are bad, but more than a few are excellent, and have demonstrated that new alphabets are still possible. A number of distinguished artists—among them Walter Tiemann, Emil Weiss, Rudolf Koch, F. H. Ehmcke and Lucian Bernhard—are devoting their talents to type design, and their work is far from hackneyed. Some of their types are now filtering into America.

Much the same situation prevails in Czecho-Slovakia, where much free experimentation in typographical design is under way. There is one Czech artist now resident in this country who has designed, for the University of Chicago Press, a couple of books which represent the greatest emancipation from the fetters of convention that I can recall in recent American book production. This same artist, Vojtech Preissig, has also designed an interesting new type face for the Government Printing Office of his native country. In Russia, too, book decoration and illustration are free and original, though the typography is undistinguished. In Italy there are some excellent wood engravers and decorative artists, but few typographers of outstanding ability.

Out of the Continental experimentation there must come some good. In any modern art movement which runs to extremes, ninety per cent of the principles may be rejected by the judgment of posterity, but a certain percentage will be adopted and taught in the conservative art schools of the next generation.

With the experience in other fields of artistic endeavor to draw upon, are our American practitioners of the book arts to be commended for looking almost wholly at the past and never at the future? Should "finis" be written in the code book of typography at the end of the Sixteenth Century, the Golden Age of printing? A study of the work of our best American typographers would indicate an affirmative answer, but I venture to suspect that this answer, in the not far distant future, may be subject to revision.

LAUNDRESS

BY MERIDEL LE SUEUR

I REMEMBER my first sight of her as I stood behind my mother in the doorway. We had advertised for a laundress. It was early morning, and the sun shone white and pleasant.

A little woman confronted us, but strongly built, with black eyes, sharp nose and firm lips.

Not at any time did she seem to us like a servant.

She came, after that, to our house twice a week. Upon one day she did the laundry; upon the other she mended, cleaned and attended to odd jobs.

She always came on her days somewhat early, before we children were off to school, usually while we were still at breakfast. She would come in silently and be standing at the door looking at us, and always, upon her appearance, we were surprised, astonished somehow, that she should be there. It was the same way with her departure; the same inexplicable sense of phenomena accompanied it. She would greet us pleasantly, and immediately she seemed to surround the chaotic atmosphere of morning strife with something of order, of efficient and quiet uniformity, so that one had the feeling that life was small and curiously ordered.

In the many years we knew her, her habit of dress almost amounted to a uniform—a black jacket, which she took off and placed on the back of a chair, and a black hat which she put beside the jacket on the seat. I can say no more than that they were black and seemed to belong to her; they were as irrevocably a part of her as a nun's costume is part of her, though, of course, in an entirely different manner. One other thing was part of the secret ai about her: always upon removal of th black hat, her hands edged themselves be neath the raven wings of her hair, liftin it bodily from her low white forehead. He hair always made me think of the beauti ful German fashion of expressing the hai as plural. I always thought the gesture even in the early morning, a tired one— not of the body particularly, though.

We could prepare nothing for her break fast.

"No. No. I will eat what is here. Ver good, very good for me."

Her speech was broken and halting, ful of ejaculations. When her feeling rose sh never spoke, but uttered these lovely sing ing sounds. I thought she must have com from some foreign land. My mother sai it was Germany.

She would roll her sleeves above th elbows and sit down at table with m mother. They had a kind of militant fem inism in common, and both were very un usual and beautiful women, I thought, a I watched and listened to them. Both ha left husbands for their personal freedom and both had gone out alone with childre when that was no small thing to do Kretch had been her husband's name, an I suppose because she was predominantl the mother of those children, she had au tomatically kept the name. There wer four children, two boys and two girls.

"But it is something to have no man fo boys," she would say in her full-throate voice. "I can manage my girls, but boys— it is different. I am a woman. A man the need, I feel." She would make a littl clucking sound and go on eating.

Kretch, a German land-owner, had married her for his farm. She worked like a drudge, but when he bullied the children she brought them to town, and, to his surprise, earned their living until they were large enough, one by one, to add to the family budget.

"My oldest son Franz—." She ate methodically, dark and stalwart in the morning light, which fell on the littered table, and on my mother, who leaned her face in her hands listening. "I think a man should have a trade. So. He works in machine-shop; the noise has made him a little deaf. You know boys; he is restless, he doesn't like too much work. Oh, I can tell you, he goes wild so often. It is a man he needs. My other boy is sweet. But boys need so much a man. Ach, you know too!"

It was fine to see her work, so thoroughly, with a hardy pride in working well with her hands.

Through the pantry one could see her standing, stolid and efficient in the middle of the room, ironing.

I would go and sit on the step in front of her to be near the shining skin of her arms. She was always pleasant and quick with sympathy.

"You never sing, Mrs. Kretch."

"Sing, no, no. I never sing." And she would go on ironing with her strong naked arms.

She would put on her black jacket, her black hat. Her face would be sharp and strong in the evening and she would smell of soap and heat.

Then, more than ever, she seemed to have come from a foreign land, and a lonely secret would be upon her. Her face had a passionate pure look, as the faces of ascetics have, or of any persons consecrated to the sustaining of an act. The same feeling which accompanied her entrance, of astonishment and surprise, would surround her exit as she would turn at the door in her black garments, her dark eyes sad, looking out, the two wings of her hair in tired and secret flight beneath her hat, and her hands lying against her sides.

"Goodbye," she would say, and there was mysterious portent in the word.

We would run to the window, loath to have her leave, and see her sturdy figure, like an ordained shadow, go down the walk, into the street between the rows of middle-class houses, and disappear suddenly in the dusk.

In the interim between her work and her return to the two-story wooden house where she kept her children, strange things must have taken flight within her.

II

One evening her voice, hardy and foreign, spoke over the telephone. She was in dire straits over her oldest girl, who was, despite her wishes, about to leave with a medicine man. My mother, in great sympathy, went to her immediately.

The house was one of those unpainted houses that rise perpendicularly with blind windows on the flat surfaces. The door opened nearly into the street, after three wooden steps. The room we entered was papered newly, with light faintly-flowered paper. The odor of soap and iron heat filled it faintly. Mrs. Kretch admitted us. She gave the entire house—with its corridors, its straight walls, its wooden stairs beyond the room where we sat, the littered room behind the young girl who stood in the doorway to our right—a transitory air, as if it were a scene that she would leave. Nuns give the world the same aspect when they pass through the streets.

"My girl Lilly—." She pointed to her, and with customary directness, after we were seated, leaned forward, "Tell them all, Lilly, they are our friends."

Lilly was a faint replica of her mother, lighter, more delicate. She sat straight and unembarrassed and talked in a pure, simple, though high, voice. She had the same high directness. They both looked proud and hardy, sitting in their room with the gas flickering.

A boy came in, tall and sullen. Mrs. Kretch turned. "My boy who is learning

a trade." She looked up at him impersonally as he stood enormous beside her. The foreign look came into her eyes as she watched his tall, stubborn back disappear into the next room.

My mother persuaded the girl to take up stenography—a trade for a girl, Mrs. Kretch felt, too, in her clear, stubborn way.

All the time we were there, a young girl kept going back and forth setting the table for the evening meal; she was very blonde, and tall with a slender neck, and she raised her eyes timidly, watching us. There were little pictures on the wall, of ladies done in water color, which I suspected she had done. Yes, Mrs. Kretch said, she had done them. She called the girl softly.

"Hilda . . . Hilda, leave off setting the table and come." I started. Again I had the feeling that this woman who smelled of soap, this vital sibyl, had uttered phenomenal secret words. The girl came in and stood looking at her mother. They looked at each other, held in each other secretly. I felt very near to solving the enigma of the woman and the girl. My heart beat. I felt excited for some unknown reason. Yet it eluded me, and I came no nearer to the secret. I could not understand.

Later the girl studied design, and though she became nothing phenomenal, she did pretty things, and sometimes her colors and lines startled one unexpectedly, with something hidden and exciting, exactly and in the same manner as the appearance of Mrs. Kretch. Perhaps that was the secret thing in them—perhaps several more generations will produce something. One cannot with certainty trace those things, but surely great expression has somewhere a beginning, a vague and terrible budding.

I left the city and was gone for several years, though during that time my mother, in writing to me, often spoke of Mrs. Kretch. Beside having her always for her work whenever she kept house, my mother was very fond of her, with that peculiar devotion which often springs up between a very simple and vital woman and a complex and intellectual one.

When I returned, other things occupying me, I did not turn my attention to the woman. I didn't think of her one way or the other. My mother had told me that the children were self-supporting, and successful, and that the younger boy had turned out to be a student. But I paid scarcely any attention to it, until one day she said: "Do you know Mrs. Kretch is dead?"

Her dying produced in me again that astonishment, that shock as of something mysterious and unusual. I stood quite still, a feeling of incredible sadness filled me—or was it sadness? It was scarcely more than a great tidal feeling. What the woman had done when she stood at the door in our breakfast-room many years before she repeated now, only colossally. The entire world seemed to shift suddenly, and change, to become a thing new-touched, and secretly, with meaningful ritual. . . . The same whole and complete feeling her living aspect produced was repeated a hundredfold in the act of her death.

III

By some power, almost as if we were led by the hand, my mother and I were drawn to the funeral. The oldest daughter had telephoned to us. Her mother had died suddenly, she said. Of course. We used to see her go suddenly into the dusk after uttering that phenomenal word, Goodbye. The daughter gave us an address of a little undertaking establishment. We got off the car, in the middle of the day, when the traffic of the city was at its height. We passed the perpendicular house. It was entirely vacant now, the windows terribly blind, the door closed as if it would never open again.

A hearse stood at the curb, and a small line of cars. We turned into the white wooden house. We were late, we could hear a voice. Nothing mattered, none of these little things. The door was opened by a little sandy man, who took us through the hot room to seats near the front. A man was standing on a carpet in the bare

room, a Bible in his hands, talking in a lisping, sentimental voice. Nothing mattered.

The room was close and sweet. Flowers lay in one corner, banked on the gray coffin. Nothing mattered but the woman's head, lying in a cloud of satin. I was astonished. It was white and colored with a beautiful unnaturalness—the black hair on the narrow forehead; the fine nostrils, sharp with the breathing of death; the vital cheeks, vacant of their blood, and the chest shrouded in lavender. The rest of the body was covered by the coffin. But chief in beauty was the forehead; wide and organic, such as some women have, it lay beneath the flight of the strong hair as if life had flown hence through it, touched it in the last passage.

The man kept talking, changing his position from one foot to the other, smiling a vacuous, sickening smile.

Her four children sat before her, the two boys looking down abashed, the girls, their hats shrouded in black, hands folded tightly in their laps, looking straight at her, like strangers, quite tearless. Her mark was on all their faces, and she lay like a pod when the seed has flown.

But even her body seemed to have lost the memory of its children. She was as virgin as a girl, but with a subtle difference: it was a religious virginity, a mask like secret consecration that possessed her, as if she were witness to most secret temple fires. A vast abstraction lay upon her,

She had been stout, but now she was slender, as she must have been when young, only strong as a vestal, for she had somehow entered into a vast virginity.

I thought, looking at that consecrated, ecstatic face, that death must be the most beautiful thing in the world and the most strange.

Some women back of us sobbed.

The man in the frock coat stopped. There was no music. No outward grace any more than there had been in her life. With the ceasing of his voice the beautiful doomed body in the coffin, trembling in the fragile moment of disintegration, seemed to possess the room. All eyes turned toward it. There was complete silence.

No one moved to pass the coffin. A heavy step came up behind us, plodded past. A man with a thick back stood before the coffin—on one foot, so that his huge body slanted. His little head was cropped closely, and he pulled his hat in his hands. Kretch. He stood looking down at her. She was young in death, as young as on her bridal day and more beautiful, for her beauty was more spare, more proud, more certain. In her final bridal, he respected her and was afraid. He turned, and plodded heavily back and out the door.

The four children rose and walked together to her. Her eyes looked half open, like those of a woman dreaming half voluptuously. Only her lips bore the mark of a terrible touch, and lay on her gray chin. Her virile brows half met in the center. Her black hair, like the wings of released birds, took flight from her face. The voluptuous, heavy padding of the coffin came around her. Ah, that ascetic! In death she lay on the couch of a courtesan.

The sandy-haired man walked in briskly and took the flowers from the coffin.

For a moment I seemed near the secret, heartbreakingly near it. He took the white ruffles of her last couch in his hands and put them about her. Her children watched him impassively. In a moment the light would be taken from her, shut away. What was the mystery? She had fulfilled some rite in her life, of which she had been conscious—she had done her work, she carried upon her the secret of her order. What?

A man who is born is like a man falling into a sea. When he dies he leaves his body, washed up from that sea, an instant before decay, livid upon a foreign shore, illumined by a terrible light, chilled by the gusts of eternity—he looks back upon it before he enters the caves, and for an instant it glows in that illumination of death; he leaves the white sands of the sea, the body sinks into the ground it lies upon, the light fades within it, and there is nothing more visible.

The lid was lowered over her face.

MONTANA POETS

GRACE STONE COATES

At Breakfast

"WHERE were you, last night?"

"I was in bed . . . sleeping
Beside you . . .
Of course!"

"And I was leaping
Broomsticks, and burying Jesus,
And patting Godiva's horse!"

Postscripts

WHAT part of you
Fluently shaped to my body
As I stand upon the cactused hill
(Alone, alone)
Gazes with me across the ample valley?

What part of me
Watches a Harlem dancer through your eyes?

Response

I WAS timid, but I was thirsty;
They dashed a pail of water in my face
And cried, "Drink! Drink!"

Pleased by a delicate gesture
Only I had mastered,
They set me naked on a platform
And were bewildered that I could not dance.

When they released me to the comforting shadows
My heart whispered,
"I still beat."
They tore it from me
To examine it in the light.
It was inert.

I cried in desperation,
"Leave me alone, to rest!"
And laughed to feel their clubs across my skull
Insisting on repose.

STEVE HOGAN

Maze

I'M IN the country—
Silence chokes me
Like a nightmare.
I want to shriek
But the solitude crushes me,
And I can only whimper
Like a frightened child.
I wonder . . . if I'm lost—
Steady there . . . I must keep my head—
Ah! here's my compass—fine! . . .
A compass . . .
God! what good is a compass?
I don't even know where I want to go—
Make a noise . . . something—make a noise!

HOMER M. PARSONS

Immigrant's Progress

WHEN I dipped my nets in Galilee my hours were long and hard,
My ragged garments stank of fish, and vermin were my lot;
But here in free America, all that's forgot!
I'm a lithographed apostle on a Sunday-school card!

LLOYD S. THOMPSON

Montana Winds

Coulees, bad lands, alkali to the east,
Mountains, gulches, forests, mines to the west; that is Montana.
Bulgarians, Finns, Wops, hay-hands from the Big Hole, mucking in the mines in Butte,
Breaking the hard rock a half-mile underground, forgetting the forests, the gulches.
The only gulch they remember is Dublin Gulch, that runs up past Hungry Hill to the Mines,
Past the Never Sweat, the Anaconda, the High Ore, the Badger, the Elm Orlu, and out across gloomy hills to the Black Rock.
Bohunks on the nineteen-hundred-foot level of the Leonard, sweating and eating gas; squinting grotesquely when the copper water burns their eyes;
Bohunks working like hell when the Irish shift boss comes along the drift; squatting in the stopes to roll Bull Durham as soon as he goes.
Another day, another dollar . . . Christ, it's a long shift!
They scarcely remember Ellis Island or the trains that brought them to Montana.
They spent their last dollars to sit on red plush in the day coach, but they didn't have to dodge the yard bull at Helena, at Havre.
Trains clanging, coughing, straining to get out of the yards; trains bellowing through the mountains; me on the blinds of a Jim Hill passenger beating it from Butte to Havre.
A half dozen tons of rock come down in the West Colusa, on the fourteen hundred, squashing two miners,
A mucker hears it coming and runs out the main drift. . . . Good miners hard to get . . . muckers stand at the mine gates.
Men are plentiful, the big bosses say, but see that you're damn careful of the mules.
It is cold in Helena, so the yard bull stays in his shanty and I make the afternoon passenger for Great Falls.
Raw winds lick at me over the tender; I stamp my feet on the iron step and almost wish the dick had been on the job.

Two mail clerks in a warm car behind, smoking, sorting out letters, thinking of two days off with their wives and kids at the end of the run.
A bull-cook peeling potatoes in the diner, whiffing prime roast ribs, dreaming of Saturday night in Butte, and that red-headed girl in the dance hall below Galena street.
A preacher and a broker in the parlor car, being pleasant; mixing ethics and collateral—God and watered stock.
You have only smoke and biting wind for company when you're clinging to the blinds, or shivering against the tender.

Wind chisels make hideous forms in the bad lands on the Milk river; putting fine touches on the rough job the rain did last Spring. The rain comes too early, a blazing sun scorches the alkali dry farms all Summer, shriveling the faith of wistful-eyed folk from Southern Europe.
One year, two years, five years; seeds baked in sterile clay, dreams stifled in stuffy shacks, cattle starving, youth retreating, Winter and wolf-winds coming.
Winds screeching out of Hell Gate down the Missoula river, racing Milwaukee trains to Spokane.
Raw winds in Butte, hitting cage loads of sweaty miners coming up at the end of the shift; running steamy and blue-nosed across the yard to the dry-house.
Miners rubbing shins and shoulders with hot towels; dreaming of the bodies of the girls on the streets—dreaming of ham and eggs and coffee and garish vaudeville shows.

Lonely winds moan along the Little Big Horn, where Custer met Sitting Bull on a hot afternoon, and died.

Curley crawled away and told how Custer died with his boots on, how Rain-in-the-Face and Sitting Bull wiped out the whites and rode away.

Winds raced down snowy peaks of the Big Hole, where Catlin and Gibbons and the lean-jawed Bitter Root settlers battled and swore in dugouts and broke the backbone of Chief Joseph's Nez Perces.

"A paved highway through the Big Hole would link the valley with the biggest markets," smart Eastern chaps tell the sons of the fighters. "Great thing for the State."

August winds stir soft echoes in the canyons of the Bitter Roots, where speckled trout leap in streams that splash carelessly over sullen boulders.

Engines singing, cables writhing, cages clattering up the shafts, down the shafts; cages quivering at the end of a half-mile of steel threads.

Engines singing, brakes screeching, skips from the hot stopes toppling over—roaring five tons of copper ore into the chutes, into the trains for the smelters.

Giant spools of red-spun wire flaming in the sun; trolley lines thrust into new ledges pregnant with "high grade." Copper begets copper.

Get out the electricians, the wire skinners, the savages; the rock's gone up a cent in Wall street; the big boys are yelling for it. Round up the savages and get 'em down the hole; load 'em in a cage, throw in hangers, come-alongs, solder, sleeves, lag-bolts and plenty of chewing tobacco, and tell 'em to lay to it—got to put rock in the box tonight.

Take five, pardner, keep your shirt on, there's another shift coming; the boys will be buzzing hard rock long after we're planted out on the flat with our lungs full of it.

Hungry winds, wolf winds driving fine frenzied snow over the prairie, over the bad lands;

Wolf winds whine and moan over bare alkali humps, over drifts of hard snow; fine, savage snow, like blown sand. . .

Cold stillness in the timberlands . . . soft flakes clinging to still boughs . . . white silence in the mountains.

Gray drizzle on Puget Sound; white fog crouching over San Francisco Bay; sunshine in Los Angeles, languid, monotonous—Los Angeles, in a delirium of growing pains, inarticulate, babbling of a future that never comes, of a purpose yet unborn.

Glacier Park in Winter; eager, hungry winds nipping at white peaks, racing across frozen lakes, trembling the somber virgin firs.

In Summer bankers from New York, from Chicago, from Omaha, point up from shaded verandas and ask, "How far up could one go by motor?"

O Montana! how you guard your beauties from leisurely strangers—how you lavish them upon your own children, toiling too long to see, suffering too much to care!

The Union Pacific dick at Lima was hard-boiled. He wore army pants and leather puttees, and outguessed me on my way back to the tall timber—so I stopped at Lima.

At Las Vegas, down in Nevada, Old John Law wasn't very fast on his feet; I caught the Los Angeles Limited and rode across the Mojave desert at night, close to the stars.

But if you ever grab a fast one from Butte to Spokane, look out for the yard bull at Paradise.

DONALD STEVENS

Wind of the Rockies

A HUNGRY wind
Lopes down the Rockies,
Smells the skeleton of a dead peak

And slinks swiftly up over the snow
To whine round the bones.

It licks the clean ribs
Till between them it tastes
Dry raw flesh,
And it whimpers and pants
Feeding.

Now this or another wind gaunt and gray
Crouches there always,
Gnawing the granite.

Sometimes in Winter it howls all night;
Or it moans through Summer days.

But in Spring in the twilight
It moves stealthily, shiftily
Around the bleak skull
And sniffs here and there.

GWENDOLEN HASTE

He's Taken Her Back Again

She has come back,
And we peer behind the curtains,
And whisper in the store.
She has come back
And has washed her curtains,
And is buying flour and butter at the store.
She has wistful hazel eyes,
And a crooked smile.
Now she irons, sweeps and fries,
And hangs out clothes on Monday.
For marriage time is reckoned from Sunday
to Sunday,
And for her who has returned
It is all one day;
With curtains between her and a time that
is dead,
And trips to the store for a loaf of bread.

THE ITALIAN THEATRE IN NEW YORK

BY GIUSEPPE CAUTELA

The first Italian stage in New York was the *caffé* or coffee-house. Thirty-five years ago the Italian actor or concert-hall singer, landing in this country with high hopes of fortune, found himself bewildered and stranded until, wandering into the Italian quarter, he saw in the sign *caffé* a gleam of safety. In the drowsy atmosphere of the place, heavy with the smell of anisette, cognac and coffee, he would sit, unkempt and hungry, and there ponder on his fate. Once he had revealed his profession, the proprietor, with tears in his eyes, would listen to his reminiscences of the theatre at home, and then arrange that he give a performance for the patrons. It was thus that the early Italian immigrants first heard the songs of their fatherland in America. The *caffé* was the only place where an audience could be found. It met the same social need that it had met for centuries in the old country. Even today the *caffé* and the Italian restaurants of downtown New York occasionally see a singer walk in with a guitar under his arm, and thrill an audience with his sentimental songs.

The first *caffé chantant* with a regular stage was opened about thirty-five years ago in Mulberry street, near Canal; it was called the Villa Vittorio Emanuele. It had tables and chairs, but no admission was charged. You had to order drinks, and after each singer was through with his number he came down into the audience to make a collection. He received no pay from the proprietor. Some time later on the actors rebelled against this system and the proprietor was compelled to charge a small fee for admission. However, the actor was no better off, for his pay amounted to only seven or eight dollars a week. He remedied the deficiency somewhat by refusing encores. The audience understood: the only way to make him sing some more was to throw him money on the stage. The Villa Vittorio Emanuele was crowded to the doors every night. Those were the years of fluctuating Italian immigration. Laborers came here to work by the season; they came like a flock of birds in Spring, and went back home for Christmas. Their first stop was Mulberry street. Here they found the *paesano*, who kept either a money exchange or a boarding-house. At night they went to the Villa Vittorio Emanuele.

Competition appeared at last. Another *caffé chantant* was opened in Grand street, near Mulberry. It was called the Villa Giulia. Then came one in Sullivan street: Ferranto's Hall. The name of this place marked a change: it tried to appeal to the somewhat Americanized element. Soon afterward Little Italy saw its first stage when Dalessio's Concert-hall opened its doors. It was no more villa now, it was hall. But if the Italian psychology had undergone a little transformation, it was not so with the nature of the entertainment. It remained typically Italian. Those first years were the golden age of the *caffé chantant*. Artists of international reputation, such as La Dumont, Oscar Bianchi and La Delle Piere, sang in the four places I have named.

The material they offered was purely Italian. It had no reference whatsoever to the American characteristics that the immigrant was unconsciously acquiring. Those new traits and modes of speech were

to be discovered by Edward Migliaccio, alias Farfariello, of whom I shall speak later.

To Antonio Maiori goes the honor of having given the first Italian dramatic performance in New York. He started with weekly performances at the Germania Assembly Rooms. The theatre is always an exact reflection of the social condition of a people: the Italian colony would then go to see a dramatic performance only on Sundays. The worker was too tired during the week to go to the theatre. It was also traditional, and it is today, for the Italian to look upon Sunday as the one day for recreation.

Antonio Maiori made up a répertoire of plays like "The Iron-Master," by Georges Ohnet, "La Iena del Cimitero," and "I due Sergenti." After the drama there was always a farce, played in the Neapolitan dialect by Pasquale Rapone. He dressed as Punchinello, and in his broad comedy the people forgot the terrible life of the immigrant. The Italian went to the theatre then as he does today, with his wife and children. Pasquale Rapone had the gift of improvisation. His farces were never the same. He used to be so funny that many times people had to leave their seats for fear of laughing too much. Once, being surprised by a rival in the home of his sweetheart, he was chased from one room into another; he was so scared that the bang of a door made him think he had been shot. He fell face downward; told by his rival to get up, he answered, "No I cannot; I am shot; look, you'll find a hole ure."

Antonio Maiori and Pasquale Rapone next moved from the Germania Assembly Rooms to a store in Spring street, between Mott and Elizabeth streets. It was turned into a theatre, with a small stage and ticket-booth near the window overlooking the stoop, with its half-dozen steps. It had the familiar air of the improvised theatres that one sees in Italian villages. Situated in the heart of the Italian downtown colony, it was the immigrant's only theatre for quite a while. Every night it was crowded to suffocation. Maiori grew ambitious and began to give Shakespearean plays. "Othello," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice" and "Romeo and Juliet" passed before his hushed and attentive audiences. A beautiful girl by the name of Concetta Arcamone, who had been taught how to act and sing by William Ricciardi, playing Punchinello farces in Mulberry street, became Maiori's leading woman. She made up in beauty what she lacked in art. Maiori married her. She died a few years ago. Unable to house his audiences any more in Spring street, Maiori took them over to Miner's Theatre in the Bowery. The Italian drama was becoming well established.

Not long after that Maiori and Rapone invaded the Bowery in real earnest. They leased the Windsor Theatre opposite the Thalia. That theatre does not exist any more now. Like so many other things in the Bowery, it went up in flames. At the Windsor, Maiori gave a drama concocted out of the life of Benvenuto Cellini. It had a stirring scene: the casting of the statue. Cellini was surrounded by his pupils, who, fired by the genius of the master, gave a tremendous movement and action to the scene. The shouts of approval burst through the vestibule doors of the theatre and were heard by an American reporter who happened to be passing by. This was in the days when reporters could not stay away from the Bowery. He went into the theatre; the next day he revealed to the American public that there was an Italian theatre in the Bowery. The then famous Four Hundred ordered their coachmen to take them down to see Maiori. For a while he was the fad of society people, who invited him to give performances in their homes. Afterwards, with the other actors who joined his company, he gave performances in every old theatre in the Bowery.

He, as well as the other famous Italian actors and actresses who visited this country later, derived their main support from

the poor laboring class and a few intellectuals. The well-to-do Italian bourgeoisie was content to stay at home and rest on their fat pocketbooks. The reason for their absence can be explained only by the sad ignorance and lack of culture prevailing among most of them. They complained that they could not take their families to dumps like the theatres in the Bowery. But that was not all of the truth. Ermete Novelli, the great Italian actor, came here and gave a classic répertoire in the Lyric Theatre, in Forty-second street. The house yawned of emptiness.

Up to the age of forty Novelli had been known as the foremost Italian comedian. When, suddenly, he announced that he would essay tragic rôles, his public did not take him seriously. What he, with that broad grin of his, play tragic parts? Imagine the handicap he had to overcome! Spectators went to see him play "La Morte Civile," by Giacometti, expecting to laugh; but they came away crying. But night after night he played to the phantoms of the theatre. A few years before Eleanora Duse had had the same experience. In the big Metropolitan Opera House she declaimed the tragedies of D'Annunzio before an American audience who knew her principally by her love affair with the poet. But her last visit was a triumph, due to well-organized publicity. Every time an Italian actor or actress has attempted to give better plays in a theatre uptown he has lost his shirt. Not only the poorer class has refused to leave its quarters and go to see them, but the *prominenti* have also stayed away.

II

Mimi Aguglia and her Sicilian players came here after her London successes. I have never read such stupidities in my life as I read regarding these players in the English press. The naïveté of the Anglo-Saxon is stupendous. The papers said of these players that they were peasants without education, trained purposely in giving plays in their native tongue. Evidently there was not one individual who knew that there existed a Sicilian Theatre, for which eminent dramatists like Giovanni Verga, Luigi Capuana and Nino Martoglio, to name only a few, wrote in the vernacular. They were also unaware that there existed, too, a Neapolitan Theatre, headed by Salvatore Di Giacomo, and Ernesto Murolo, and that Venice heard Carlo Goldoni's plays first in the vernacular.

Mimi Aguglia and her actors were not only actors, but great actors in the full meaning of the word. You have got to see the Russian players to find a comparison. They also, when they came here, tried the uptown theatres, but had to come down among the rabble to make a living. Those were glorious nights and afternoons; nothing of the sophisticated! It was plain murder after a quarrel over a woman, just as it happens in a Sicilian village. The mob howled on and off the stage. It was all one family. It saw its own naked soul being torn to shreds and felt satisfied. It was art so realistic that it was life itself. People left the theatre with new passion in their hearts, leaving all sham behind them. They saw, night after night, humanity in conflict with superstition, religion and the lower natural impulses.

There were those in the Italian colony who criticized Mimi Aguglia and her players for presenting only the inferior traits of the Sicilian people. But they showed by their own talk how the theatre can correct the habits of a people. In "Malia" they saw how religion can become superstitious fury. In "Solfara," the rebellion against exploitation of labor. And then there was a wedding celebration that has never been surpassed on the stage, with its singing and dancing. "La Figlia di Iorio," translated into Sicilian and given by Mimi Aguglia in the old London Theatre, in the Bowery, never had better relief. The tragedy found its proper primitive expression in the vernacular. Totó Maiorana, her leading man, and Salvatore Loturco, another member of the troupe,

made of D'Annunzio's work a magnificent interpretation.

When Mimi Aguglia went back to Italy, Salvatore Loturco remained here; he tried with other actors to give performances in Sicilian, but he failed. Giovanni Grasso followed on the footsteps of Aguglia. A very powerful actor, he toured Europe with Aguglia; in fact, he discovered and made Aguglia what she was. He was well received, but somehow he did not seem to exercise the same attraction as his former partner. I have not spoken of the greatest Italian tragedian who ever visited this country. He came here before my time, and I speak only from record. Americans who saw Tommaso Salvini play Othello opposite the Iago of Edwin Booth say that he was one of the greatest of Shakespearean actors.

Among the established actors of the Italian theatre here, if one puts aside occasional flights into classical drama, the répertoire has remained exactly what it was twenty years ago. In a certain sense it marks the intellectual level of the Italian colony. Good actors like Emanuel Gatti have repeatedly attempted to do something new, but have had to give up for lack of public support. Just now Giuseppe Sterni, well known in Italy as an excellent artist, together with Emanuel Gatti and Elvira Caccia, have formed an Art Theatre; they are giving small weekly doses of it at the little Grove Street Theatre. Such is the present state of the Italian drama, or rather the Italian stage of New York. Antonio Maiori, after an absence of a few years passed in Italy, came back a couple of months ago, and had not my wife soothed me I would have fainted when I read an announcement that he was going to give again in the Bowery "The Iron-Master" of Georges Ohnet. I did not go to see him.

Once in a while a playwright of the Italian colony gets a new idea, writes a play, and then spends his last cent hiring a troupe of incompetents to slaughter it. But the indifference of the wealthier Italians has not succeeded in destroying the creative spark of two or three dramatists who have really written good plays. Armando Romano, for one, had to wait for the verdict of his native land before he could command the attention of the *prominenti*. The same discouraging experience had Ario Flamma. Consequently, it cannot be said that the Italian Colony has an Art Theatre like the Yiddish Art Theatre. The Jews, it seems, keep up the living tradition of their tongue by sheer force of intellect, whereas the Italians seem bent upon forgetting whatever culture they bring along.

This I say with a few reservations. I myself see one cause for it; the tremendous struggle for existence. The immigrant here has to face an economic problem which is not easily solved. And before he has solved it all his energy has been sapped by his daily frantic rushes. At night he is dead tired, his memories become dim, he watches his children study their American lessons, hoping only that some day they will not have to face the same handicaps, the same struggles. It is only after some comfort has been found that the thought comes for intellectual pleasure. But by then new modes of life have been established, traditions have died out, and a new speech has taken the place of the old one. Whatever remains alive of his Italianity he has to follow alone, and even it shows strongly the influence of his new surroundings. Hence the medium of expression is very often an Americanized Italian. It has been the new element in the life of the Italian Theatre in New York.

III

The Italian American dialect was for the first time studied and realized as a new mode of speech about thirty years ago by a comedian, Edward Migliaccio,—Farfariello, as he is known on the stage. When he landed here the Italian Theatre consisted of the only *caffé chantant* in New York, the Villa Vittorio Emanuele in Mulberry street. The form of entertainment was

folk-songs and romantic ballads. But Migliaccio quickly noticed the new modes of expression, the changed manners; he boldly seized upon them and one of them created the *macchietta coloniale*.

The *macchietta* is a character sketch. If well done, the character with all its peculiarities is recognized as soon as the comedian appears on the stage. It can be satirical, ironic, tragicomic, or sentimentally ridiculous. As it is done by the majority of the *macchiettisti* it has usually a double sense, relying upon the spectator to catch a hidden pornographic meaning. The *macchietta* is mostly written in verse, with spoken passages of prose. The verses are put to music.

When the *macchietta coloniale* of Farfariello first appeared on the stage, it took the Italians by storm. It was a revelation. There they were, just as they saw themselves. They laughed themselves sick. And after they got through laughing it made them think. Farfariello had caught the soul of the immigrant and pathetically expressed it. It was not the usual Neapolitan *macchietta*, as they had seen it in Italy. It was a presentation of the tragicomic life they went through every day. Many Americans remember the sorry spectacle that many Italian immigrants used to make in those times. Still cherishing certain memories of their fatherland, they paraded through the streets of New York as caricatures of the Italian Army. Their honesty remains undisputed; but the result achieved in those uniforms was atrocious. If such well-meaning patriots have ceased parading with their gold laces dragging under their heels and carrying their terrible sabres as so many broomsticks on their shoulders, it is due to the castigating *macchietta* that Farfariello drew of them. This is really the only original form of art that the Italian prose theatre in New York has had.

Following Farfariello came many imitators. The academic ground where they used to meet their master was the famous Caffé Ronca, at the corner of Broome and Mulberry streets, even today the meeting place of actors and near-actors. In Italian they are all recognized under the ineffable name of artist. To the Caffé Ronca Farfariello, living only ten feet away, used to pay his first morning visit. Unobtrusively sitting at a corner table, he would sip his black coffee with anisette. Taciturn and never smiling, he would listen patiently to any one of his admirers who approached and spoke to him. Thus he studied the types and characters that some days later had new life on the stage. In the Caffé Ronca a pale young man by the name of Ferrazzano begged him to read his first *macchietta*. Although it was badly written, Farfariello saw that Ferrazzano had the creative spark. He encouraged him to study, and Ferrazzano became one of his best imitators.

With the presentation of the *macchietta*, and of songs, dances and farces the Teatro Italianio di Varietá came into being in New York. It corresponds in a great degree to the American vaudeville. It is a form of entertainment that has met with success and it fills the theatres to capacity. Most of the spectacles are given on Saturdays and Sundays, and the people who frequent them are the laboring class. They go, taking along their wives and children. Only last Sunday I saw a young man trying to quiet his baby in the lobby of the Olympic Theatre, in Fourteenth street, while his wife was enjoying the latest *macchietta* by Farfariello. No less than fifteen theatres in New York and Brooklyn are giving every week such *varietá* shows.

Several regions of Italy are represented by the actors with their different dialects. Puglia and Sicily, especially, have their *macchiettisti* and singers. Giovanni De Rosalia, a very able Sicilian actor and writer, has created the character of Nofrio, a half-wit, whom he introduces as protagonist in all his farces. His latest creation is "Millionaire Nofrio Marries Beautiful Peaches."

The Italian Operetta visited New York about ten years ago. Two good organizations, the Sarnella company and the Angelini company, gave first-class per-

ormances (especially in so far as the voices were concerned) in uptown theatres. But was a flop. The same sad experience was ncountered by the Bazzi company, which ried to give drama at the Manhattan Opera House, only to come downtown to he cheap theatres of Fourteenth street and he Bowery. Migliaccio organized also an peretta company, giving a fine répertoire f Italian, French and German operettas. He kept up the fight for three years until ie went broke.

The latest novelty in the Italian Theatre s the *sceneggiata*. It originated in Naples, nd its value, as Farfariello has told me, is urely commercial, not artistic. It has met vith quite a success due to its character of entimentality, based usually on a story of eduction and punishment, and many times f sacrifice and forgiveness by the seduced irl. Its theme, however, is not always ragic, but may be comic, illustrating some spect of life of the Italian settlement. The tarting point of the *sceneggiata* is taken rom a popular song. This song is made to it the dramatization of a story that will ive opportunity to the actors to sing the nelody at an appropriate moment during he action. It is no more or less than the xploitation of a popular title, as is done n the movies. The people like it because hey hear singing and see dancing, and nd an outlet for their emotions.

IV

What the Italian prose theatre in New York could not realize in the higher forms f art has been achieved by the marionettes. It is due to the genius and virtue of ne man that a new conception, a fresh ision of art, has been revealed in the talian marionette theatre of New York. This man is Remo Bufano. Some years ago here were marionette theatres in Elizabeth nd Mulberry streets. The theatre in Elizabeth street gave performances in the Sicilian dialect to Sicilian audiences, and the ne in Mulberry street gave performances n the Neapolitan dialect to Neapolitan audiences. Il Teatro Dei Piccoli of Rome came here also, giving a number of technically marvelous performances.

The puppets were exact reproductions of human characters. But the scrupulous and sometimes exaggerated attention to detail in dress and the human figure left the spectator cold. It did not awaken the imagination; it did not light up the phantasy. The puppet theatre was still done according to the old Italian tradition. The spectator applauded, got excited, and laughed because he saw performed the supernatural deeds of the Carolingian heroes. The austere and religious wars, having as prototype the *Chanson de Roland*, found an echo in his primitive heart. They also gave modern farces, with delightful situations drawn from Boccaccio. I remember assisting at a performance in the Elizabeth Street Theatre, where a man was pummelled and finally taken out by his friends because he could not stop laughing. The advent of the movies put those two theatres out of business.

It was left to Remo Bufano to give a soul to the marionettes. A serious student of the theatre, he tried and succeeded in giving them a reason for existing. He saw no justification in having a marionette look exactly like a human actor and do the same things that the actor did. He brought his theatre down to the most essential and simple expression. Here is an eloquent lesson for the modern expressionistic producer and playwright. Whereas they lose themselves in the labyrinth of details, he presents only one detail in order that the spectator, from the mere suggestion of a bit of scenery, and the particulars of a costume representing a certain period, may be able to visualize by himself the whole poetic conception of a play. I have never seen human beings on the stage give the spiritual feeling that Remo Bufano's marionettes do. This may sound exaggerated to some people, but human actors cannot play in Fairyland. They cannot realize the poetry that is to be found in the simple, sad mask of a puppet.

I shall never forget the visit I paid to Remo Bufano's studio in the little theatre at 28 MacDougal street, where he is giving now "Pinocchio" and "Festa Furiosa." "Festa Furiosa" is a spectacle adapted to grown children, that is, men and women, and recalls the *commedia dell'arte* of the Italian theatre. A band of strolling players boisterously enter a marionette theatre, and the action that follows is between the marionettes and the players themselves. Bufano likes to mingle the unreal with the real and the result is an amazing revelation of the action of the mind. You feel that a new dimension has been found, expressing the human soul, and all with the most elemental and simple means of art.

Bufano's greatest achievement was two years ago when he presented "Don Quixote" in the Town Hall in conjunction with singers from the Metropolitan Opera House, with Mengelberg conducting. The life-size puppet of Don Quixote appeared in its true and fantastic essence—the frail figure with its ridiculous tin armor, and the gaunt features with the sunken, mad, sad eyes.

There he was, nothing but the sad caricature of a warrior, yet so intent, so human, so eloquent and so clear in his poses. One could not help feeling sympathy for him, more so than if he were there in flesh and bones. The secret was that one felt only the soul of him.

I saw him again the other night, stretched out on a trunk. I never saw a human being that could say as much when he had ceased to live. It was the highest dramatic realization of the Italian Theatre in New York.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Question of Economic Independence.—Among the leading reasons assigned for the altered status in the sex situation amongst us is the increasing economic independence of women with its consequently induced ethical autonomy. I hope that I shall not unduly offend the sensibilities of the professors when I observe that, though the reason has a share of truth in it, it has, in my estimation, a considerably greater share of buncombe. What economic independence unquestionably induces in a woman is, true enough, a relative indifference to the hitherto feared opinion of those upon whom she was directly dependent, but what it simultaneously induces—and the professors seem conveniently to overlook the fact—is of necessity an increased and vastly more important regard for the opinion of those upon whom her new-found economical independence and all the comfort and happiness it carries with it are in turn dependent. It is today twice as necessary for the woman in the professions or in trade to be careful of her reputation as it is for her sister who leads what may generally, if unsatisfactorily, be described as a private or home life. For every "æsthetic" dancer or movie actress or lady novelist or Maeterlinck trouper who allows her wicked will a free functioning, there are a score who have to watch their steps with considerably more care than the débutante, the miller's daughter or the pastor's wife. If they do not, their contracts, under the new dispensation, may be annulled, or they may, as in a recent lamentable instance, have their profitable lecture engagements canceled by the Babbitts, or they may find themselves, as in another recent and equally lamentable instance, laughed off the platform into the discard. The woman in trade must be even more circumspect than the one in the arts and professions. The woman in business has her boss and the prejudices of her boss, often hypocritical, to bear in mind. Even the lowly upstairs maid who carries on with the chauffeur or with the son of the household when he is home from Harvard will be promptly booted out into the street, and she knows it. The increasing economic independence of women, whether considerable or relatively puny, tends coincidentally to increase women's wariness in the matter of emotional indulgence. The theory that it does not is, like so much of the current sex philosophy, simply a theory.

But the fact remains, nonetheless, that the emotional freedom is here. That one fact, such as that noted above, collides with the other and greater fact no more gets rid of the second fact than the collision of a trolley car with the Twentieth Century Limited gets rid of the latter. The economically independent woman is not emotionally free because of her economic independence, but in spite of it. Because of it, she must have recourse to concealments and stratagems that other women need resort to in a lesser degree. The Queen must ever be more discreet than her laundress.

The Need for Illusion.—The greater the realist, the greater his need for illusion in order to stand life at all. This illusion a Zola finds hidden in the wines of the Château Beauséjour, a Hauptmann in periodic quilldriving excursions into fairy tales, a Nietzsche in the verse of senti-

mental German rhymesters. A world rid of its ritualistic churches, theatres, wine-cellars, pretty telephone girls and poets would blow up, out of its own despair, by nightfall.

The Seed of Matrimony.—The theory that the man who commits matrimony, once his younger years have passed, does so because he finds his life increasingly lonely and hard to bear, enjoys a fructitude hardly warranted by the nonsense which waters it. Such a man generally marries not to escape loneliness but to achieve it. As a man gets on in the world his daily life is invaded more and more by outsiders of one sort and another; his time is taken up more and more by persons who harass and burden him with their kindly but nuisanceful offices, with their genial and well-meaning but tedious and irksome demands upon his leisure, with their attempts to make him a partner in gaieties and pleasures that he has no taste for. He thus presently finds it almost impossible to get any time to himself, and he despairs. What he craves is a barrier against these good-natured but objectionable poachers, a shelter, if only of relative degree, from these gregarious friends, acquaintances and admirers. Marriage, while certainly not the best barrier and shelter, is better than any other that happens to be available, and so he adopts it as a cure for his ills.

The American Credo.—The accumulation of those articles of belief which, in their sum of delusion, go to constitute the basic faith of the American people, grows apace. Since the recent publication of the brought up-to-date encyclopedia listing more than twelve hundred such philosophical conclusions, various students of the native mind, including such eminent doctors of sociological science as the Professors Burton Rascoe and Paul Gould, have called to my attention certain cardinal tenets that were carelessly omitted from that master-work. These, together with certain others that presently occur to me, I set down herewith:

1

That smoking makes one thin.

2

That a baby brought up on mother's milk grows up to be much stronger and healthier than one brought up on the prepared article.

3

That a bully is always a coward.

4

That the American husband has to be dragged to a concert or an intellectual drama by his women folks, and that they have to use considerable force, too.

5

That every man who plays the stock market is sure to end up in the poor-house.

6

That the circulation of the *Saturday Evening Post* is already so big that the editor stays awake nights trying to figure out ways to keep it in check.

7

That William Randolph Hearst changes his newspaper editors every week and sometimes oftener.

8

That all poets have unusually large appetites, and that it is dangerous to invite one to dinner if one's funds are low.

9

That you can get a divorce in Paris overnight for a few hundred dollars.

10

That a boy brought up by women usually turns out to be something of a lizzie.

11

That the Creole ladies of New Orleans are something like the hotsie-totsie Negro entertainers in Harlem dives, only better looking.

12

That all the blind beggars on the streets of New York and Chicago have excellent eye-sight and at the end of the day's work drive home in limousines.

13

That if you drink a glass of champagne with cigarette or cigar ashes in it you will become promptly inebriated.

14

That the beverage dispensed at the numerous orangeade stands is made up entirely of salicylic acid, water and chemical flavoring and that not a drop of real orange juice ever gets into it.

15

That the city of Los Angeles is populated entirely by retired farmers from Iowa and Kansas.

16

That you can't tell a panatrope in the next room from an orchestra.

17

That the patrons of New York night-clubs are exclusively out-of-town buyers who are painting the town red on company expense accounts.

18

That mosquitoes grow as big as jay-birds in New Jersey.

19

That the residents of Milwaukee have never heard of Prohibition, and that beer saloons, serving the finest brews, run openly there in all parts of the city.

20

That if a good-looking soda-water jerker with two changes of clothes would save up a hundred dollars and go to Hot Springs and pose as a French count he could marry any one of two dozen heiresses.

21

That city swindlers almost daily sell the Metropolitan Museum or the City Hall to up-State farmers in New York on their first visit for a down payment of $100.

22

That many human woes are caused by sunspots.

23

That a male baby brought up at its mother's breast will always, when he grows to manhood, particularly admire women with ample bosoms.

24

That so many American boys will foolishly try to emulate Lindbergh's flight across the ocean that presently countless fishermen off the Newfoundland coast will have great difficulty disentangling their lines from sunken airplanes.

25

That the late Clyde Fitch stole all his plays from the German.

26

That every married Frenchman has a mistress, and that his wife not only does not mind it in the least, but frequently has her around to the house for a good dinner.

27

That cowboys dress like Tom Mix.

28

That whenever an actress gets her name starred in electric lights on the façade of a Broadway theatre, a rich admirer has imposed this on the producer as a condition under which he will back the show.

29

That all rich Detroit men have made their money in the automobile business.

30

That people who spend money in night clubs never get any fun out of it and are bored all the time they are there.

31

That by the same expenditure of brains and energy required to hold down a $100 a week job in New York, a man could go to any other city and become the president of the First National Bank and chairman of the Chamber of Commerce within six months.

32

That Chinamen eat rats.

33

That the doormen at the Russian restaurants in New York are all former grand dukes and that all the headwaiters in the same establishments were colonels in the army of the late Tsar.

34

That Greek bootblacks are furnished by shrewd shoe manufacturers with a free polish that is very bad on the leather.

35

That half the plays produced on Broadway have been so tinkered with, changed around and rewritten by so-called play doctors hired by the producer that the

original author cannot recognize a scene or a line of dialogue as his own.

36

That every time the clock ticks John D. Rockefeller becomes richer by $1,000.

37

That a certain *maladie d'amour* is no worse than a bad cold.

38

That, although all gin on the market is synthetic, all whisky is cut and all beer is spiked, all the Bacardi at $9 a bottle is genuine.

39

That it is impossible to get a decent cocktail in Europe.

40

That if one drinks beer through a straw one will become gloriously cockeyed.

41

That the modern flapper is never as naughty as she pretends to be.

42

That to walk on dewy grass in one's bare feet is beneficial to one's health.

43

That a lynching takes place every night in the State of Georgia, but that the Associated Press correspondents down there are all sons of Confederate generals and dutifully keep the news out of the Northern papers.

44

That all the well-dressed women sitting around the Waldorf and Biltmore hotels in New York are wives sick of their husbands and hot for flirtations.

45

That if one stands in the rain, one will grow tall.

46

That all the red wine now on the market is made in Delancey street basements by Italians who have given up counterfeiting in order to enjoy the greater usufructs of bootlegging.

47

That in order to get a job shoveling snow in New York, you have to have a pull at Tammany Hall.

48

That before an American singer can get a hearing at the Metropolitan she must make certain concessions to the rich backers of the opera.

49

That if you slip a customs inspector a good bottle of brandy or Scotch on your return from Europe, he will let you get by with a whole trunk full of liquor.

50

That all the people in Tennessee believe in a Devil with horns, hoofs and a tail.

51

That if you breathe through the nose and keep your mouth closed you will ward off all the diseases you would otherwise acquire.

52

That an Irishman is especially gifted in the matter of keeping a match lighted, and that where other men fail he is able to keep one going even in a cyclone.

53

That Turkish baths are used exclusively by drunks who are trying to sober up.

54

That by slipping the Lord Chamberlain of the British Empire fifty bucks any New York or Chicago woman of whatever station in society can get herself presented to the King of England.

55

That anyone connected with a newspaper can get all the free seats to the theatre that he wants.

56

That all New Yorkers go out to the theatres, concerts, night clubs and dance places every night in the week and never get to bed until three o'clock in the morning.

57

That the babies of impoverished families living in crowded tenement districts have to sleep in the bath-tub.

58

That the streets of Brooklyn are so crooked and numerous that firemen on the way to a fire have to ask directions and that no native Brooklyner can help them out.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

Notes on the Movies

The promiscuously voiced contention that absurd censorship is responsible for the childish quality of the movies is sheer bunkombe. Censorship has nothing to do with it. I have investigated carefully the deletions that have been ordered by the various censorship bodies over a period of years and in not a single case would any one of the pictures have been perceptibly better had it been allowed to remain intact. The censors are idiotic, true enough; some of their recommendations are unbelievably asinine. But the pictures would have been just as bad if they had not meddled with them. The censors are the movie people's alibi. The latter groan that their great masterpieces have been ruined because an overly damp and prolonged smack of a Hun gouging out a doughboy's eye has been snipped out of them, when, as a matter of fact, the pictures have been given a modicum of gratifying subtlety, albeit unintentional, and a relatively increased merit by these very external interferences. Such pictures as the censors have horned into more broadly I find to have been out-and-out rubbish in the first place: cheap-jack sensationalism about prostitutes, social diseases and the like, on a par with the white-slave pamphlets got out by the moralists ten or more years ago, cheap-jack pornography and cheap-jack attempts at Continental sophistication. On such occasions as the movies have tried to do anything even remotely endurable, it is to be noted that the censors have very decently shut up. They didn't interfere with "The Last Laugh"; they not only let "The Big Parade" and "What Price Glory?" alone, but even allowed them to do and say things that, in the instance of the drama, would have brought the police on at a gallop; they didn't harm "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" or any one of a dozen other such attempts to lift the pictures out of the nursery book. All that they cut out of the Russian picture "Potemkin" were a few feet showing a wormy piece of meat and a baby having its head mashed in, both of which were nauseating and unnecessary and rid of which the picture was better than before. And if they made "Variety" foolish in certain hinterland communities by converting the old fellow's inamorata into his wife, let us remember that they did nothing of the kind in the larger cities and that one can't judge the movies by Podunk any more than one can judge literature by Boston.

The movie censors have, contrary to what the movie press-agents have insinuated into print, actually done no damage to a single reputable picture that I can discover. They have even allowed the movies a wider latitude in the matter of morals than is presently allowed the drama. The suppressed plays, "Sex" and "The Virgin Man," were baby fare compared with such freely circulated films as "Flesh and the Devil" or "A Night of Love." If you tried to put on in the dramatic theatre such seduction scenes as you may see daily at any neighborhood movie parlor, you'd land in the cooler before you could say Malevinsky, Driscoll and O'Brien. All that the movie censors usually do is to change a few subtitles, awful garbage in the first place, cut out exaggerated gum-suckings and brassière-squeezings that any artistically intelligent director would never have put into the film, and object to elaborations of incidents that every writer

with an ounce of dramatic ability would himself recognize at once as utterly nonsensical and entirely needless. If anyone can show me a single comparatively worthwhile movie that the censors have spoiled, I'll believe this gabble about censorship ruining the movie art. But until the news is brought to me, I decline to become a party to the movie people's howls.

Every act of vandalism that has been attributed to the censors will be found to have been confined to what, when it started out, was already unspeakable drivel. All that the censors have generally done is to make the drivel more drivelish. They have done some things that make one laugh at their ignorance, but the antecedent laughter at the movie people's ignorance in the case of the same pictures has drowned out a considerable portion of laugh No. 2. If they have cut out scenes showing a woman going through the pangs of childbirth, so would any imaginative dramatist. If they have ordered out scenes showing a woman sewing sentimentally on baby clothes, they exhibit a critical sophistication highly to be commended. If they delete scenes showing gashouse ear-biting, they do no more than any half-way competent stage producer would do. The movie ignoramuses are simply up to their old trick of passing the buck. The only ones to blame for the abysmal stupidity of the movies are themselves. The circumstance that the censors have stolen some small coins out of their purse can't conceal the fact that that purse betrays an unmistakable resemblance to a sow's ear.

II

The movies will never be worth a hoot until the business end of the enterprise is absolutely and entirely separated from the actual producing department, and until nine-tenths of those presently in control of the latter are fired. Just as there never has been a magazine worth its salt that has got anywhere with a moneybags who meddled with its editorial conduct or one that has got anywhere when its financial, advertising and sales managers had anything to say about what went into its pages, so will there never be reputable movies until the money end of the business keeps its hands off. What few fairly worthwhile pictures we have had will be observed to have been made by producers independent of the Zukors, Mayers, Foxes and other such financial padrones, by players or directors in command of their own destinies. I point, for example, to Chaplin's "The Kid," Fairbanks' "Thief of Bagdad," Griffith's "Broken Blossoms," and to "Nanook of the North," "Chang" and "Stark Love." What other comparatively decent pictures have come along from time to time have been the result of continuous fights with the money overlords on the part of directors and players, with the latter triumphing by hook or crook over the former's hostility and objections.

To argue that the money men in the movies do not know their business is ridiculous. They do know it. The fact that almost every last one of them, before he went into pictures, was either a dinky fur salesman or an East Side push-cart vender and that now almost every last one of them is a millionaire pretty well establishes the idea of business acumen. What if they do waste money? It isn't their money but Wall Street's, and that makes not them bad business men but Wall Street. They have got and are getting all and more that is coming to them, you may be sure. The trouble with them, like the trouble with most successful business men, is that they aren't content to be simply successful business men, but wish to be something else besides. In the case of the movies, they want to be judges of dramatic literature, producers, artists. And as not one of them, on penalty of death, could tell you the difference between "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "The Gentleman from Indiana," it is small wonder that their interference in the producing and acting end of the films has accomplished what it has.

III

The moving picture will never really find itself until it divorces itself from the drama. Some things, of course, the two are bound to have in common, but the pictures presently lean too heavily upon stage drama and too little upon their own possibilities and resources. Again, all contentions to the contrary on the part of champions of the movies are hollow. Many of the innovations attributed to the movies, rendering them distinct from the acted stage drama, have not been innovations at all, but simply borrowings from the theatre. Griffith's so-called inventions, hailed some years ago as marking a new era of originality and progress in filmdom, were actually mere bald steals from the theatre. His much-talked-of device of fadeouts was originated and used years before by William Gillette in the plays he wrote, staged and acted the leading parts in. His flashbacks were nothing more than the old Drury Lane and Hanlon transparent backdrop scrims wherein theatregoers of two generations ago used, while the hero or heroine was meditating in front of the grate-fire, to see scenes depicting the hero or heroine's childhood days and other such antecedent joys and aches. And his moving camera had its counterpart many years before in such stage productions as the Lilliputians' "Magic Doll," with the steps of its walker through the forest followed, as some of you will recall, in exactly the same manner as in Griffith's photography. Griffith was an actor; he must have seen and remembered all these stage tricks; and when he became a director he took them over from the theatre with him.

But these are just tricks. The movie's real weakness lies in an attempt to cuckoo the drama's business and in the cuckooing to overlook and neglect what should be its own. The movie can never do the drama's work as effectively as the drama can, any more than dancing, even Pavlowa's, can, for all its trying, interpret music. The two are as intrinsically different as black and white. The movie must tell not the drama's stories in the drama's way, but its own stories in its own way. Now and again, it makes such an effort and the results point to what it may conceivably some day accomplish. "The Last Laugh" and "The Thief of Bagdad" are movie stories; the stage could not handle them; the movie can and does. So in the case of "The Big Parade," at least that part of it that Stallings confected, though certainly not the cheap imitations of stage drama that the director inserted into the script. In the instance of "What Price Glory?", those things in the drama that were finest on the stage are worst in the film, while those that could not, because of the limitations of the stage, be shown in the acted play, are the best.

The moving pictures, I need not say, are simply pantomime with a *compère* in the form of printed titles. Their limitations and possibilities are the limitations and possibilities of pantomime, plus only an elasticity in scenic environment and background and a gift for ocular legerdemain that stage pantomime cannot hope for. The best movie actors and actresses are expert pantomimists, all cameras aside. Thus, Chaplin is a moving picture all by himself before a camera gets in front of him and starts grinding, as anyone is aware who has seen him do his confidential pantomimes of French farce and so on. The dramatic actor, off the stage, is a dog without a tail; without the dramatist he is nothing. But the competent movie actor is a competent movie actor with or without a camera. The camera should therefore be reserved chiefly—in the director's mind—for the externals of the movie story and the story itself be directed solely toward those players who are valuable pantomimic funnels.

But what is generally the present system? It is to take the movie story away from the expert pantomimists and give it to the camera, in other words, to convert the camera into a dramatist. Well, the camera is not a dramatist and can never be one, and hence we get the current movie

blobs. You can photograph pantomime and you can, further, photograph drama in so far as it is pantomime, but you can't photograph drama of any other kind, that is, and persuade anyone but a half-wit. You can't photograph, with the greatest camera ever invented, metaphysical drama, or the drama that lies in luscious, beautiful, moon-struck words, or the drama of wit, or the drama that emerges from the conflict of ideas. And that is what the movies, though they don't seem to be aware of it, often pathetically try in their simpleton way to do. They foolishly and vainly try to do such things as "Romeo and Juliet," "A Woman of No Importance" and "Peer Gynt," when all the while the world of honest pantomime stands knocking at their door.

If I were the captain of a movie lot, the first thing I'd do would be to tack up a sign with the word SILENCE on it in letters six feet high and not permit a single soul on the lot, directors, actors, camera men or what not, ever to utter a single word. Words get them into the habit of thinking and acting in terms of the speaking stage. They may not believe they do, but they do. It may sound foolish, but I'd make everyone of them transact his share of the movie work in hand in pantomime, and I'd bank on the result. At its worst, it would at least be an improvement over the semi-callipygan stuff that the screen presently shows.

IV

If the motion picture ever hopes to be called an art by anyone beside the writers for the tabloid newspapers, it will first have to go into the back room, lock the door, sit down and take counsel with itself. And one of the first things it will have to persuade itself of will be this: that it will never get anywhere as an art simply by taking a generically static story and arbitrarily making it hop about, as it is presently doing. The mission of the motion picture is not to take what may be called a "still" story and give it legs that it doesn't need and that fit it grotesquely, but to take one full of movement and rid it of those static qualities that it might have, and unavoidably, as stage drama. However highly developed the movies may become, they will never be able to do such "still" plays as "The Lady From the Sea," "Night Refuge," "The Thunderbolt," "Candida," "The Father," etc., one-thousandth so well as the theatre can do them. But, on the other hand, they may take galloping tales, aburst with fury and alarm, and do them in a manner that the stage cannot. Yet the movies seem to believe that everything is equally grist for their mill. They have utterly no sense of discrimination and the result is what amounts to nothing more than bastard drama. The movies can no more do the masterpieces of drama than the stage can do the masterpieces of prose literature, so let each concern itself with what it can do best. If the movies can't do "Hamlet," neither can the stage do Conrad's "Youth" or "Heart of Darkness." The difference between the drama and the movies is simply this: that the former knows it can't do such things and wisely refrains from an attempt to do them, whereas the movies ignorantly try to do everything and, as a consequence, cause a great nose-holding in the land.

V

The movie as we see it by and large at the present time is simply a stage play, its unities corrupted, stripped of its words, and made to show all the scenes and episodes that the dramatist has, with artistic economy, laboriously succeeded either in deleting from his work or in keeping off stage.

VI

The theatre may safely begin to stop worrying that the movies will harm it. Gradually, most of the secessionist audiences will return to it. Aside from the flood of mush that has swept over the screen and begun to alienate them from the picture houses,

the vaudeville bills, prologues, etc., which have been added to the films already show signs of completing that alienation. The Graumans, Roxys and other such movie palace impresarios are doing more to drive audiences back to the theatre than the Erlangers and Shuberts could hope for. Their so-called presentations, made up of acts that drove theatre audiences out of the theatre and that drove vaudeville audiences away from vaudeville in such numbers that vaudeville went down the chute, are beginning in turn to send the audiences rushing back to the theatre for relief. Now and again, true enough, a feature like Paul Whiteman's band or some celebrated piano-pounder or violinist will hold them in their seats while they are waiting for a look at Emil Jannings, but more often they are bored to death by the kind of thing that a few years ago bored them to death in the theatre. There are amateurish ballets, small-time vocalists, revues made up of everything that has been cut out as worthless from the big theatrical revues, ham renditions of Dvořák, idiotic prologues and God knows what else. For a while, all this persuaded the boobs that they were getting more than their money's worth, but the tide seems to be turning. No movie in the world, however good, can triumph over such dismaying bills. The tale will be told before many more years pass.

VII

That the moving pictures must be mindful that their job is different from that of the stage may be practicably indicated by observing a single phenomenon in connection with both of them. In the theatre, artificial scenery representing outdoor views is an accepted thing. Audiences accept it willingly for what it is supposed to be. They permit themselves illusion, as Coleridge pointed out, not by their minds' judging a forest scene, say, to be a forest, but in a remission of the judgment that it is not a forest. By all the rules, this should also be true of the movies, but it happens that it isn't. It was true in the beginning of the movies—when they were still a great novelty—but it is true no longer, as anyone who has studied movie audiences even superficially is aware. Show a movie audience today an outdoor scene painted on canvas and shot within studio walls and it will boo and snicker. It declines to remit its judgment, and properly, for it feels—yes, even a movie audience sniffs the fact—that the business of the movies is to be absolutely realistic where the stage is artificial and (if I do not give the movie audience credit for too much discernment) on occasion artificial where the stage is sadly realistic.

To put it in plainer words, the movies are commanded to take advantage of their possibilities in the direction of realism, possibilities that are plainly beyond the stage's range, and of their potentialities in the direction of artifice which, limited in the case of the stage, cause the drama sometimes unfortunately to be realistic against its will. Thus, in this latter regard, the stage can never show a fairy tale so convincingly as the movies, for the simple reason that, where the latter can achieve the complete air of artificiality essential to such a story, the stage at its best can only manage things half-way. On the stage, there must always intrude a refractory note of realism to dispel the illusion. The stage can evoke Cinderella's coach only out of painfully realistic mick stagehands; the movies can evoke it out of thin air. The stage can show a fairy princess only in the disturbing Broadway flesh; the movies can show her in misty intangibility. The stage, to speak of other than tricks, for all its intention must remain visually realistic when it tackles "Peter Pan," where the movies may fully artificialize the eye. That the movies, when they in turn tackle "Peter Pan," succeed in doing nothing of the kind simply proves that they still so blindly follow the theatre that they botch what possibilities they have.

VIII

It is a trivial point, and one beneath the dignity of an old professor, but I should like to inquire why those who have wondered over the pull of the movies and the audiences they have drawn from the theatre haven't noticed how very much better-looking the girls are than those on the stage?

IX

The extent to which the movies slavishly seek to emulate the drama, and in the act disembowel themselves, may be seen in their current practice of hiring playwrights right and left to work out scenarios for them. These playwrights, who, like everyone else, look on the movies merely as sucker-stuff to get easy money from, not only unload on the movies all the flapdoodle that they are too sensible even to suggest to the theatre, but have no more idea, however willing and eager they may be, of the real requirements of the movies than so many Hollywood production managers. The number of fairly respectable movies that have been made since movies began are surely few and only one of these has been the result of a scenario prepared by a playwright. The rest have been made from scenarios manufactured by persons who were never near a theatre and who wrote for the camera purely in terms of the camera, even, in one case, where the idea of the scenario was lifted over from a play that had been done on the stage.

Of all the playwrights, American and foreign, who have been imported to Hollywood, only one, Stallings, has shown the slightest sign of appreciating the difference between the screen and the stage and, by that mark, he is the only one of the lot who has been at all spectacularly successful—even from the movie-mongers' point of view. The rest have been miserable duds. There is no more reason why a playwright should make a good scenario writer than why a scenario writer should make a good playwright. Even more playwrights during the last three years have come croppers in the movies than scenario writers like the authors of "Window Panes," "The Woman Disputed," etc., have come croppers as dramatists.

X

The movies are presently handicapped by the circumstance that they must all be fashioned with a single type of audience in mind, and that type the lowest. There are no different circuits of movie houses, as there are in the case of theatres, and hence a single picture must be made to appeal to all kinds and conditions of movie-goers in the mass. In the theatre, things are different. There are the divisions in the so-called legitimate circuit, the big-time vaudeville circuit, the small-time vaudeville circuit, the burlesque wheels, the little theatre chain, etc. Each of these can offer a specific fare, high or low, to appeal to the tastes of its own customers. In other days, there were the Syndicate circuit with its better grade of drama, the Stair and Havlin circuit with its second grade, the H. R. Jacobs and kindred 10-20-30 theatres with their knock-'em-down melodrama, and the stock company and other circuits. Theatrical entertainment was then, even to a greater degree than now, duly apportioned to the various strata of theatrical intelligence. But the movies never had such circuits or individualized playhouses and they haven't them yet. Consequently, a movie must be manufactured to meet the ten-cent and two-dollar trade on common ground. It succeeds in meeting the former.

The little theatre movement has begun to show faint signs of visiting itself upon the movie scene; already such playhouses catering to the minority taste are popping up here and there; and in them rests the artistic future of the films just as the artistic phase of the modern American drama found its birth in similar mangers.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Autopsy

THE STORY OF CIVIL LIBERTY IN THE UNITED STATES, by Leon Whipple. 50 cents. 7 x 4¼; 366 pp. New York: *The Vanguard Press.*

PROFESSIONAL PATRIOTS, edited by Norman Hapgood. $1.50. 7⅜ x 4⅞; 217 pp. New York: *Albert & Charles Boni.*

RE-FORGING AMERICA, by Lothrop Stoddard. $3. 8⅛ x 5⅜; 389 pp. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons.*

UNDERSTANDING AMERICA, by Langdon Mitchell. $3. 8¾ x 5¾; 249 pp. New York: *The George H. Doran Company.*

These books all belong to that literature of *Katzenjammer* which now flourishes so amazingly in the United States, vice the glad books, deceased: they all embody attempts to find out what is the matter with the Republic. I wish I could add that one or another of them solves the problem, or at least contributes something to its illumination, but that would be going somewhat beyond the facts. Even Mr. Mitchell, who is by far the most urbane and sagacious of the four authors, gets little beyond platitudes—often very adroit and charming ones, to be sure, but still platitudes. His fundamental assumptions are hard to distinguish from those of Mr. Stoddard. Both gentlemen seem to be firmly convinced that only immigrants of Northern European stock can assimilate what they vaguely describe as "American ideals." But is this actually true? I doubt it. The real objection to most of the non-Nordic immigrants, as it is practically encountered, is that they assimilate these American "ideals" only too rapidly. Nobody in New Mexico or Arizona complains against the invading Mexicans on the ground that they work more cheaply than Americans and cling to their Spanish speech; what is complained of is that they quickly learn all the dodges of American politics, and so tend to hog all the public offices, and reduce MM. the "Anglo-Saxons" of those deserts to more or less honest labor. It was precisely the same objection, then levelled against the Irish, that brought on the Know-Nothing movement: the theological content of that movement was an afterthought, as the theological content of the Ku Klux movement today is an afterthought. Ku Kluxry is the Southern poor white's answer to the progress of the emerging Negro, once his equal but now threatening to become his superior. Having perfected his weapon, he naturally turns it against other enemies. But how many of them are deficient in American "idealism"? Searching high and low, I can find none. What the Ku Klux seeks to destroy are precisely what the text-books of civics describe as the chief American "ideals," *e.g.*, equality before the law, inviolability of domicile, free speech and free assemblage, and universal education.

If, indeed, there is any faction in the United States today which devotes itself whole-heartedly to destroying the Republic's "language and law, its religious ideals, its morals, its hopes and its institutions" (I quote Mr. Mitchell), that faction is obviously the *bloc* of so-called "Anglo-Saxons" and their parasites. In Professor Whipple's melancholy volume you will find massive proofs of it, and in the volume edited by Mr. Hapgood (the materials were amassed by Sidney Howard and John Hearley) you will find more. The central aim of these "Anglo-Saxons," since the first days of the Bill of Rights, has apparently been to reduce it to a nullity. As Professor Whipple shows, it has been constantly under fire, and bit by bit its guarantees have been evaded and destroyed. All the chief heroes of American

"idealism," from Lincoln to Wilson and from Roosevelt to Wayne B. Wheeler, have devoted themselves ferociously to this curious business. I can find no parallel to it in the history of any other country. Certainly there is no record that Bismarck ever jailed anyone for hymning the Prussian monarchy, or that the Bolsheviki have ever hanged a man for advocating Bolshevism. But in the United States it has always been risky to seek to exercise the rights which, in theory, lie inviolably at the heart of the American system of government, and of late it has even come to be dangerous to argue for them.

Messrs. Whipple and Hapgood tell only a small part of the story: their volumes might have been extended to 5,000 pages each without exhausting the facts. The Bill of Rights, as it stands today, is only of historical interest, at all events to a man who happens to be unpopular. If he goes into court relying upon it to deliver him from oppression he will find straightway that the courts have translated every one of its crystal-clear asseverations into legal moonshine, signifying nothing. Any search or seizure that seems proper to a Prohibition officer is now "reasonable." Free speech means simply the right to utter what is believed by the nearest Rotarian; free assemblage is a privilege granted by the police; a free press is subject to the censorship of obscure and unintelligent job-holders. Religious freedom means government by the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, which elects lawmakers, controls administrative officers, and appoints judges. The right of a man accused of crime to trial before a jury of his peers has come to mean, in large areas, only the right to trial before a jury of his hereditary enemies. Even such ancient legal principles as that which prohibits double jeopardy are now suspended, and on the motion of "Anglo-Saxons." An American's house is no longer his castle. He may be tried by irresponsible administrative tribunals without being confronted by his accusers. Theoretically, a free citizen in a free republic, and safeguarded in a long series of inalienable rights by inviolable guarantees, he is actually simply the subject of a *Polizeistaat*, without any certain means of escaping its oppressions save that of fleeing the country.

My natural prejudices, as one of the few genuine Anglo-Saxons ever on public view in this realm, are in favor of the so-called Anglo-Saxon "ideals." That is to say, I believe in liberty. In any dispute between a citizen and the government, it is my instinct to side with the citizen. I am against bureaucrats, policemen, wowsers, snouters, smellers, uplifters, lawyers, bishops and all other such sworn enemies of the free man. I am against all efforts to make men virtuous by law. I believe that the government, practically considered, is simply a camorra of incompetent and mainly dishonest men, transiently licensed to live by the labor of the rest of us. I am thus in favor of limiting its powers as much as possible, even at the cost of a considerable inconvenience, and of giving every citizen, wise or foolish, right or wrong, the right to criticize it freely, and to advocate changes in its constitution and personnel. In brief, the concept of American "ideals, morals, hopes and institutions" that I subscribe to is substantially the concept that Thomas Jefferson subscribed to. I do not share his confidence in the wisdom and rectitude of the common man, but I go with him in his belief that the very commonest of common men has certain inalienable rights. No country, it seems to me, may call itself free and enlightened in which even the meanest and most friendless wretch is at the mercy of oppressors, and stands at a disadvantage before the law.

What I marvel at is that so few "Anglo-Saxons"—and here I adopt the naïve definition of Anglo-Saxon used by Messrs. Mitchell and Stoddard—are in favor of these principles. It seems to me that they are the very foundation-stones of the American scheme of things—that remov-

ng them means bringing the whole structure down in ruin. Yet it must be plain to anyone who studies the books of Messrs. Whipple and Hapgood that this business of removing them is now the chief endeavor of the "Anglo-Saxons," and that they strive mightily to make it the chief function of the government. When protests are heard, they come almost invariably from persons who are not "Anglo-Saxons." Such persons man the few libertarian organizations that still flourish among us, and they are the chief butts of the frenzy of hatred that Messrs. Whipple and Hapgood describe. To be an American patriot today, in the current "Anglo-Saxon" sense, is to be a relentless enemy of practically every idea that Jefferson advocated. If he were alive today, he would be on every list of suspects, along with Jane Addams and John Dewey, Father John A. Ryan and Roscoe Pound. Had he been alive during the late war, with the frenzied Woodrow in the saddle, he would have gone to prison with Debs—and Washington, alive too, would have gone with them. The defense of the Bill of Rights among us has been left mainly to men who fall quite outside Messrs. Mitchell and Stoddard's definition of Americans. And in large part, by an irony that must surely delight the gods, it has been left to men actually under the surveillance of the police.

In this curious situation there ought to be some comfort for Messrs. Mitchell and Stoddard, and especially for Mr. Mitchell—that is, if he really means what he says when he declares that he is in favor of the traditional "ideals, morals, hopes and institutions" of the Republic,—for what it indicates is simply that the more recent immigrants are more readily susceptible to Americanization than the children of the old stock. Do I here try to make a paradox? Not at all. I believe that it is really a fact. The main trouble with large sections of the new immigrants is that they take American ideals quite seriously—that they come to the United States honestly expecting to find the liberties that Jefferson advocated. If they become bad citizens it is at least partly due to their natural reaction from the discovery that nothing of the sort is on tap. The lowly wop, escaping from his native Sicily, comes here to be a free man. What he actually encounters is a legal system which reduces him to the level of a school-boy—a system which goes to the extravagant length of determining what he shall drink at his own table. Is it any wonder that he becomes a bootlegger? Would the men who won the West have submitted, or would they have become bootleggers too? Soon the wop notices something else. He himself is pursued by the police and sent to jail, but his "Anglo-Saxon" customers, guilty just as he is, go free. So on his release from jail he becomes, perhaps, a Bolshevik, or maybe only a gun-man. If you think I strain the facts, go read the case list of any Federal rum court. Nine-tenths of the names upon it are "foreign" names. Thus even when he is a bootlegger the "Anglo-Saxon" has vast and unfair advantages: his client has vaster still. In precisely the same way, everywhere south of the Potomac, the "Anglo-Saxon" has advantages over the black man, even when he is a murderer. I challenge Mr. Mitchell to fit this harsh fact into any American "ideal" that he is in favor of. Or to do the same with the facts amassed by Messrs. Hapgood and Whipple. The plain fact is that all the traditional American "ideals" are now on the scrap-heap. A few "foreigners" root among them, searching for lost pearls, but the "Anglo-Saxons" pass by on the other side of the street.

Mr. Mitchell marvels that the alleged idealism of the American people is viewed with mocking by Europeans. He is not surprised to discover that the Germans all believe the United States went into the late war to recover payment for its services, as a "neutral," to the Allies, but he is astounded to find that "most Frenchmen and Italians say the same thing." These Frenchmen and Italians, he believes, are singu-

larly forgetful of "the generous, chivalrous sentiment amongst our people during the years before we took sides in the great matter." What he forgets himself is that there is such a thing as a science of logic, and that it still flourishes in France and Italy, where Kiwanis has, as yet, failed to upset it. Suppose a Frenchman begins to figure out what would have happened if the investments of the United States, in 1917, had been with the Germans instead of with the Allies. Is it likely that, knowing what he knows, he is going to ascribe much importance to "the cherished memory of Lafayette"? Or to "the regard in which we hold France"? That regard, to a Frenchman, seems to have set him back very painfully. There are, to be sure, Frenchmen who do not think so. I have met them, and, as a 100% American, greatly enjoyed their humane conversation. But it would be drowning them in their own politeness to speak of them as logicians.

Caveat Against Science

SCIENCE: THE FALSE MESSIAH, by C. E. Ayres. $3. 8¾ x 5¾; 296 pp. Indianapolis: *The Bobbs-Merrill Company.*

Mr. Ayres, lately a member of the staff of the *New Republic,* has served his time as a professor of philosophy, and, like any other metaphysician in a machine age, is full of vague fevers and shooting pains. In the present volume he endeavors gallantly to reduce them to a series of theses, with supporting syllogisms, but though he enjoys the gift of utterance and is, in fact, extraordinarily articulate for a philosopher, his argument remains, nevertheless, somewhat inchoate. What I gather from it chiefly is the thought that science, after all, cannot teach us how to live. It accumulates immense pyramids of facts, but the facts turn out, on examination, to be meaningless. What if the astronomers discover that the temperature at the core of a certain star is 750,000 degrees Centrigrade? What if the electron reveals itself as a speck of vacuum performing a witless and eternal Charleston? What if epinephrin is synthesized, and even Gordon gin? What if a distinguished movie actor is found to be a perfect specimen of *Eoanthropus dawsoni*? What if some one proves that a straight line is no longer the shortest distance between two points? All the really important human problems remain unsolved. Nothing in any of these triumphs of science will help a man to determine whether, having $50 to invest, he will do better to put it in the missionary box or buy some worthy girl a pocket-flask and a set of necking tools. Mr. Ayres, it appears, long ago gave up any hope of light from the purely physical sciences: chemistry, physics, pathology, physiology, zoölogy, chiropractic, investment banking, golf, etc. But psychology still lured him, and he began to investigate it—just in time to see the behaviorists turn Man into a teetotum, not unlike the electron. There remained anthropology, but now even anthropology runs to graphs and tables of statistics, laws and more laws, all impersonal, all devoid of metaphysical content, all extremely mortifying to a philosopher.

Mr. Ayres seems to have a fear that the end is not yet—that science, having turned its back upon the moral order of the world, will one day return to put it down, maybe by force—that is, that we are facing a scientific tyranny almost as bad as the old theological tyranny or the current political tyranny. "When science has become supreme," he says, in the last sentence of his book, "any attempt to rectify its formulæ will be persecuted as heresy." But here, I believe, he is simply judging science in terms of the crimes of philosophy. There is not the slightest sign that science, in itself, has any such malign ambition. Its aim is simply to establish the facts. It has no more interest in the moral significance of those facts than it has in the moral significance of a streptococcus. It must be amoral by its very nature: the minute it begins separating facts into the two categories of good ones and bad ones it ceases to be

science and becomes a mere nuisance, like theology. Nevertheless, there is a certain uncomfortable reason in Mr. Ayres' fears. Science itself will never send him to the stake, but the quacks who hang about its flanks may one day try to do so. Such quacks are already numerous, and they tend to disguise themselves as scientists, and to be accepted by the world in that character. I point, for example, to the so-called hygienists, and especially to those who are also public job-holders. Theoretically and by their own representation, these singularly cocksure men are scientists; actually they are simply moralists, and of the same lineage as Prohibition agents. The body of exact facts lying under their pretensions is of very modest dimensions, and so far as I am aware not one of those facts was unearthed by their own efforts. They are to pathology as astrologers are to astronomy. It is certainly by no mere coincidence that they are the only claimants to scientific authority in the whole modern world who make any demand that the police enforce their decrees.

But there is no reason why Mr. Ayres should permit these hygienists to alarm him. Their present high puissance is not due to the fact that science is running amok, but to the fact that science is still impotent. If it had the authority that he sees in his unpleasant visions, and the moral fervor that he seems to think must go therewith, it would be hanging hygienists today. But I don't believe that it would actually hang them, even if it had the power. To science, a hygienist is simply a natural phenomenon, like a philosopher or a Congressman; all three stand upon an equal footing in its sight. Their moral passion is no more to be put down by force than is a bishop's passion to cultivate the rich; it is simply something to be studied calmly, as the habits of the crayfish are studied. Is that study sterile? Of course it is—to the sort of man to whom it is sterile. That sort of man is not content with facts; he also craves advice. It is the business of philosophers to give him that advice. Functioning as theologians, as publicists, as metaphysicians and what not, they have been doing so for five or six thousand years. No doubt it has done him a lot of good.

But there are also men who do not crave such advice. These are the men to whom science is a reality. They believe that there is something intrinsically agreeable about learning something not hitherto known. They get the same stimulation out of widening their knowledge that the customer of the theologians and metaphysicians gets out of being instructed in his duties toward God, the Armenians, his brother-in-law, and the memory of Woodrow Wilson. It is a form of effort that is relatively new in the world, and hence it is not mentioned in the sacred books. No known church teaches that a man could get into Heaven by discovering the hypothetical element lying between molybdenum and ruthenium, or by determining the exact value of π. More, no man could hope to be elected President for doing it, or even to membership in the Elks, or the American Academy of Arts and Letters, or the Actors' Equity. Nevertheless, as I say, there are men who are interested in such achievements, and esteem their fruits. They constitute a very small minority of the human race. They alone are concerned with science, or have any understanding of its peculiar values. It is as impossible to imagine them engaging in the tyranny that Mr. Ayres fears as it is to imagine the rest of mankind comprehending the scientific attitude, or escaping tyrants.

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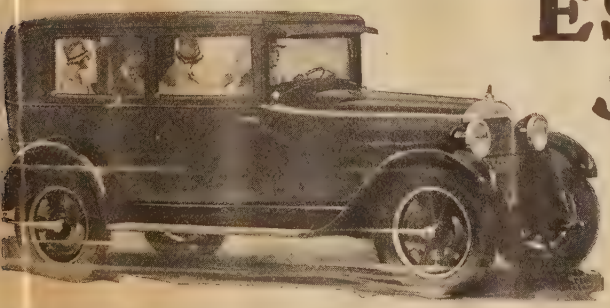

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Buy a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream and start your treatments now. The booklet in every jar tells you how. Beautiful women, social leaders, stage beauties, screen stars who care enough for their skin to care for it properly write us they have used only Ingram's Milkweed Cream for 10-20 years or more.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., Est. 1885, 29 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich., also Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream
THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR

Ingram's American Blush Rouge :: Hand Made :: One Shade :: For any Maid - 50c

Editorial NOTES

Ernest Booth's article, "We Rob a Bank," is an attempt to describe a bank robbe from the standpoint of the robbers. Th commonly inspire vast terror in the clerks and customers who face their pistols, but as Mr. Booth shows, they are far from easy in mind themselves. He should know, for he has been a professional burglar and robber since his sixteenth year, and is now serving a life sentence in Folsom Prison, Represa, Cali for the robbery he deals with in his artic He is twenty-eight years old, was born New York City, and attended the pub schools there and, later on, in Chicago a California, whither his family moved. ran away from home when he was twe and landed in the Industrial School Iona, Calif., at fifteen. Escaping after sev months, he took to burglary, and practic that art during the next two years in t territory between Chicago and the Pac Coast. In the course of his travels he in with a schoolma'am who had abandor the birch for an ancient profession, a from her he got enough learning to en the high-school at Seattle. He suppor himself while he was at school by robbi houses in Seattle, Tacoma and Vancouv Near the end of his course he eloped w another schoolma'am and went to Sac

Ernest Booth

Continued on page xliv

All for One

An Advertisement of
the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

A SLEET storm descends, carrying down trees and wires. A wind turns outlaw and blows down a pole line. Or some swollen river rampages through a circuit of destruction.

But wherever angry nature attacks the Bell Telephone System there are repairmen trained to meet the emergency, and everywhere trained in the same schools to the use of the same efficient tools. Supplies of surplus equipment and materials are kept at strategic points whence they may be rushed by train or truck to the devastated area.

Throughout the Bell System, all construction and practice are standard, so that men and supplies, when necessary, may be sent from one state or company to another.

There are twenty-five Bell Companies, but only one Bell System—and but one Bell aim and ideal; stated by President Walter S. Gifford as:

"A telephone service for this nation, so far as humanly possible free from imperfections, errors and delays, and enabling anyone anywhere at any time to pick up a telephone and talk to anyone else anywhere else in this country, clearly, quickly and at a reasonable cost."

"The Better Shave" is kind to your face

A STUBBORN BEARD and a tender face—they go together. You scrape and pull the razor over the stiff stubble. You endure irritation and discomfort. Your face feels rough—the shave uneven.... But—*not if you know about "the better shave"!*

For this "better shave"—Fougère Royale (Royal Fern) Shaving Cream—has proved to thousands of hard-to-shave men that rich lather softens the beard *thoroughly* and makes shaving easy. Being neutralized, it works well with hot or cold, hard or soft water. It is a smooth, refreshing shave, with the outdoor odor of the Royal Fern. Try Fougère Royale—get it at your druggist's, or send for a trial tube.

Fougère Royale AFTER-SHAVING *Lotion is a boon to tender faces, soothing and restoring moisture to the skin. It is new but most good druggists have it—75c.*

Fougère Royale Shaving Cream

Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal

Shaving Cream, 50c; After-Shaving Lotion, 75c. Shaving Stick, 75c; Talcum, $1.00: Bay Vegetable, $1.25. Facial Soap, 50c;

Houbigant, Inc., 539 W. 45th St., New York

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlii

mento. There, having acquired literary tastes, he began to pass bad checks, first in California and then in the adjoining States. The police pursued him to Milwaukee, where he was arrested. He made a fight against extradition to California, but lost. On the way back he escaped from the train, but was recaptured two months later in Portland, Ore. Taken back to the little town of Chico, Calif., for trial, he was found guilty of forgery and sentenced to San Quentin. While waiting to be taken to prison he escaped from the county jail at Chico, but shortly afterward he came to grief in an automobile wreck near Stockton, and on October 7, 1917, began serving five years at San Quentin. He was paroled in April, 1920, and went to work in a lumber-camp, but that didn't last long. Let him tell the rest in his own words:

> In December, 1920, I was captured after a battle with the police following a robbery in the Statler Hotel at Cleveland, Ohio. Judge Florence Allen (who is now a Supreme Court Justice in that State) listened to my plea and allowed me to be returned to California to serve out the remainder of my sentence at San Quentin. In January, 1923, I was transferred to Folsom Prison from S. Q. as incorrigible. My sentence expired three months later. I went to the East and "worked" for about eight months. But the mild climate of California brought me back. I was arrested in Los Angeles in March, 1924, and faced a flock of charges: bank robbery, burglary, grand larceny, etc; they were eventually cut to the grand larceny of an automobile, after I had given up about twenty thousand dollars. Two weeks later I was released on bond and in June, 1924, I was arrested in Oakland, Calif., for bank robbery. I held up the jailors a few weeks later and escaped with another chap. Two months later, in November, 1924, I was swamped by the San Francisco police and faced another charge of bank robbery. I arrived, efficiently escorted, at Folsom Prison in November, 1925, and was subsequently transferred to S. Q. Recently I was sent back to Folsom. I'm

Continued on page xlvi

Typically Timken

Crowding friction to the vanishing point is not enough for railroad journal bearings. They must scientifically overcome the wear of thrust and shock and speed, as steel flies against steel.

Other such "impossible" bearing applications, one after another, have yielded to the undeviatingly successful design of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. Engineering knows it to be typically Timken to save the railroads 88% of starting power and a large part of all previous journal maintenance.

Economics and the interests of travelers and shippers dictate the need of wear-prevention, hot-box elimination and smoothest starting of trains. Railroads are finding a successful solution in the adoption of Timken Bearings for journals.

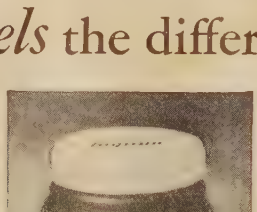
THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

The simplicity and compactness of Timken journal mountings comes from the exclusive combination of Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, and Timken-made electric steel. Greater load area and full thrust capacity are entirely self-contained. There is absolutely no wear —no moving contact—on axles.

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller*

BEARINGS

BLINDFOLDED your skin Feels the difference



187,776 jars in 1925
619,512 jars in 1926
Going even better now

BEFORE your razor goes over your face . . . while it's going over . . . after the shave is over . . . INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM gives you a cool comfort that puts it over any kind you have ever used. INGRAM'S is lather and lotion in one.

Any one can make claims. INGRAM'S makes *converts.* Nearly a million men enjoyed cool shaves with INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM in 1926. Every day more men are finding out about it. So that you, too, can find out . . .

Just do this

Write us for your 7 FREE cool shaves. Lather one side of your face with your *usual* shaving preparation . . . the other side with the *unusual* . . . INGRAM'S. Instantly . . . before your razor touches your skin you *feel* the difference.

Razor wounds that don't bleed hurt most. Skin scratches you don't see but *do* feel . . . yield to the cooling, soothing lather of INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. There is nothing else like it.

Write us today for your 7 FREE cool shaves. Your skin will thank you. Or to save yourself time—ask your nearest druggist for 120 of these cool INGRAM shaves. The jar costs only fifty cents.

Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.—Est. 1885, 29 Tenth St. Detroit, Mich.—also Windsor, Ont., Canada

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xliv

now doing a life sentence for the Oakland robbery.

Mr. Booth was sent back to Folsom after a spectacular attempt to escape from San Quentin. He leaped from a wall fifty feet high, and broke both of his legs. He is now in hospital at Folsom. At San Quentin he was one of a group of five prisoners who developed literary ambitions, and with considerable success. Another of the group is Robert Joyce Tasker, who has had two articles in THE AMERICAN MERCURY—"The First Day," in the March, 1927, issue, and "A Man Is Hanged," in the June issue. The accompanying portrait of Mr. Booth was done by Th. A. Verdugo, a Spanish prisoner at Folsom doing twenty-five years.

In the July issue Mr. John Kelly, of Tampa, Fla., took exceptions to some of the statements in "The Great Medicine Road," by Mr. De Voto, in the May issue. The latter makes the following rejoinder:

> Mr. Kelly is quite right in supposing that I never hunted buffalo, but my antiquarian studies which he scorns have been backed up by twenty years in the West and a wide acquaintance among people who did hunt buffalo. Mr. Kelly says that "most of the shooting was done at three to eight hundred yards." Perhaps it was in 1872, when his hunting and trapping experiences began and when buffalo-hunting had become a profession, seconded by modern firearms. But in the forties, the time about which I wrote, such ranges were impossible. The trapper's rifle of the time would not inconvenience a buffalo at that range, and he would not have taken the chance of missing even if it had been able to. For the inferior muskets of the Indians, and their bows, a hundred yards was a tremendous range. The Indians, as I said in my article and must repeat, practised several methods of killing buffalo. The "surround" was one, riding into a herd was another, and stalking them was a third. Many scores of cases of each kind are on record, testified to not by the Western

Continued on page xlviii

This is more civilized . . .

)o you ever wake up to right, brisk morning with faint distaste for bright-ss and briskness? And es a feeling of complete illusionment with life and e and gaiety then creep r you?

t pains us to speak so ntly, but that, friend, speaks a degree of un-histication quite un-rthy of you. Really.

or it's quite a lot more ilized to take a drink of Eno before per-tting yourself to generalize about the te of the world.

You may think it crass, but you've really idea how often melancholia l disillusionment arise from h subtle and sinister ills as luggish intestinal tract, im-per elimination, and the cumulation within you of tain of the results of dining o well.

Get a bottle of Eno today. A dash in a little water makes a cooling, delightful drink with none of the drastic action or nauseating taste of ordinary laxative "salts." Eno is *pleasant* to take, and its laxative action is mild but beautifully thorough. It will whip your palate like a bracing breeze and may start your appetite for living well on the way to recovery.

And since yours is probably the only really civilized household in the land without a bottle, you'll surely think it best to remedy that situation without delay.

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THE WORLD-FAMED EFFERVESCENT SALINE

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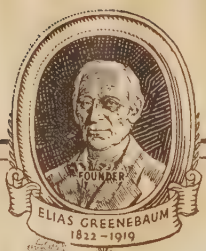

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Safeguarded Bonds

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xlvi

romancers whom Mr. Kelly accuses me of standing on, but by Army officers, sportsmen, and numerous others whose intelligence and integrity cannot be questioned. That hunters did ride into the herd is incontrovertible. That was, in fact, what gave the sport its thrill and spectacle. I refer him to such authorities as Rufus Sage, Francis Parkman, Frémont and Stansbury. The last three describe in detail their emotions on such a hunt, and to reject their testimony is impossible.

The method of butchering the carcass that I mentioned was taken direct from Stansbury. He was a captain of engineers in the United States Army, and his report of his survey of the Overland Trail and exploration of Great Salt Lake Valley is an acknowledged classic of the West. It was published by Congress in, I believe but cannot now verify, 1852, but his expedition began in 1849, right in the period I was describing. Jim Bridger, who was certainly as expert a buffalo-hunter as ever lived, was attached to his party for a time, and so were a half-dozen other experienced plainsmen, mountaineers, and hunters. The methods that such men used were the best methods. Mr. Kelly will find the names of the cuts in Stansbury and in at least fifty other early narratives of the West. Frémont uses them as part of his habitual idiom—and Frémont spent several years in the company of Kit Carson and Thomas Fitzpatrick, who, with Bridger, composed the great triumvirate of the trappers. What I said about the marrow bones rests on no less authorities than Stansbury and Jim Beckwourth, the latter of whom was not only a trapper but a Crow chief as well. Incidentally, a little more careful reading of my article would have shown Mr. Kelly that I did not confuse the hump with the neck, but mentioned, in addition to the main hump, a smaller one on the neck, called the bass. Here, at least, I can support my studies with experience, for I have not only seen this smaller hump on living buffalo but have even eaten it—at the barbecues of buffalo which occasionally take place in my native State.

Mr. Kelly must realize that the West, hunting, and the buffalo changed enormously between the forties and the seventies. I wrote of a simpler, headier, more strenuous day than his. The repeating rifle, copper-jacketed bullets, the well advertised methods of Buffalo Bill, and the application of efficiency engineering to sport had not yet contaminated the country in the days I wrote of, the only days of the West I am interested in.

An increase of $1,335 on $55,000 in bonds

I HAVE always tried to keep about half my holdings in tax exempt securities," an investor told the Compton Company. "My list seems a little out of balance. I have only $20,000 in Liberty Bonds, now, in my total holdings of $55,000. What do you suggest?"

Analysis showed that this investor had no need for tax exemption. By judicious exchange of most of his Liberty Bonds he was able to realize a capital profit of more than $1,200 and an increase in average yield from 4.80 to 5.50 per cent—with a balanced list of rail, utility and industrial bonds, all high-grade investments.

This investor had not learned that his Liberty Bonds, under the Revenue Act of 1926, were exempt only to the amount of $5,000. He had never analyzed for himself the net yield from his high-grade, highly marketable investments. He never had a convenient means of classifying his investments so that he could see at a glance what his yield was, what diversification he had, and what changes his list needed.

The William R. Compton Company has invented the Compton Personal Investment Guide to help the experienced investor make his own analysis of his holdings. It will enable you to keep yourself informed upon every important detail that can affect your security holdings—except one. It does not deal with the market values or relative merits of holdings.

William R. Compton Company has, for more than thirty-nine years, enjoyed a national reputation for sound investments. The services that this company can offer you are unusual. Here is a unique service—a device that lets you analyze your own list for diversification, yield, and many other angles from which it should be viewed. Any investor holding more than $25,000 in securities should welcome this book. For your copy, merely send your letterhead with your request for a copy of the Personal Investment Guide.

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HAVANA . . . on the West Indies Cruise

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with sunshine in place of sleet . . . golden noons and indigo nights . . . and these four characteristics: luxury . . . entertainment . . . service . . . moderate cost.

S. S. "FRANCONIA"

Christmas and New Year Cruise from New York Dec. 20, 15 days, 3778 miles, visiting Nassau, Haiti, Kingston, Havana.

Christmas on board . . . New Year's Eve in Havana . . . the Old Year dropping down a tropical sky to the gay laughter of "New Paris." Rates from $200 up.

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Two Cruises from New York Jan. 21 and Feb. 25, 31 days, 6280 miles, visiting Nassau, Havana, Port au Prince, Kingston, Cristobal, Curacao, La Guayra, Trinidad, Barbados, Fort de France, St. Pierre, San Juan, Bermuda.

A 31 days' cruise amongst these fascinating ports . . . on a famous World Cruising Steamer . . . an experience comparable only to sampling the lure of the tropics on a private yacht. Rates from $300 up. Your local agent or 25 Broadway, New York.

CUNARD-ANCHOR West Indies Cruises

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from front advertising section, pa xxxvi

THE NOVELS OF JANE AUSTEN.
Edited by R. W. Chapman. *The Oxford University Pr*
$10 *New Y*
7⅞ x 5¼; 5 vols.; 429, 415, 567, 523, 563 pp.

This is a new edition, at a moderate price, of wh will probably remain for many years the standa collection of the Austen novels. The text is based up a careful collation of the early editions, and M Chapman has added notes and indexes so elabora that they are substantially exhaustive. The fi volumes are admirably printed, and soberly an appropriately bound. There are many illustration

THE POEMS OF CHARLES KINGSLEY.
Edited by Ernest Rhys. *E. P. Dutton & Compa*
80 cents 7 x 4¼; 236 pp. *New Y*

THE LIFE OF CHARLES DICKENS.
By John Forster. *E. P. Dutton & Comp.*
80 cents 7 x 4½; 2 vols., 454 + 430 pp. *New Y*

The Kingsley collection has an introduction Ernest Rhys, and the critical and bibliographic notes are by Mrs. Mary Morton. There is an index first lines. The Dickens volumes have an introducti by G. K. Chesteron, an appendix and an index.

AVOWALS.
By George Moore. *Boni & Liver*
$2.50 8 x 5¼; 308 pp. *New Y*

The new edition of a work formerly available i very limited edition, now out of print, with revisio and additions. It contains Moore's analysis of t work of Rudyard Kipling, Henry James and Wa Pater, an engrossing discussion of English pr narrative, and a penetrating criticism of Turgeni together with other pieces.

DISTRIBUTIVE JUSTICE: *The Right and Wrong of Present Distribution of Wealth.*
By John A. Ryan. *The Macmillan Comp*
$4 8½ x 5¾; 404 pp. *New Y*

This work first appeared eleven years ago, and here considerably revised, though without chang its main conclusions. Dr. Ryan is a Catholic th logian of Liberal and enlightened views, and his d cussion of the interminably complicated interrelati of capital and labor is marked by sound knowled a freedom from utopian passion, and solid comm sense.

THE DIALOGUES OF PLATO.
Edited by William C. Greene. *Boni & Liver*
$3.50 8½ x 5¾; 535 pp. *New Y*

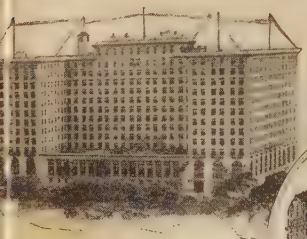
Continued on page lii

Light weight and semi-negligee, The Ludlow is a smartly designed Stetson, now ready to succeed the waning straw and to welcome the approaching fall. Hand blocking insures the retention of shape. At leading hat shops.

Eight to Forty Dollars

STETSON HATS

Styled for Young Men



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Everybody!
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Speaking!

"Surprising how many people try my cigarettes and say—"My, that's *some* cigarette, where can I buy it?"

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Johnnie Walker
CIGARETTES
Extremely Mild

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page l

THE COMPLETE POEMS OF FRANÇOIS VILLON
Translated by J. H. Lepper. *Boni & Liveright*
$3.50 8½ x 5¾; 316 pp. *New York*

IL PENTAMERONE.
Translated by Richard Burton. *Boni & Liveright*
$3.50 8½ x 5¾; 456 pp. *New York*

THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.
Edited by Wilbur L. Cross. *Boni & Liveright*
$3.50 8½ x 5¾; 526 pp. *New York*

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY, LETTERS TO ELIZA, *And Other Pieces.*
Edited by Wilbur L. Cross. *Boni & Liveright*
$3.50 8½ x 5¾; 307 pp. *New York*

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF TASTE.
By J. A. Brillat-Savarin. *Boni & Liveright*
$3.50 8½ x 5¾; 361 pp. *New York*

These well-printed and sedately bound volumes constitute the Black and Gold Library, and will be creditable accessions to any collection. The two volumes of Sterne are edited with introductions by Dr. Wilbur L. Cross, of Yale and the *Yale Review*, unquestionably the highest authority upon the subject in America. The Brillat-Savarin is presented in a translation first published in England in 1884. It has a preface by Charles Monselet, and an introduction by Frank Crowninshield, the latter an elegy upon the decay of civilized eating in the United States. The text of the Plato is that of the third edition of Jowett's translation. There are a preface and an introduction by the editor, Dr. Greene, who is an assistant professor of Greek and Latin at Harvard. He also contributes many notes. The Pentamerone of Giambattista Basile appears in the Burton translation, first published in London in 1893. There is a foreword by William A. Drake.

DOWN STREAM.
By J. K. Huysmans. *Pascal Covici*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 343 pp. *Chicago*

A collection of Huysmans' first published works, including "A Dish of Spices," a book of prose poems, his first novel, "Marthe"; "Down Stream," a number of critical papers from "Certains," and the "Twenty-Year-After Preface," to which are added Chapter V, omitted from the current translation of "Against the Grain" and the brief passage deleted from the Keene-Wallis rendering of "Down There." Samuel Putnam, who has made the excellent translation, has also contributed a critical introduction.

Continued on page liv

North Africa of Sunshine and Splendour

narets flinging their thin spires in the blue...glitng mosques and mosaiced palaces. Golden splenrs...haunting beauty. Bizarre...fantastic. Crooked row streets...where strange perfumes linger... ry doorway breathing mystery. Flaunting, shrilling ks piled high with exotic gaud and treasure. Oases ved in jade...shimmering dreamlike in the desert d. Caravans and dancing girls...sinuous Arabs l the savage blue-veiled silent ones...tempestuous primitive...glorious North Africa!

From one enchantment to aner...luxurious motor cars ed you over flowing macadam d or the thin winding trails of the desert. The forty-one famous Transatlantique hotels welcome you with their Parisian cuisine and service their brilliant Continental gayety. ∽ De luxe itinerary...57 gorgeously coloured days...all expenses... Mediterranean crossing...hotels...private automobile...$1750. ∽ Shorter trips ...such as 10-day itinerary...$200.

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the New MARLBORO
"HUNDRED"

One-half actual size

Send $1.00 to address below for your first Library Package of 100 Marlboros and, if your order reaches us before September 30th, 1927, we will also send you, free, the compact and efficient daintily colored enameled cigarette lighter shown above.

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CIGARETTES
Mild as May

20 for 20¢

Always fresh—Wrapped in *heavy* foil

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lii

FICTION

MAX HAVELAAR, *or, The Coffee Sales of the Netherlands Trading Company.*
By Multatuli. *Alfred A. Knopf*
$3 8 x 5¼; 312 pp. *New York*

When "Max Havelaar" was first published in Holland, in 1860, it made a sensation, and for an excellent reason: beside the Java part of the book—the satire on colonial administration and on government in general—it contains a picture of the Dutch bourgeois, in Drystubble, the coffee-broker, that is devastating. Here is the soul of Babbitt laid bare—a soul inordinately mean and petty. It is not in indignation, however, that Multatuli (Edward Douwes Dekker) presents him, but in humor. Hence, for all that the book lacks in composition—and at times it sprawls out of all bounds—it is capital reading. The translation is good, and D. H. Lawrence has contributed an interesting introduction.

THE SPANISH FARM TRILOGY.
By R. H. Mottram. *The Dial Press*
$2.50 7½ x 5; 550 pp. *New York*

This book includes the well-known "Spanish Farm" and its two sequels, "Sixty-four, Ninety-four" and "The Crime at Vanderlynden's," together with three connecting pieces, never before published in book form. A welcome and important volume. "The Trilogy" itself is one of the best studies of the war ever written, and the connecting pieces—"D'Arcyville," a portrait of a French Liaison Officer; "The Winner," a sketch of a Canadian captain; and "The Stranger," the story of an Englishman who returns to France, to see the place where he fought in the war—are beautifully done.

KIT O'BRIEN.
By Edgar Lee Masters. *Boni & Liveright*
$2.50 7½ x 5¼; 288 pp. *New York*

The story of Kit O'Brien, a boy of fifteen, who gets into trouble over the theft of a pie and is pursued, in harrowing days and nights, by the bloodhounds of the law. Kit tells his own story in the boy lingo of Central Illinois where the scene is laid, and, as in "Mirandy Miller," Mr. Masters achieves vivid effects with ease. After his escape down the Mississippi, Kit returns to his home town to face trial rather than abandon a destitute actress, once famous, whom he finds living in a houseboat. An entertaining but not important story.

MIGRATIONS.
By Evelyn Scott. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$2.50 7¼ x 5; 337 pp. *New York*

The scene is Mimms, Tennessee, in 1850, and Mi

Continued on page lvi

Athens

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Every civilization has drawn inspiration from Grecian arts and letters—from the genius of her great men and the chaste beauty of her immortal ruins—the Acropolis, Areopagus and Mars Hill; the Parthenon, Temple of Zeus, Theseion, Theatre of Dionysos and many other ancient monuments. All this and more on the

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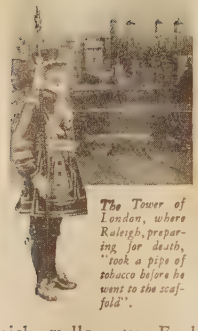

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page liv

Scott deals a heavy blow to the romantic legend o the aristocratic, antebellum South. Her poverty stricken, ineffectual gentry are drawn with deft, su strokes, and there can be little doubt as to the authenticity. She handles the subject of miscegen tion realistically and yet delicately, without alar or indignation. Not an engaging book, in spite of i swift movement, but certainly an enlightening one.

INTIMATE ACROBATICS.
By Lord Stites. *Robert M. McBride & Compa*
$2 7⅝ x 5¼; 208 pp. *New Yo*

An amusing novel. It expounds the sweet doctri that life should be taken with a befitting lack o earnestness, and relates the love adventures, al otherwise, of the members of a group of mode Americans who spend their time chasing from P avenue to Paris and from Paris to Park avenue light, "smart" performance, but containing so excellent characterization.

ANGEL.
By Du Bose Heyward. *The George H. Doran Compa*
$2 7½ x 5; 287 pp. *New Y*

Angel Thornley is a woman of the Carolina hi the daughter of a preacher, who forces her to mar Stan Galloway, a repulsive clod, after he has induc the sheriff to send her lover, Buck Merritt, to ja Angel's and Buck's child is born, and years lat when Buck returns—after Galloway has wound him in an encounter—Angel promises to leave h husband and go to the city with him. But Gallow is killed while blasting, and so they are spared t necessity of flight. Together they leave the hills a travel eastward. A dramatic story, and very w told. Mr. Heyward's portrayal of the Carolina mo tain whites is faithful and living.

THE FIDDLER IN BARLY.
By Robert Nathan. *Robert M. McBride & Comp*
$2 7½ x 5; 194 pp. *New Y*

This is the story of Lindeman, the wandere fiddler, and his dancing dog, Musket, who come Barly in search of work, and hire out to Mrs. Seb the fearless, outspoken widow of Barly, who o the general store. Through the pages move co colorful characters: Metabel Adams, sweet innocent, who wants a yellow dress; Edna Flood, minister's daughter, in love with Julius Penny, organist; the Rev. Mr. Flood, tall and gaunt, w preaches that it is the duty of every man to impr himself; and Mr. Shrub, the postmaster, who han all the letters from far places, and trembles happ at the secretness of life. A book full of charm.

Continued on page lviii

BLESSED BE THE BOOBS!

It has always seemed to us that the boobery is divided into two classes:

1. The grade B boobs, (of which we are one,) whom Mencken attacks, and who do not read him.

2. The grade A boobs, whom he praises and who believe everything he says.

Of the two, the grade B boobs are, of course, the lesser evil. Great is their patience. And when they suffer, they suffer in silence.

We actually look upon them with considerable respect. Granted they have a certain type of stupidity, it is the type that is largely and unconsciously responsible for these United States being the pleasant and profitable place they are.

So long as the grade B boobs remain as they are, so long will our country remain a merry spot where one may live, labor, sin and pass out 'mid pleasant surroundings.

On the other hand, if Old Doctor Mencken could wave his wand (which falls some several thousand miles short of being magic) and commit us to the dominion of the boobs of the second class, how much worse off we would be!

For, given a little power and turned loose, the intellectual boob can raise hell in a grand manner; our little world, now somewhat astigmatic, would be downright cock-eyed—and that, too, quickly. Let this never come to pass, Jehovah!

And in the meantime, to the boobs of today—prosit! They all use Listerine. And a special prosit to the grade A boobs, because they use more of it.

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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lvi

THE ALLINGHAMS.
By May Sinclair. *The Macmillan Compan*
$2.50 7½ x 5¼; 368 pp. *New Yo*

A study of adolescence, with the children of sub stantial, unimportant English parents as subject There are six of them, three girls and three boy running in temperament from Margie, jealous an hypersensitive, to Mollie, sweet and wholesome, an from Wilfred, who wants to be a soldier, to Steph who writes poetry. Miss Sinclair begins her narrati when they are young and carries them into adult li where, under the stress of working out their career they succumb to Freud and, worse, to bathos. Anoth feeble behavioristic novel.

LORD RAINGO.
By Arnold Bennett. *The George H. Doran Compa*
$2 7½ x 5; 393 pp. *New Yo*

The chronicle of a common Englishman's rise power; the events of his busy career and his subseque fall. It is rich in the details of pompous goings-on conspiracies, Cabinet meetings, teas, reception dinners—all the intricate connivings that attend political climber's voracious ambition. Lord Rain emerges a thoroughly human and foolish charact but somehow he fails to grip the imagination or evo more than a passing sympathy.

MATTOCK.
By James Stevens. *Alfred A. Kn*
$2.50 7¾ x 5; 320 pp. *New Yo*

This is the chronicle of Company F of a mi Western draft regiment, from its training period France to the first convention of the American Legi told in the vernacular of Private Parvin Mattock, Methodist, late of Kansas—and a character dra indubitably to the life. He is a pathetic figure, full ignorance, conceit and prejudice, the butt of all t jokes of the roistering, robust group surrounding hi To him, the war is a trial rather than an adventu he tries to be the Christian American soldier, but g drunk, fights in a brawl and is caught by the M. P. His soul is damned, but he suddenly finds himself hero. His idiotic struggles continue, however, a in the end he succumbs to his religion and retu to fight "the good fight against law-breakers, Re Romans, and foreigners."

MOTHER KNOWS BEST.
By Edna Ferber. *Doubleday, Page &*
$2.50 7½ x 5⅛; 267 pp. *Garden City, L*

Of these eight stories, only three rise above superficial and sentimental formula of the popu magazines. The two old ladies in "Perfectly dependent," the mother in "Mother Knows Bes

Continued on page lx

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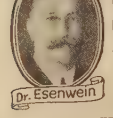
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Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page lviii

and the servant in "Every Other Thursday" ha truth and reality. The rest are pretty bad.

PRETTY CREATURES.
By William Gerhardi. *Duffield & Compa*
$2 7½ x 5; 194 pp. *New Y*

There are five stories in this volume, two of the shorter than twenty pages. The second one, "T Big Drum," is the best. In brief, the story of a g affianced to a drummer who is about to refuse h and marry a pickle manufacturer, when, by chan the band comes down the street playing a march which the bass drum thumps heroically, arousing t boulevards. The girl, needless to say, is complete conquered.

THE DARK DAWN.
By Martha Ostenso. *Dodd, Mead & Comp*
$2 7½ x 5⅛; 294 pp. *New Y*

Miss Ostenso has done some good writing in th story of the marriage of Hattie Murker, a woman implacable will, and Lucian Dorrit, an idealis farmer's boy. In spite of her tendency to overdramat a situation, there are some well-managed scenes, well as some very vivid description. There is t picture of Indian Summer on the prairies, for instan and there are the various sketches of the Murk farm, Hattie herself, and the climactic night of Luci Dorrit's conflict with Hattie.

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THE LAND'S END.
By W. H. Hudson.
$3.50 9 x 6; 299 pp.

Here the author reveals himse great naturalist that he was but a nature. Though he tells us in h the gulls and gannets and yello magpies' language, in a likev he introduces us to the symp Cornishmen, their manners a and children.

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Photograph by E. O. Hoppé

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GOOD PALS *By Ruth Suckow*

One of Miss Suckow's best short stories—and her best, as everyone knows, are very good indeed.

A TEXAS CHAIN-GANG *By Ernest Booth*

Mr. Booth, the author of "We Rob a Bank" in the present issue, is surely no innocent, but once in his gaudy career of crime he was jugged unjustly. Here he tells the horrible story of his two days in a chain-gang in the great State of Texas.

EVVIVA SAN FRANCISCO! *By Idwal Jones*

Mr. Jones' article is, in substance, a hymn to the Italians of San Francisco. He greatly admires them, and believes that they are largely responsible for the incomparable charm of that town.

FOOTNOTE TO THE WAR OF 1812 *By Julius W. Pratt*

Dr. Pratt, who is professor of American history at the University of Buffalo, has specialized in the period of the War of 1812. Here he sets forth some curious and little known facts about its causes and consequences.

THE PASSING OF VAUDEVILLE *By W. A. S. Douglas*

Vaudeville, which once threatened to engulf the legitimate theatre in the United States, is now being consumed by the movies. Mr. Douglas here tells the story of its downfall.

There will be a number of other interesting articles, and all the usual departments, including "Americana."

F course THE AMERICAN MERCURY is *prejudiced.* Tolerance and lovingkindness are, it recognizes, commendable virtues, but until civilization in the Union reaches its ultimate ascendency (which is, alas, too remote to concern the present generation of readers very much) it is impossible for intelligent men complacently to regard Puritanism, Babbittry, Standardization, and the score or more similar plagues which lay waste an otherwise fair and pleasant land.

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A.M. 9-27

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"LISTEN darlint, let me tell yez somethin about tea.

There's tea and tea but there's no *bad* tea. Raymimber darlint *all* tea is good on'y *some* tea's better than ithers—*much*.

An don't be fooled by a name, loike I was. There's a tea, Ridgways, Her Majesty's Blend, named afther a quane of England. Would I touch it? I would *not*. I'd have *no* tea that had iver had anything to do wid a quane of England. Well anyhow I drank it wanst unbeknownst and now I'll drink *nothin else* not even Ridgways Gold Label which may be just as good. I loike it. My darter drinks nawthin else but it hasn't the same taste fer me.

As I was sayin. I'll drink nothin else. Ye cant beat yer fate. It's no fault of Ridgways that an English quane was the first to tell them how to make the *best* tea in the world.

There's a tea of Ridgways I drank fer years meself—Orange Label. 'Twas good tea. 'Tis still good tea. Iverybody drinks it, loikes it, but you an me and me darter, Darlint, we know the *best* there is—Ridgways, Her Majesty's Blend and Gold Label Tea.

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DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP

Willa Cather

730 *FIFTH AVE.* BORZOI BOOKS *NEW YORK*

VOL. X, No. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1927

The Borzoi Broadside

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, *730 Fifth Avenue, New York*

EATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP

substance the record of two mis-ary priests' devoted labors in New ico during the years after 1851, TH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP robably the richest of *Miss Cath-* works in individually complete odes. For reproduction here, we e chosen the account of Bishop Marie Latour's first meeting with mous scout and guide of history. orlorn woman, Magdalena, has rescued from a brutal husband, Latour is trying to provide for a temporary refuge.

A man dressed in buckskin hunt-clothes stepped out of the crowd asked to see Magdalena. Father our conducted him into the room re she lay on her mat. The stran-went up to her, removing his hat. bent down and put his hand on shoulder. Though he was clearly American, he spoke Spanish in the ve manner.

'Magdalena, don't you remember

She looked up at him as out of a well; something became alive in deep, haunted eyes. She caught h both hands at his fringed buck-knees.

'Christobal!' she wailed. 'Oh, istobal!'

'I'll take you home with me, gdalena, and you can stay with wife. You wouldn't be afraid in house, would you?'

'No, no, Christobal, I would not fraid with you. I am not a wicked nan.'

He smoothed her hair. 'You're a d girl, Magdalena—always were. vill be all right. Just leave things ne.'

Then he turned to the Bishop. ior Vicario, she can come to me. re near Taos. My wife is a native nan, and she'll be good to her. t varmint won't come about my e, even if he breaks jail. He knows My name is Carson.'

Father Latour had looked forward neeting the scout. He had supposed to be a very large man, of power-

ful body and commanding presence. This Carson was not so tall as the Bishop himself, was very slight in frame, modest in manner, and he spoke English with a soft Southern drawl. His face was both thoughtful and alert; anxiety had drawn a permanent ridge between his blue eyes. Under his blond moustache his mouth had a singular refinement. The lips were full and delicately modelled.

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There was something curiously unconscious about his mouth, reflective, a little melancholy—and something that suggested a capacity for tenderness. The Bishop felt a quick glow of pleasure in looking at the man. As he stood there in his buckskin clothes one felt in him standards, loyalties, a code which is not easily put into words but which is instantly felt when two men who live by it come together by chance. He took the scout's hand. 'I have long wanted to meet Kit Carson,' he said, 'even before I came to New Mexico. I have been hoping you would pay me a visit at Santa Fé.'

"The other smiled. 'I'm right shy, sir, and I'm always afraid of being disappointed. But I guess it will be all right from now on.'

"This was the beginning of a long friendship. . . .

". . . The great country of desert and mountain ranges between Santa Fé and the Pacific coast was not yet mapped or charted; the most reliable map of it was in Kit Carson's brain. This Missourian, whose eye was so quick to read a landscape or a human face, could not read a printed page. He could at that time barely write his own name. Yet one felt in him a quick and discriminating intelligence. That he was illiterate was an accident; he had got ahead of books, gone where the printing-press could not follow him. Out of the hardships of his boyhood—from fourteen to twenty picking up a bare living as cook or mule-driver for wagon trains, often in the service of brutal and desperate characters—he had preserved a clean sense of honour and a compassionate heart. In talking to the Bishop of poor Magdalena he said sadly: 'I used to see her in Taos when she was such a pretty girl. Ain't it a pity?'"

DEATH COMES FOR THE ARCHBISHOP. *By* WILLA CATHER, *author of "Youth and the Bright Medusa," "One of Ours," "My Mortal Enemy," "The Professor's House," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

Variety: A Shop-Talk

HERE we are at the threshold of a new publishing season, and composing a Broadside which represents the last publication date of August and the first of September. It is the inevitable time for a generalizing survey of the few seasons just past and of the several months which we can now foresee. What such a survey gives, first and irresistibly, is the confirmation of an idea which has been growing upon us for several seasons past: namely, that the dominant characteristic of the Borzoi list has grown to be a rather astonishing catholicity. There was a time when, obviously, the function of this house was to see that a chance was provided for certain kinds of publishing which were simply not being done in America. In that time, the Borzoi list was marked by what we considered to be a sound homogeneity, and what our adverse critics probably called monotony. Well, it seems to us that that function has been discharged and that time outlived. Our task in the future, thrust upon us from every quarter as the natural consequence of our having discharged the earlier task with vigor and conviction, is evidently going to be to conduct *all* kinds of creative publishing with whatever ability our organization can muster. Our earlier adventure was to issue some new and unexpected kinds of books. Our later adventure—and never forget that it is an altogether more arduous one—is to publish the *best* books in a great variety of kinds.

Consider, as a ready illustration of this variety, the first few of the nearly twenty items treated in these pages. A quasi-historical tale of the American Southwest; the companion piece to a Continental epic of peasant life; a volume of original, deep, wise, and lucid judgments about life and letters; a biography that has the vividnes fiction; a romance of pre-history startling speculation about the g raphy of the ancient world; a hu document of profound inter-racial nificance—there are seven. The s variety runs on through the rest. hunt in vain for any two works duplicate effort, or resemble other in anything except the ger quality of distinction.

The variety will, of course, m tain itself; it will, if anything, a matically increase. But the dist tion will neither increase nor maintain itself without our utt watchfulness, determination, and ical sense. Standards are not ra unless somebody raises them. this is, for the time being, our de tion of our own task: to see to it the Borzoi books of the future s be not merely different from other, but also better as a group they have ever been.

THE CLOD OF EARTH

MR. CHARLES PHILLIPS, in a general survey of the life and work of *Ladislas Reymont* published long before THE PROMISED LAND was translated into English (in *The Commonweal* of February 16, 1927), says of the great Polish novelist:

"His richest gleaning was to come out of his understanding of the life of the peasant, the life of the soil as he had known it. The subdued all-potent sound of the plow, the fresh exhalation of the unfolding sod, are in nearly all of his writings; as if the breath of the earth, the mist that rises from the plowed land, had intoxicated him; as if the mesmeric gesture of sowing and reaping, of creation itself, had got into his soul. Always the soil; for *Reymont* himself cannot escape the soil.

". . . THE PROMISED LAND and THE PEASANTS, taken together, make one great prose epic of the husbandman in the two aspects which most faithfully reveal his soul: in the one, living on the soil, a part of it, as much as the wheat blade is a part of it; in the other, removed from the soil, and, thus removed, suffering and dying just as the green shoot suffers and dies when plucked up by its roots.

"THE PROMISED LAND is the tragedy of the peasant transplanted and destroyed in industry. It is the tragedy of exploited and exploiter, and it has among its many dramatic scenes one of such electrifying force that no reader can forget it—that scene where peasant and employer, facing each other in the fury of primitive lust for blood and conquest, are both ground to a mad death by the vast machine that has heretofore been their life and given them sustenance. It would be difficult to find in literature a more compelling example of the power of dramatic symbolism than this."

Mr. Phillips records that it was twenty years before the New World was to recognize the stature of this two-fold epic, long accepted throughout Europe, and even in Japan. "Then, at last, came the Nobel award; then, at last, the whole world looked up to behold this singer of the soil, as one of his colleagues, Kornel Makuszynski, has phrased it, 'holding tightly clenched in his hand a clod of earth, like the knight who carried in his hands from the Holy Land a burning light'; for, at last, Reymont had 'accomplished a miracle; the clod of earth shone like a diamond, like a particle of the sun . . . and the whole world was amazed when it saw how infinitely beautiful was that clod of earth and how immeasurably rich it must be if it could nourish such a heart!'"

THE PROMISED LAND. *By* LADISLAS REYMONT, *author of "The Peasants." Translated from the Polish by* MICHAEL H. DZIEWICKI. *Two volumes*, $5.00 *net*.

LIFE AND LETTERS

HERE are jottings with the pe nency of epigrams, or of epita They touch on a variety of them the automobile, eugenics, conven and revolt, Goethe, anti-Semit diaries, the brevity of life, egot patriotism, the daily press, yo and a great miscellany of other to All of the observations are cha terized by urbanity, wit, trencha lucidity, and an Emersonian c Because so large a share of the e is in the style, the book can be re sented better than most books by own sentences, at random. "Tin ing is a national pastime, and ar terest in automobiles or gasc launches almost a career in it There is a sort of culture in it, a c mon knowledge and faculty. Is other part of our culture so m alive?" "What a confession of we ness in any institution to say 'Do think at will, it is not safe.' It is that sign formerly seen on old brid 'Do not drive faster than a walk "Weak minds loosed from old do take up with new folly equally matic." "In our society the chief from the radical is that he afford leverage for reactionary power. is indeed partly a creation of the ter for this very purpose." "Conte of another race is often one of th methods by which people suffe from a sense of inferiority seek stimulate their self-respect." " ignorant are always afraid of

The Borzoi Broadside for September 1927

ng things." "One's thoughts unite
a book for mutual encourage-
t and protection. Each of them is
l like a man among friends. One
things with confidence that he
ld not say at all if they stood
ne." "He who would think for
nkind must think as a man."

FE AND THE STUDENT: ROADSIDE NOTES ON HUMAN NATURE, SOCIETY, AND LETTERS. *By* CHARLES HORTON COOLEY, *Professor of Sociology, University of Michigan; author of "Human Nature and the Social Order," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

E-HISTORY IN FICTION

NCE there was a people whose God
an ancestor reincarnated in the
n of a bear. They believed that if
y could reproduce in drawing or
ving a living image of any animal,
departed spirit would enter into
t likeness and watch over the
ple who had created it. They did
devote themselves entirely, how-
r, to a hope of religious protec-
n: they were well enough versed
the fundamentals of life to know
t the spirit of an animal could be
no use to them, could in fact not
n be made to enter into the draw-
s, until the animal itself had been
ed. So they killed animals, for
d, clothing, and ornament.
The existence of this people was an
llic one, but the unpretentious
icture of their lives came crashing
vn when their communities were
aded by Northern barbarians,
ng, cruel, shrewd, and apparently
onquerable. These savages had un-
amed-of implements of destruc-
n, and animals, instead of being to
m either an object of worship or a
d supply, were their slaves.
The impact of these invaders upon
established civilization affected the
ire community; and it affected the
of Nô, bravest of huntsmen, keen-
of citizens, most sensitive of art-
s. To him came the realization that
vation for his people could be found
y in imitation of the invaders, not
rude combat waged by simple
ength against the insurmountable
ds of civilized cunning. No longer
ild he be content to evoke by
istry the spirits of his protectors;
longer was there peace for him in
home with Maia. His life and his
ple must be saved. And in a
ple, devout, idealistic attempt to
e them, "his life flowed from him.
us died Nô in an effort to save a
e condemned to disappear."

"And this happened about twelve thousand years ago, in the place which is now known as the Eyzies de Tayac, on the banks of the Vézère, a few miles from the spot where it flows into the Dordogne. And there are still to be seen, on the walls of the shelters and the grottoes, the originals of the engraved designs and carvings with which this story is illustrated."

THE END OF A WORLD. *By* CLAUDE ANET, *author of "Ariane." Translated from the French by* JEFFERY E. JEFFERY. *Illustrated.* $3.00.

THE LOST CONTINENT

"THERE is romance in the very name 'Atlantis,' so closely linked with the great ocean whose conquest inaugurated our modern era. Poets have built dreams on the old tale, and students have puzzled over it, ever since Plato first put it into writing. His ablest translator, Benjamin Jowett, called it 'a world-famous fiction, second only in importance to the tale of Troy and the legend of Arthur.' And he pointed to the share it undoubtedly had in starting the quest that led ultimately to the finding of the New World."

Out of archæology, legend, and fancy, *Mr. Björkman* constructs a new theory of that mythical island which has stirred the imaginations of men for many centuries. Although even the existence of Nausicaä remains unauthenticated, *Mr. Björkman's* identification of Atlantis with the island of Scheria, Nausicaä's home in the Odyssey, and of both with the ancient city of Tarshish, sister city of Cadiz, is an exciting speculation, ably supported by a considerable array of knowledge. And even scientific data take on an astonishing readableness when set down by such a pen as *Mr. Björkman's*, in the interest of conclusions the net effect of which upon the reader is, above all, romantic.

THE SEARCH FOR ATLANTIS: EXCURSIONS BY A LAYMAN AMONG OLD LEGENDS AND NEW DISCOVERIES. *By* EDWIN BJÖRKMAN, *author of "The Soul of a Child" and "Gates of Life."* $2.00 *net.*

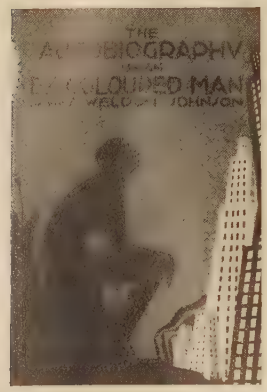
THE POET OF THIEVES

THE life of François Villon, for many persons, has always been a matter of considerable mystery, although the true story, so far as it can be known, has long since been established. The origins of the existing legend are fairly obvious: first, the inevitably vague and fragmentary nature of the material available about any fifteenth-century figure, however celebrated (as Villon certainly was not, during his life); second, the extreme disinclination of most readers to examine even such material as does exist; third, and most important, the fabulous roseate-hued cloak of romance which has been cast securely about him and scarcely ruffled for more than four centuries. In story and legend, in play, operetta, musical comedy, and, most recently, in the movies, the figure of the unhappy poet has been consistently romanticized.

M. Carco, building his novel on the firm foundation of all the known and authenticated facts, has developed a fascinating interpretation of the poet and his work. Poet himself, as well as novelist, he gives his account all the marks of poetic truth. Against a brilliantly evoked background of mediæval Paris, he has re-created a man whom we may take for the living Villon—an ineffectual rebel, at odds with his environment, betrayed by his own temperament into a life for which he had neither stomach nor ability; and, through years of flight from the ominous shadow of the gallows, pouring his life's blood into poetry which immortalized the age that had tortured him.

The real story makes more fantastic reading than the legend it serves to demolish, and it is here told in masterly fashion. *M. Carco's* implied conclusion approximates that of Joseph Wood Krutch about Poe: that the forces which wrecked the poet's life wrote his verse. Without Villon's incredible sufferings we should not have had the Ballades or the two Testaments. It is for his sympathetic analysis of a complex personality and for the vivid reality with which he presents the period that *M. Carco's* book is important. He has written a remarkable novel as well as a distinguished biography.

THE LIFE OF FRANÇOIS VILLON. *By* FRANCIS CARCO. *Translated by* HAMISH MILES. *Illustrated.* $5.00 *net.*



A RACIAL DOCUMENT

In his introduction to The Autobiography of an Ex-Coloured Man, just added to the Blue Jade Library, Carl Van Vechten points out that *Mr. Johnson* chose for his book an all-embracing scheme which would present, without straining for effect, every phase of Negro life.

"His young hero, the ostensible author, either discusses (or lives) pretty nearly every phase of Negro life, North and South and even in Europe, available to him at that period. That he 'passes,' the title indicates. Miscegenation in its slave and also its more modern aspects, both casual and marital, is competently treated. The ability of the Negro to mask his real feelings with a joke or a laugh in the presence of the inimical white man is here noted, for the first time in print, I should imagine. Negro adaptability, touchiness, and jealousy are referred to in an unself-conscious manner, totally novel in Negro writing at the time this book originally appeared. Jim Crow cars, crap-shooting, and the cake-walk are inimitably described. Color snobbery within the race is freely spoken of, together with the economic pressure from without which creates this false condition. There is a fine passage devoted to the celebration of the Negro Spirituals and there is an excellent account of a Southern campmeeting, together with a transcript of a typical oldtime Negro sermon. There is even a lynching."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN EX-COLOURED MAN. *By* James Weldon Johnson. *With an Introduction by* Carl Van Vechten. *In The Blue Jade Library.* $3.00 *net.*

THE MOST VIRILE ELIZABETHAN

In a "Note on Construction" which follows the sturdy and workmanlike text of O Rare Ben Jonson occurs this exposition of the author's purpose and conviction:

"After one has read the large mass of tradition and scholarship concerning the life and works of Ben Jonson, one emerges into the more vivifying air of independent meditation, and discovers that one has, despite the set-backs of contradictions and uncertainties, evolved a definite conception of the man Ben Jonson, his friends, and his surroundings. This poetically true conception I have set down on paper. The fragmentary and scattered data have been the 'bricks and stones' of my construction. There are facts concerning Ben Jonson which are not in this book. Some have been omitted because they are uninteresting, and would make dull reading. A few others, which may or may not be entertaining, and which are possibly authentic, have been omitted because they are uncharacteristic—poetically false. Ben's remark to Inigo Jones is a case in point. Despite the fact that he had insulted the architect upon every possible occasion for years, and was going to do so for many more years, on one occasion Ben softened the insult (at least in his own opinion). He felt that he would be going beyond the limits of decency to call Jones a jackanapes, and so he merely called him 'a thing like a thing like a man.' Although to our ears the latter may seem the stronger epithet of the two, Ben considered it a conscious softening. To include an incident of this sort would be to mar the representation of what is to me one of Ben's most vivid traits, supported by a huge majority of instances. There are, obviously, not many omissions of this sort necessary for my purpose, and my conception, based upon the facts, conflicts with but few of them."

We have, then, a work apart from either novel or biography. Its deviation from fiction is in its intrinsic dependence upon fact, and its deviation from facts is only in the omission of them. The effect of the book is as vivid as the mass of fiery hair which still flamed on Ben Jonson's skull two-hundred-odd years after he was buried.

O RARE BEN JONSON. *By* Byron Steel. *With a frontispiece.* $3.50 *net.*

THREE ELEGIES

"The nymphs are dead like the g
summer roses.
Only an Abyssinian wind dozes;
Cloyed with late honey are his
wings' sheens.
Yet once on these lone crags nym
bright as queens

"Walked with elegant foots
through light leaves
Where only elegiac air now griev
For the light leaves are sere
whisper dead
Echoes of elegances lost and fled.

. . . . .

"Still ancient fanfares sound f
mountain gorges
Where once Prometheus lit e
mous forges:
'Debout les morts!' No key when
heart closes.
The nymphs are dead like the g
summer roses."

These three stanzas, from "Eleg
Dead Fashion," the opening poe
Miss Sitwell's new volume, will c
municate to the judicious (if t
have an ear) a quality otherwise
communicable—the music of eff
that depend so much on music;
undertow of a power that leaves
surface calm. There are three of
elegies, each long; their remain
odd titles are "The Hambone and
Heart" and "Prelude to a Fairy Tal

RUSTIC ELEGIES. *By* Ed
Sitwell, *author of "Troy Pa
and "The Sleeping Beauty." Wit
frontispiece portrait by* William
Matthews. $2.50 *net.*

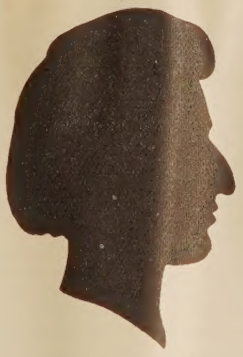
The Borzoi Broadside for September 1927

JOURNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

y personal record of Katherine nsfield, autobiographical or other, uld be of importance to persons o have any knowledge of her work, ause that work is so obviously an gral part of its creator. "I am so htened of writing mockery for re that my pen hovers and won't le," she says. "But it all goes per," she ponders later. "I have felt pure in heart, not humble, not d. There has been a stirring up of iment. I look at the mountains, I see nothing but mountains." deceive oneself and others by means alse entries in a diary is not in the ure of a writer who includes among New Year's resolutions this bald cement: "For this year I have two hes: to write, to make money." journal, to be representative of a and of a person, must be more or a record of moods. When the son represented is Katherine Mans-d, the moods will be more fleet of t and more swiftly changing in or than the protective devices of st animals. In the midst of a series ntries, all of which have the tone 'I am wretchedly unhappy among rybody—and the silence," one s on " 'I am afraid you are too chological, Mr. Temple.' Then I e off and bought the bacon." And n, sandwiched between a sentence reading and a sentence on talking: 'e is like sawdust and sand."

spite of her insistence to the con-y, Katherine Mansfield rarely ked at the mountains without see-more than the mountains. She , for instance, "a little bird on a outside this window not so much ing as sharpening a note. He's ting a very fine point on it." t is not possible to give in alien rds an understanding of a person o felt that her life and work were ted of which she says: "I feel, if e does not gallop and dance at free l, I am not riding at all, but just nging from its tail. For example, lay . . . To-night he's all sparks." d so she continues to write of her ndiscovered country," of which, e says, she "shall tell everything, n of how the laundry-basket eaked at 75."

URNAL OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD, *author of "Bliss," "The Garden Party," etc. Edited, and with an introduction, by* JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. *Illustrated.* $3.50 *net.*



THE BAUDELAIRE OF MUSIC

CHOPIN was noted for a method of piano playing which he carried to a unique extension. He executed musical compositions without the slightest movement of the body, with no vigorous use of the arms to produce force on the keys, and with as little pedaling as possible; any changes in the tempo or volume were made solely by the fingers, almost as if these were entities in themselves, requiring nothing of the essential man except his continuing existence.

It seems not too inept to say that this relation between Chopin's body and his fingers is analogous to that between his life and his compositions. The compositions themselves would never have been produced if Chopin had not existed, but they might very easily have been written, of course with minor differences, if he had lived a life far other than his actual one. The only event which had a really profound significance to his music was the dissolution of his friendship with George Sand—and that had only the negative effect of paralyzing his production.

A life of Chopin, then, must be a study of nuances. One cannot find the character of the man or of his work by proceeding mechanically from the obvious externals to those details which make one know a person in a more or less mathematical sense. It is necessary to *choose* the details of the life, as *M. Bidou* has done, and then to fit them carefully together until one has the mosaic which stands for comprehension, as well as factual exhibition, of Chopin's strange career.

CHOPIN. *By* HENRI BIDOU. *Translated from the French by* CATHERINE ALISON PHILLIPS. *Illustrated.* $3.50 *net.*

PET AVERSIONS

Mr. Mencken, whose sixth volume of PREJUDICES sees publication in the autumn of 1927, has been compelled to recognize the influential popularity of the first five volumes (each of which is still being reprinted at intervals) by making a one-volume selection from them. The result—which, by the way, differs considerably from the two-volume selection published by Jonathan Cape in London—is of course pure distillate of *Mencken*.

SELECTED PREJUDICES. *By* H. L. MENCKEN, *author of "A Book of Prefaces," "In Defense of Women," "A Book of Burlesques," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

OF THEE I SING

Mr. Nathan takes a holiday from the theater and turns his attention to the contemporary American scene. What we get is a trenchant interpretation of this "Land of the Pilgrims' Pride," with the variety suggested in a list of contents whose headings include "The American Emotion," "The Gastronomic Capital," and "Show-Case Samples."

His survey of "The New Morality" leads him to this declaration:

"Ostracism for sexual dereliction today operates very feebly in the Republic in so far as its upper class is concerned. There may be a bit of social nervousness in certain instances, but it passes very quickly. The late Cathcart unpleasantness was brought about not by the nobility and gentry, but by self-seeking shysters and their constituents. And since almost all the important newspapers in America are owned by Americans of the upper class, one found that, without a single exception, they gallantly offered their editorial arms to the lady in distress."

And in the category of "Delusions" comes this:

"*The Civilized Man.*—The phrase, 'civilized man,' appears to bother certain persons; a number of letters come in demanding an explanation. I venture a definition. The civilized man is one who believes that the pursuit of truth is the noblest of human occupations, but who freely confesses that, were he to catch up with it, he wouldn't know it if he saw it."

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE. *By* GEORGE JEAN NATHAN, *author of "The House of Satan," "The World in Falseface," etc.* $2.50 *net.*

ARE YOU A FLETCHERIAN?

Mr. J. S. Fletcher's new mystery story is concocted to the special taste of those who weary of the everlastingly infallible sleuth. The plot is as intricate as the most ardent amateur criminologist could wish; but there is no condescending figure to step forward at the last moment with a maddeningly pat solution.

Henry Marchmont, a well-known elderly solicitor of London, is found murdered. His nephew has the mystery to solve and his missing fiancée to recover. The search leads through sinister parts of London, and even to an ancient estate with the ominous name of Mantrap Manor.

THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. HENRY MARCHMONT. *By* J. S. Fletcher, *author of "The Middle Temple Murder," "The Green Rope," etc.* $2.00 *net.*

UNCLE ANGHEL

Panaït Istrati's second book contains three long episodes. The third, which, though complete in itself, is in some sort a sequel to Kyra Kyralina, concerns bandit life in the fastnesses of Albania. This most glowing of the tales comes to its ironic crisis in a situation of wild eloquence between Floritchica, the betrayed mistress, and Cosma, her faithless lover of years before. Moved by her beauty, and not recognizing her, he asks her to swear undying fidelity to him. And her reply comes in an echo of the very words, the poetic images, with which, so long before, he had abandoned her:

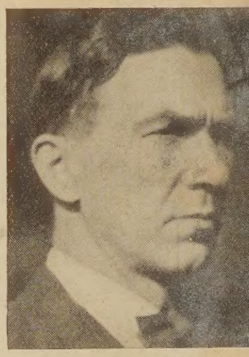
"'Cosma, Cosma, strong-armed Cosma, fighting upon nine frontiers. —You ask a thunderbolt to explode inside a saucepan? You ask an oak to spread its branches beneath a bed? You ask the earth to resist the plough that tears it up? to refuse the seed that fertilizes it? Ha! ha! ha! . . .'"

UNCLE ANGHEL. *By* Panaït Istrati, *author of "Kyra Kyralina." Translated from the French by* Maude Valérie White. $2.50 *net.*

WAS LILY A HIGHBROW?

As publishers of literature, we take joy and lasting pride in seeing our imprint on the growing number of volumes of the fantastic saga of The Wildcat and his companions, who exist (as Mr. Chesterton would say) in a perpetual summer of being themselves.

A slight but saddening change, though, is rumored concerning Lily the immortal mascot. "Neveh seed sech a literary goat in my bawn days," says Honeytone Boone. "Whilst I was gazin' at de traffic, dis Lily roach up an' et half de newspapeh outer my pocket." And Vitus explains: "Honeytone, Lily been changin' lately. I'se seed de time when all dat goat craved



was railroad time-tables an' dese chronic supplements. Goat gittin now. Ain't so partial to gaudy tures. Sort of favors heavy rea Fust thing us knows dat animal b to relish history. Lily gittin' to b of dese reg'lar internal librarium

At the same time, we publish second volume of *Mr. Wiley's* tal Jim Sin and San Francisco's Ch town—Manchu Blood, the panion volume to Jade.

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MANCHU BLOOD. *By* Wiley, *author of "Jade."* $2

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